Correspondence of James Fenimore-Cooper

MURRAY LIBRARY

CORRESPONDENCE
OF
JAMES FENIMORE-COOPER

JAMES FENIMORE-COOPER IN 1833

After a Medallion by P. J. David.

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

JAMES FENIMORE-COOPER

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

VOLUME ONE

NEW HAVEN
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON · HUMPHREY MILFORD · OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
MDCCCCXXII

COPYRIGHT 1922 BY
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

813.2
C78xC
v. 1

TO

HENRY A. BEERS

OF NEW HAVEN,

WHO HELPED IN ITS PREPARATION,

AND WHO IS A FRIEND OF TWO

GENERATIONS OF THE DESCENDANTS OF

FENIMORE-COOPER,

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

25665

ARRANGED IN FOUR PARTS AS FOLLOWS:

Part First: Introduction, etc.

Part Second: 1800 to October, 1833.

Part Third: 1833 to July, 1842.

Part Fourth: 1842 to September, 1851.

With an Appendix containing a Journal covering a portion of the year 1848.

PART FIRST

AN INTRODUCTION

SMALL FAMILY MEMORIES
BY SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER (1883)

AND A BRIEF CHRONOLOGY

INTRODUCTION

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER died September 14, 1851, seventy years ago to-day, and his first story, *Precaution*, was published over one hundred years ago.

Shortly before his death, while sitting on a sofa beside his eldest child, Susan Augusta, he said to her that he wished his family not to authorize the publication of any biography. There was even then a difference of opinion in the family as to the extent of the prohibition intended; some members believing that it was only a temporary one prompted by the bitterness still felt toward Cooper by much of the press of the country on account of his libel suits. Acting upon the other theory, however, his eldest daughter, before she died, destroyed a great deal of the material which could have been used in the preparation of a biography, and had buried with her the most interesting of his Journals.

To-day no one could write a satisfactory life of Cooper; it would necessarily be limited to a bare statement of facts, most of which already have been published in one of the existing accounts of his life.

Probably, however, the characteristics of a man are shown by his letters more clearly than in any other way except by personal contact. This is especially true where the letters are written to members of his family, without expectation of publication. Fortunately there are in the possession of Cooper's family some hundreds of these

letters, in great part written by him to his wife; most of them are the letters of a man temporarily absent in the cities of Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, to his wife at his home in Cooperstown, giving her an account of his own activities, the news of mutual friends, and the gossip of the towns; a few are to other members of his family, and some to friends and acquaintances.

I have added to these letters written by Cooper, and selected for publication, a certain number to him from his friends, with the hope of supplying the reader with a knowledge of the questions of the times, political and social, which Cooper and his friends discussed, and of the men and women with whom he associated and corresponded; their feelings toward him, and indirectly his views on the great topics of his time, which are not expressed in his letters to his family. In this way it is hoped to create for the reader of these volumes the atmosphere in which he lived. I know of no better way of doing it.

This correspondence covers fifty-one years of the life of a man who lived but sixty-one. The first letter was written in the winter of the year 1800 and the last in the autumn of 1851; so that the first letter is over one hundred and twenty years old, and the most recent over seventy. While the lapse of time seems to justify this publication, notwithstanding the request of Fenimore Cooper that no biography be authorized, the original letters contain much of too intimate a nature for the eyes of the public even now: this has been eliminated.

Of the three surviving Journals kept by Cooper, two—those recording his travels on the Continent in 1832 and 1833—have been omitted from these volumes on the ground that Cooper himself printed all that is interesting

in them, in an amplified form, as part of his own work, *A Residence in France.* The third Journal, that of Cooper's home life in 1848, is printed as an Appendix to Volume II.

In printing the letters and diary the greatest care has been taken to follow exactly the originals, and only errors which were manifestly the result of a mere slip of the pen have been corrected. This was considered the best course, even at the risk of subjecting the book to the criticism of careless editing and printing by readers not familiar with the rule adopted. Where the writers of the letters misspelled, misquoted, mispunctuated, or used poor English their mistakes have been preserved as part of their individuality.

In no case has the elimination of any part of a letter been indicated by stars or otherwise, and as far as possible footnotes have been dispensed with. Necessary information has been put in the narrative. This has been done to make the book as readable as possible.

In 1883 Susan Augusta Fenimore Cooper, the author's eldest daughter, and perhaps his favorite child, began to write, for her nephews and nieces, her own reminiscences; she died after bringing them down to the year 1828. A part of these has been published in the little volume *Legends and Traditions of a Northern Country:* they are set out here in full for the purpose of giving in this publication as complete a picture of the life of Fenimore Cooper and of the man as ever can be made public.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Cooperstown,
September 14, 1921.

SMALL FAMILY MEMORIES

RECORDED for the pleasure of my dear nephews and nieces, none of whom have known personally their Grandfather and Grandmother Cooper.

These small memories were planned two or three years since. Last summer Jim asked me to write something of the kind; I therefore give the little book to him; but all the grandchildren are to read, and those who choose to take the trouble may copy it. It is written for all the family circle.

Cooperstown,
January 25, 1883.

"Delle cose custode,
E dispensiera."

I. THE FARM HOUSE AT FENIMORE

MY first recollections of my dear Father and Mother go back to the remote ages when we were living at "Fenimore," in the farm-house built by your grandfather. I was then about three years old. Some incidents of that time I remember with perfect distinctness, while the intervening weeks, or months, are a long blank.

I used very often to trot along between my Father and Mother about the grounds; and I remember distinctly going with them to the new stone house, then building. In that house they expected to pass their lives. But in fact it was never inhabited. Your grandfather one day chose an even stone, to be placed in the wall, and carved on it his own name and that of your grandmother, with the date—1816. The position of that house was charming, on a rising knoll, commanding a lovely view of the Lake and village. The grounds reached to the brook, southward, and the principal entrance was to have been at the point where the road crosses the brook. Tradition says that the last deer seen near the village was drinking, early one summer morning, from that brook. In my own mind I have always called it "Deer-Brook," from that little incident. The garden at Fenimore was then placed in the meadow just beyond the road leading to the barn at the farm-house. I remember walking there with your grandfather, who was always fond of gardening. On one

occasion, on returning from the stone house, with my dear Mother, she picked up a broken branch of raspberry and set it in the ground, telling me that it would take root and grow, a fact which greatly surprised my infant mind.

The farm-house was painted red. It has been much enlarged since those days.

Our household consisted of our sweet Nurse Nanny, a widow; she was an Englishwoman, who when a young girl came from England with my grandmother De Lancey as nurse to my Uncle Thomas, then an infant. She then became my Mother's nurse, and lived some years at Heathcote Hill. Later in the day she married a farmer in the neighborhood, named Disbrow, and had several children. After her husband's death she returned to live at Heathcote Hill, and after my mother's marriage she became nurse to my little sister Elizabeth, and to myself. She removed with us to Cooperstown. Her daughter Susan, a great stout young woman, was the cook at Fenimore; Fred, a colored boy from Heathcote Hill, was the waiter. There were still slaves in New York at that time, and a family of them belonged to my Grandfather De Lancey. They had an easy time of it, I imagine. Fred was given to my Mother when she removed to Cooperstown, but I think I have heard that my Father paid him wages. Sam Brimmer was the coachman; he was the son of a Hessian soldier. All these members of the household I remember distinctly.

My Father had two grey horses, which I also remember very well; and he had a little carriage which he called the *rasée*—a sailor's name. When a ship in the navy was changed from a higher to a lower grade by removing one of her decks she was said to be *rasée*—cut down, as it were—and the little carriage at Fenimore must have been

a barouche, I think, with only half a top. At any rate my Father always called it *rasée*.

I remember distinctly rather an adventurous drive on the Lake, with the grey ponies, but not in the *rasée*, of course. Your grandfather had been driving the little family party in the sleigh to the village,—no doubt it was in the spring when the roads were bad,—and when we returned the ice had parted from the shore! There lay the water before us—I seem to see it; and the agitation of my Mother was great, and no doubt the anxiety of my Father also. I think he turned to a different spot, but still there was water; the horses were whipped vigorously, they leaped ahead, there was a plunge, and lo, we were safe on the gravelly beach at Fenimore!

Our Grandfather De Lancey came to make us a visit, and brought with him our dear Aunt Martha, then a young girl just growing up. She had been suffering from chills and fever, and came to Otsego County for change of air; she remained with us a year, and I remember her on several occasions.

The chief ornament of the little parlor at "Fenimore" was a portrait of my Grandfather De Lancey; when my Mother consented to remove so far from her own family, and make a new home in the wilds of Otsego, my Father had the portrait painted for her, to cheer and comfort her; it was painted by Jarvis, and was an admirable likeness. One day a neighboring farmer came to the house on business. He noticed the portrait, got up, stood before it, and studied it closely. "That 'ere pictur' is wonderful like!" he exclaimed. My mother was surprised: "Did you know my Father?" she asked. "No, I never saw him—but it's wonderful like *a man!*" Absurd as it was, the praise was just; one sees that the portrait

must have been a good likeness, it has so much individual character. The picture now hangs in our cottage parlor in River Street; my dear Mother gave it to me, as the eldest granddaughter. She also told me the farmer's criticism, which of course I should not have understood if I had heard it.

Your Grandfather had a sheep farm, on the hill above Fenimore. He called it Mt. Ovis, and was very proud of some merino sheep he had introduced into the County. There was a fierce old ram, called "Sinbad," of whose horns I was very much afraid. He was afterwards drowned in the well!

Your Grandfather was Secretary of the County Agricultural Society in those days. He was also a vestryman of Christ Church at that time, and was one of a Committee who cleared and fenced the Church-yard. I have heard him say that my Uncle Isaac had better taste than himself at that time, for he proposed cutting down all the young pines in the yard; my Uncle would not hear of it, and now the pines have grown into the fine trees which shade our Church-yard. Father Nash was Rector of the Church at that time. Your Grandfather was also in those years Secretary of the Otsego County Bible Society, General Morris being the President.

Occasionally I was taken to the Hall to see my Grandmother. I have a dim recollection of her sitting near a little table, at the end of the long sofa seen in her picture, with a book on the table. She always wore sleeves to the elbow, or a little below, with long gloves. She took great delight in flowers, and the south end of the long hall was like a greenhouse in her time. She was a great reader of romances. She was a marvellous housekeeper, and beautifully nice and neat in all her arrangements.

Her flower garden was at the South of the house, and was considered something wonderful for the variety of flowers. There is a delicate little vine, called the Alleghany vine, Adlumia, growing in our hills; this was a favorite of hers.

The old negro seen in the picture of the Hall was an important personage in the family; he lived with my grandparents twenty years; his name was Joseph, but my Uncles often called him "the Governor." As you know, he is buried in the family ground. His wife Harris married again after his death, and lies in the Churchyard, near the front fence. My Grandfather gave her a house and lot, on what is now Pine Street. Having no children, she left that house to John Nelson. Harris lived, after my Grandfather's death, with the Russells.

The only one of my Uncles of whom I have any recollection was my Uncle Isaac. I remember him distinctly on one occasion, when he was dining at the farm-house; he took me up in his arms and wanted me to kiss him; but I was shy about it. "This young lady does not kiss gentlemen!" said your grandfather laughing. I seem to hear him say the words now, and I also recollect wondering in an infantile way what was their meaning. This is my only recollection of my Uncle Isaac. My Mother was much attached to him; he was very warm-hearted and affectionate, and very benevolent. On one occasion when your Grandfather was in the Navy, he came home on a furlough, and my Uncle Isaac gave a grand family dinner on the occasion. Your Grandfather would seem to have been something of a dandy in those days; he sported a *queue;* would you, would you believe it! Some of the young naval officers at that time followed the fashion of Napoleon and Nelson, and sported that appendage.

Judge of the excitement caused in the family and in the village by the midshipman's pig-tail! He soon threw it aside. But my Uncle Isaac by a successful manœuvre got possession of it, on the day of the dinner party, and when the family assembled about the table, there, suspended to the chandelier, was the young gentleman's pig-tail! My Aunt Pomeroy told me the incident. He was paying a visit, with my Aunt Mary, to General Morris' family at the Butternuts, and one day after dinner was wrestling in fun with his brother-in-law Richard Morris, when he was thrown with some force against the railing of the piazza, injuring his spine. He lingered for a year or more, but abscesses formed, and he died at last of exhaustion.

My Mother always spoke kindly of her brothers-in-law. My Uncle William was wonderfully clever, quite a genius, a delightful talker, very witty. My Uncle Richard was a handsome man with remarkably fine manners; my Grandfather De Lancey, who had seen the best society in England, said he was "a very well bred man." He was very intimate with Mr. Gouldsborough Banyer, and named his eldest son after him. My Uncle Sam was clever, but undersized and eccentric. My Mother has often said they were all fine tempered men.

My little sister Cally was my playfellow in those days, though she was still a baby, not yet two years old. Our education began, however, in the little parlor at Fenimore; we used to sit on two little stools near our Mother; I learned to read in a primer, and to sew; Cally, I fancy, was considered too young for the primer, and her sewing was done with a thread tied to a pin. She was born at Fenimore, and was a pretty little child, with auburn hair which curled on her neck. When we had finished our hour of school we followed our Mother into

the pantry, and each holding up our little apron—I beg Nanny's pardon, our "*pinafores*"—we were rewarded with a few raisins, or ginger bread, or perhaps a bit of maple sugar. Nanny and my Grandmother always spoke of our "pinafores," but my Mother called them aprons.

Occasionally, though rarely, I fancy, our Father went to Albany on business. Journeys were formidable affairs in those days. On one occasion when he returned he brought, as usual, presents for us children. What was Cally's present I cannot say. But my own made a very deep impression on me; there were four bits of some bright colored stuff like merino, for as many dresses for my small person—a yard of each, I suppose—blue, buff, red, and pink. I marched about the room hugging them tight, or showing them off. Suddenly my Father called me; I trotted up to him, holding my treasures: "Now, Susie, you have four dresses here; don't you think you had better give one to Nannie?" I had no objection; and after spreading them on the floor picked up the buff one, and trotted off with it to Nannie, who was in the room. "That is very well; now suppose you give this red one to Susan?" Susan Disbrow was also present; I picked up the red one, and carried it to Susan. "Now don't you think you had better give me this blue one, for Grandmother? she will like a blue dress." Somewhat less cheerfully, I handed the blue dress to my Father, for Grandmother. "That is all right—Grandmother will like a blue frock—but here is the pink one; I think Nanny looks as if she would like a pink frock too." In a small agony I picked up the favorite, precious pink one, and carried it to Nanny, then burst into tears, exclaiming, "*Oh, Father, you will kill me!*" I remember perfectly saying the words, and the feeling that I loved Nanny so much that she

must have the dress, though at the same time it was agony to give up that beautiful pink one. I am afraid I had a great liking for finery in those days. But after the trial was over, I was nearly hugged to death; our Father thought nothing of giving a score of kisses at one time.

There was a romantic mystery hanging over the Lake at that time—a mysterious bugle was heard in the summer evenings and moonlight nights, now from the Lake, now from the wooded mountain opposite "Fenimore." "There is the bugle!" my Father would call out, and all the family would collect on the little piazza to listen. I remember hearing the bugle frequently, and being aware, in a baby fashion, of the excitement on the subject. No one knew the performer. It was some mysterious stranger haunting the mountain opposite Fenimore, for several months. So my Aunt Pomeroy told me in later years.

My Father played the flute, in those days! His flute remained among the family possessions for some years.

My Aunt Martha used to ride frequently with my Father; she was considered a very good horsewoman in her youth. Nevertheless I remember her being thrown from one of the grey ponies in the grounds at Fenimore; there was great agitation at the moment; my Mother, Nanny, and the whole family gathered about her; I remember being much distressed on the occasion. But there was no serious injury. My Aunt Martha was very handsome in her youth, with a brilliant complexion, fine dark eyes, and fine hair of a raven black. My Father was fond of her and always called her "Pink" or "Pinkie." To the last months of his life he called her "Pink."

My Mother had been a great horsewoman too; she told me that my Grandfather used to take her out riding on a pillow, before him, when she was a little thing. She rode

with my Father before her marriage, and after. She told me they had ridden together, at different times, after her marriage over many of the wood roads of the neighborhood, and had been on Mt. Vision repeatedly, on horseback.

There is a brook running into the Lake, just above the grounds at Fenimore; there was a pretty grove of young trees covering a small space of ground reaching to the pebbly beach of the Lake. Here there was a small enclosure, and within it lay the grave of our little sister Elizabeth. I remember going there with my Mother, and also with my Father. That enclosure was intended for the family burying-ground. It was a general custom in those days, though a very unwise one, for all families living in the open country to have private places of burial on their own ground. It was singular that my Father should have thought it necessary to place my little sister's grave at "Fenimore," and not in the Churchyard, in the family ground where his Father, and his sister Hannah, whom we had loved so much, were already placed. But he followed the general custom. When he sold Fenimore, some years later, our little sister was removed to the Churchyard, where she now lies. She died at the house of my Aunt Pomeroy, soon after our arrival from Mamaroneck, in 1813, when I was an infant. Her illness was caused by some over-ripe strawberries given to her at Cherry Valley on the journey. I have heard that my Father felt her death very deeply.

There were two Englishmen among the many European residents in the village in those days, with whom your Grandfather was quite intimate—Mr. Edmeston and Mr. Atchison, both intelligent educated men from the North of England. I have no recollection of them at

Fenimore, but they were frequent guests there. Mr. Edmeston was a man of property—he built a house on the corner of what are now Church and Fair Streets, where he and Mr. Atchison kept bachelor's hall together. The house could boast the first bow-window seen in these regions. It has just been pulled down—1883.

Family Lake parties were frequent in those days; they always went to the Point, which your Great-Grandfather had selected for that purpose only a few years after the village was founded. My Aunt Pomeroy has told me that the first Lake party she remembered took place when she was quite a young girl; the Lake was almost entirely surrounded with forest. Game was still abundant, and on that occasion the gentlemen of the party pursued and killed a deer in the Lake. Bears and wolves were common then, and panthers also. The bears would lie dormant in the caves on the hillsides. And my Aunt said she had often heard the wolves howl on the ice in the Lake, in winter. The first Lake Party was given by my Grand-[illegible]er to some friends from Philadelphia. A beech-tree was cho[illegible]n, on the Point, and the initials of the party carved on it. I have seen the tree, and the initials of my Grandfather a[illegible]nd Grandmother, W-C. and E-C., cut in the bark. But it has long since vanished. About the same time that the first Lake party took place there was a terrific fire in the forest; my Aunt said there was a circle of flames ent[illegible]irely surrounding the Lake, and apparently closing in about the village to the southward, as the woods came very near the little town at that time. There was serious [illegible]alarm for a day or two. At night she said the spectacle wa[illegible]s very fine. But everybody was anxious. Happily a h[illegible]eavy rain quenched the flames before they reached the [illegible]ittle village. In winter there was a great

deal of skating. My Uncle Richard and my Uncle William were particularly accomplished in that way, very graceful in their movements, and cutting very intricate figures on the ice. So I have been told.

My Father was fond of boating on the Lake, as may be supposed, and often rowed my Mother out from the little wharf at Fenimore—they two alone together.

A tragical scene occurred in the nursery one day; my little sister Cally was left in the charge of a careless young nurse, who must have neglected her shamefully; she rolled off the bed on which she had been sleeping, and broke her collar bone! Great was the agitation. Sam Brimmer was sent off in desperate haste for the Dr.; the little bone was set, and the careless nurse discharged on the spot. I do not think my dear Mother ever really forgave that young woman; she spoke of her with great severity many years after the accident.

About half-way between Fenimore and the village there lived a certain Methodist deacon, who aimed a deadly blow at the peace of our household about this time. He lived in the house now occupied by the Orphanage. It was then the only house on that road between Fenimore and Mr. Campbell's, where Mrs. Turner now lives. Our dear Nanny was a Methodist. The Deacon succeeded in convincing himself that Mrs. Disbrow was throwing herself away, by her care of Mrs. Cooper's children; higher duties awaited her, in his opinion. There was a certain Methodist brother in danger of being lost to the Church; he was a widower, and a good Methodist wife must be provided for him without delay. Sister Disbrow must be that wife. How long this worthy busy-body was occupied with this nefarious plot against our peace I cannot say. He seems to have gone very skillfully to

work, acting upon poor dear Nanny's religious notions; at first she would not hear of the plan; but he, and his family, and other Methodist brethren, by constantly urging upon Nanny the sublime duty of bringing Brother Bloss back into the fold, succeeded at length in obtaining her consent. Alas for our poor Mother, when Nanny told her she felt it her duty to marry Brother Bloss!! So our dear sweet Nanny left us, to become the wife of Farmer Bloss, at Burlington Green, the father of half a dozen grown-up children. They were respectable people, but a very rough set; our dear gentle Nanny was thrown away among them. She had to work much harder than she had ever done before, without a tithe of the real affection and love which had been given to her at Heathcote Hill and Fenimore. Her daughter Susan went with her, of course.

Our poor Mother was desolate! It was extremely difficult to find even nominal substitutes for Nanny and Susan. Servants were then even more difficult to find than they are to-day. My Father comforted her with the promise of a long visit to her home at Heathcote Hill.

One beautiful morning in May, our good cousin Mrs. Dering from Shelter Island, who had come to spend a month or two with our Mother, took Cally and me to play in the pine grove on the opposite side of the road from the farm-house. I remember the grove, and the flowers, and the red wintergreen berries, as if it were yesterday. After a while there came a message from the house: we were told that we had a little sister! We trotted home, much excited at the news, and were soon introduced to baby Charlotte. To speak frankly, I was amazed at her small size, and her redness. It seemed to me I had never seen anything so red before. I am also bound to confess that she cried a great deal. They say that babies who cry

during the first three months are the most cheerful afterwards. That was certainly the case with Aunt Charlotte, who has done a great deal of laughing since those days—often so merry, and bright, and cheery, as you all know.

My next recollection is the christening of the baby in Christ Church by Father Nash, who had also baptized Cally and myself. She was named after my Mother's English sister, Anne Charlotte. Anne was after our Great Aunt Mrs. Jones, and Charlotte after Queen Charlotte! This English sister our Mother had never seen at that time. My Grandfather and Grandmother De Lancey, though both Americans, were married in England, and when they returned to America they left their daughter Anne with her Aunt and Uncle Jones; she inherited their Tory prejudices so strongly that she could never be persuaded to join her family in America.

After the christening there must have been a busy time of preparation for the journey to Mamaroneck. But of this I remember nothing. Soon we were taken to say good-bye to our Grandmother Cooper; I have a dim recollection of her appearance, as she sat in the hall, with a little table near her. Then came the leave taking at Edgewater; we were all in the *rasée*, my Father driving the grey ponies; the most important member of the family, Baby Charlotte, lay on a pillow, *in a basket* at our Mother's feet. I remember distinctly driving into the grounds at Edgewater and seeing my Uncle Isaac, Aunt Mary, and a group of cousins rather older than myself bidding us good-bye.

Then came the long climb up the Vision road. At the top of the hill some wild roses caught my fancy; my Father stopped the carriage, and gathered a large handful of the flowers, and gave them to us.

It was many a long year before we saw the wild roses of Otsego again.

One little incident I remember distinctly, but omitted to record it in its place. On the morning before we left our Fenimore home, my dear Father took me by the hand and led me through the grounds, across the brook, into the inclosure where lay the grave of my little sister Elizabeth. He stood there in silence a few moments, and then led me back again. I cannot remember his having spoken a word at the time.

II. HEATHCOTE HILL

THE three days' journey to Albany is a blank, so far as my memory goes. I only remember the baby in the basket.

But the very important event of going down the North River in the steamboat I recollect distinctly. I am inclined to think it was my dear Mother's first experience of a steamboat. She had been four years at Fenimore; and I know that her first journey, when she was a bride, was made in a gig, my Father driving the horses tandem. What route they took I never heard, but my Mother has told me they travelled over a good deal of corduroy road. Her second journey to Cooperstown, with my little sister Elizabeth and myself as babies, was made in the *rasée*. I seem to have a sort of faint perception of a feeling of subdued excitement among the party in the steamboat. My Father came into the cabin often to point out to my Mother the villages and country houses on the banks. One of the gentlemen, whose wife was in the cabin, came every few moments to a window, and called to her: "*I say!*" It was natural to my inexperienced mind to suppose that "*I say*" was the lady's name. I seem to hear him now calling out "*I say*," every few minutes.

Voyage, passing through the great city of New York, the half day's journey to Mamaroneck, is all a blank. Memory only awakens again in the parlor at Heathcote Hill, where Grandparents, uncles and Aunts, and servants were all making us welcome, after the formidable

journey from the wilds of Otsego to the shores of the Sound. We passed some months with my Grandparents. My Father, however, returned to Fenimore after a while to look after his affairs there. The stone house was still going on, and it was expected that we should return there.

That was a pleasant summer for us little people, and still more so, no doubt, to our dear Mother. Our young Aunts petted us, and our Grandfather took us out very often to drive with him, over his farms or about the country. Many little *memories* revive, as I think of him. Cally was still in the nursery, but I was promoted to a high chair, near my Grandfather. I well remember his breaking the shells of the oysters, and giving me the oyster itself, for my breakfast. The family lived and dined in the same room. There were several dark-skinned servants in the house—slaves, I fancy, they must have been at that date, but enjoying life in a very free and easy way. There was a fat black woman as cook in the kitchen, Harriet her daughter as chambermaid, Henry her son the man, a colored child or two, and one white woman, a sort of factotum, Betsy Baker. The house stood on the brow of a low hill, immediately above the highway to Boston, and facing a broad bay of the Sound. The view was very pleasing when the tide was in, but dismal at low tide, when a waste of black mud covered half the bay. There was no attempt at pleasure grounds, beyond a row of locusts along the fence, and some noble weeping-willows in different positions. Cherry-trees, and peach-trees, apricots, and nectarines were planted near the house, the front porch on either side being flanked with the largest peach tree I have ever seen. From the covered porch in the rear of the house one road swept down the hillside to what was called "*the red gate*," leading

towards the village of Mamaroneck, close at hand; another road made a wide circuit around the hill to the southward, and came out on the highway at "the white gate," through which one passed towards my Grandfather's farm on "the Neck" and the village of New-Rochelle.

I was well acquainted with "the red gate" and "the white gate," as I often had the pleasure of opening them for my Grandfather, when driving in the gig with him. The only flowering shrubs I can remember were lilacs and syringas, near the house. The barns, a large cluster of them, stood at some distance from the house to the right, and in the rear. The garden lay also in the rear, at some little distance; I fancy it must have been a fine garden, well cared for, with a great variety of fruit and vegetables. Beyond the garden rose another low hill; on climbing it one came to the cider-mill and the *peach-orchard*, a very large orchard filled entirely with peaches, which sometimes covered the ground about the trees, and were *fed to the hogs!* Pork which had partaken amply of peaches was considered very delicate. Then again there were apple-orchards, very extensive, with the finest kinds of fruit. And beyond all these orchards there rose a beautiful wood, the remains of the ancient forest; within its shade there was an open enclosure, the family burying-ground, surrounded by a low stone wall; I have often been there. At that time there were but few graves. One was that of my Grandfather's sister, Miss Susan De Lancey, who had died not long before our visit to Heathcote Hill; my Mother had been a great favorite with her. She was said to have been very clever, and very good; rather undersized, and some years older than my Grandfather, who was indeed the twentieth child! Many of his

brothers and sisters had died in infancy, and when he returned from England this sister was the only one living, and came to make her home with him. Another grave was that of my Mother's sister Maria Frances, who died not long before my Mother's marriage, to whom she was nearest in age. My Grandfather grieved greatly for her.

Driving and riding were a part of every day's pleasure. My Aunt Martha must have been a great horsewoman, she was so often riding alone, or with young companions. Beside our two young Aunts there were three Uncles—our Uncle Thomas, older than our Mother, our Uncles Edward and William. Uncle Thomas was a lawyer in the office of Mr. Peter Jay Munro, in New York; Uncle Edward was always at home—he was to be the farmer of the family; Uncle William was at Yale College expecting to become a clergyman.

When my Grandfather was driving in his gig, with his little granddaughter Susie sitting in state beside him, that little damsel observed that the people who met them always took off their hats, a salutation which was returned by Mr. *Dellansée*, as these people called him. In those good old times even strangers bowed to each other when meeting on the highway. That was the universal custom about Mamaroneck. The pronunciation of the name De Lancey as *Dellansée* was also common then, and nearer perhaps to the true French pronunciation than our own fashion of placing the accent on the first syllable.

When out in the gig we frequently met the Rector of the Church at Rye, the parish to which the family at Heathcote Hill then belonged, the Rev. Mr. Asgill, who had married our parents. The wedding had taken place on New-Year's day, 1811, in the drawing-room at Heathcote Hill. There was no one present but the fam-

ily, including Miss Susan De Lancey, Nannie, my Uncle William Cooper, and all the servants. After the ceremony, and before the supper, the bride and groom played a game of chess! Strange to say, I always forgot to ask who won the game. The bride wore a soft sprigged Indian muslin dress, with a waist about three inches deep! The Rev. Mr. Asgill was a curiosity. He had a peculiar nasal drawl in speaking, and his whole manner and utterances were peculiar. "Good morning – Mr. Dellansée – hm – ha – I hope Mrs. Dellansée – a – and – Mrs. Cooper – hm – hm – ha – a – and – the – ah – hm – ha – young ladies – and the – hm – ha – hm – little ladies – are – hm – ha – in good health."

Such salutations on the highway have I often heard. In Church he must have been intolerable. On one occasion when we were present he went into the reading-desk, looked about him, fumbled in his pocket, looked towards the pew where his wife sat—"Hm – hm – ha – Mrs. Asgill, – hm – ha – hm, I have forgotten – hm – ha – my spectacles!" The good lady meekly arose, and took them into the chancel to him. Another Sunday as he was reading the most solemn part of the Litany, he inserted a new clause into the service, without changing the usual drawling snarl in which he read it: "In all – hm – ha – time – ha – of our tribulation – hm – ha – in all time of our prosperity – hm – ha – hm – *Mr. Purdy's horses are loose* – hm – ha," etc., etc. He frequently made impromptu remarks during the prayers and sermon. The Church was like a great barn, with large square windows, no blinds or shades, and consequently Mr. Asgill could see what was going on among the waggons and horses collected every Sunday in the open space about the Church. In winter the Church was fearfully cold. When

I went with my Mother or Grandmother it was my task to carry their foot-stove to the Sexton, who usually sat near the large box stove, and filled it for me. The Church was unpainted on the outside.

After a while my Father returned from Otsego County. A new nurse was provided for us, Katie Arnault, a young girl from one of the Huguenot families in the neighborhood, of which there were many; Flandreau, Comel, Bonnet, etc., etc., were common names. One old woman, very aged indeed, was still something of a Frenchwoman; she had made me a little French cap, quilted like those worn in some parts of France by babies—it was preserved as a curiosity for many years, but has been lost in some of our wanderings.

Mamaroneck was sadly troubled with chills and fever, said to have been first caused by damming up the Sheldrake, a small stream flowing into the bay—a factory had been built on the banks, and the water was used for its purpose. My Aunts and Uncles suffered severely from the fever; they were dosed with bark and port wine—great glassfuls—quinine not having been invented in those remote times. Happily for us, neither our Father or Mother ever had the fever. The factory was considered a great nuisance, as it brought many disreputable people into that primitive region. The small-pox appeared among the work people; our Father was very kind to the sick; he had many of the factory people vaccinated at his own expense. Little Cally and myself had been vaccinated in infancy—but my Father wished to have us inoculated also. Our Mother was distressed, but the experiment was tried; we were both inoculated—but without any result; the virus dried up without producing the least semblance of a pock.

Parties of emigrants used frequently to pass along the highway below the hill; on one occasion there was a formidable troop of them, men, women, and children, hungry, dusty, and weary. They seated themselves along the roadside for a rest; my Grandmother sent them loads of provisions, with milk for the little ones, and a whole baking of some very nice biscuits of a peculiar kind, fresh from the oven. These poor people had only landed from the ship which brought them over the Ocean, a day or two earlier. After a rest by the roadside they passed on their way to some distant manufacturing town.

One day as my Father was driving us he pointed out a neat, but very small house, just beyond the bridge over the Sheldrake. "That," said he, "is *Closet Hall*." It was the house in which our Father and Mother had made their first attempt at house keeping, the year after our little sister Elizabeth was born. On account of its tiny size, my Father had given it the name of *Closet Hall*. They gave it up, and returned to Heathcote Hill a short time before I was born.

Our next-door neighbor was Dr. Guy Carleton Bailey, the family physician. His wife was a Miss Grace Roosevelt. The families were very intimate, elders and children also; we little people were constantly playing together; the eldest boy, Roosevelt Bailey, was converted to the Church of Rome by his Aunt Mrs. Seaton, and is now His Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore!

Another family with whom we were very intimate were the Jays at Rye. "Auntie Jay," as we called her, was a dear old lady; she was the widow of a blind man, the brother of Governor Jay. When he was a child he, and a sister near his own age, had the small-pox so severely that they both lost their sight. From that time

their mother devoted herself especially to the care of those afflicted children; she must have been a sensible and judicious woman, as one can imagine the mother of Governor Jay ought to have been. As they grew older they were carefully educated. The home of the family was in New York, but a country house was built especially for them at Rye, a mile or two from Mamaroneck. Here they passed most of their time; and here, after the death of their parents, the blind brother and sister kept house together! Miss Jay was considered a good housekeeper; she went all about the house alone, and what is remarkable, she was very skillful with her needle! She could take a piece of linen, cut it out, and make up the garments herself. And Mr. Peter Jay also was very accomplished in his way; he had been taught cabinet making, and made very neat tables, book shelves, bureaus, etc., etc. He was also a farmer, walked all over the grounds and garden alone, and rode on horse-back into the different fields alone, letting down bars and opening gates himself. His senses of hearing and touch were very acute. He knew his friends when they came to see him, by their step, and by feeling their hands. I have heard my Father say that frequently they would try the experiment of misleading him; one visitor standing near would say, "How do you do, Mr. Jay?" and another would shake hands with him—but he always knew them apart, and would say "That is Cooper"—"That is Tom De Lancey." The blind brother and sister lived very happily together for many years. At last Miss Jay died. This was a very great affliction to her brother. After a while he told his friends that he was lonely, he wished to marry, and they must find a wife for him. This was no easy task. But at last a pleasant cheerful old maid, Miss Duyckinck, was

persuaded to listen to these peculiar proposals. At first she was indignant; but on making the blind man's acquaintance found him so kind, and gentlemanly, and agreeable, that she consented. Before the marriage he begged to be allowed to *feel her face*, that he might have some idea of his future wife's appearance! The marriage turned out very well; they were a happy couple. I have no recollection of Mr. Jay, who died before we returned to Mamaroneck. But with "Auntie Jay" I was very intimate; she was very fond of children, and our parents, or Grandfather, or aunts were constantly taking us over to see her. She lived very pleasantly in the house built for her husband, her niece Miss Effie Duyckinck living with her. "Auntie Jay" kept a supply of toys and sugarplums for her young friends, but I think we enjoyed her conversation more than the goodies, she was so bright and cheerful with us. We were often in her bedroom, and many a time have I climbed up on her bureau to look at a picture which was full of a mysterious attraction to us little folk; it was a sea piece, with two ships approaching a port; one of these "Auntie Jay" asserted to be the ship which brought her the toys and sugarplums with which she supplied us. The name of the ship I have forgotten, but the diminutive figure of a man standing on the deck she introduced to us as "Geoffrey Norcross," the Captain. It would take me pages to tell all the wonderful things we heard about "Captain Geoffrey Norcross," and the countries where he found the toys and other treasures. We often drank tea with "Auntie Jay"; there were several lovely old blacks in the kitchen, "Cæsar," and "Venus," and "Lily," with whom we were on the most affectionate terms.

Our Grandfather frequently took us to a village with the peculiar name of "Sawpits"—now Port-Chester.

We also went very frequently to New Rochelle, the home of the Huguenot colony. The Church at New Rochelle was a square stone building, with a roof running up to a point—as plain as possible without and within. Most of the Huguenot families, like the De Lanceys, united with the Church of England: those who settled at New Rochelle were very devout; on Sunday mornings they used to go down to the shore of the Sound, and turning their faces Eastward, waft their prayers across the Atlantic towards the coast of France, whence Louis XIV. had driven them by his "Dragonnades." They would also rise very early—in the night, I think—and set out in parties to walk to the French Church in New York to attend the regular services there.

Our Grandfather De Lancey must have been a charming companion—he was very amusing with his grandchildren, and told us many pleasant things, as he drove us about in his gig and farm-waggon. One immensely fat old farmer of Huguenot stock, named Comel, he pointed out to me: "They say the old man has swallowed the hen and all her chickens; do you think that can be true, Susie?" A fine litter of young pigs appeared by the roadside; "Count them, Susie."—There were ten.—"Do you see that fat little rogue, the last one? if he had been born in England that pig would have gone to the clergyman! Every tenth pig and tenth chicken belongs to the clergyman, in England!" Such was my first lesson on *tithes*. And my dear Grandfather soon commenced my botanical education—being the eldest of the little troop, I often drove with him, in the gig, about his farms and into his woods, and it was my duty to jump out and open

all the gates. In these drives he taught me to distinguish the different trees by their growth, and bark, and foliage—this was a beech, that an oak, here was an ash, yonder a tulip-tree. He would point out a tree and ask me to name it, going through a regular lesson in a very pleasant way. Such was the beginning of my *Rural Hours* ideas.

Feeding the poultry was one of our pleasures—the barn-yard was full of feathered creatures in great flocks—hens, cocks, chickens of all sizes, geese, ducks, turkeys, peacocks, and guinea fowls. Our young Aunts were much interested in making caps, and tippets, and bands for trimming dresses, out of the choice feathers from the poultry-yard—white feathers, and down from the geese and ducks, and bright ones from the peacocks and guinea fowls. Such was a young lady fashion of the hour. Another fancy of the young ladies of that time, was making *shoes!* Or rather slippers for evening parties, prunelle, black, and white satin! They bought the thin soles, and then cut out the upper part, and put them together without any assistance. They had lasts and tools for the purpose. All the young fashionable ladies in New York were much intent in making their own sandals, at that time—why or wherefore, I cannot say. Such sandals were worn in the streets of New York, by the ladies, even in mid-winter. They were worn even twenty years later—not made at home; that fashion must soon have vanished, I fancy. But American women at that date had a horror of thick soles; when we lived in New York we never saw ladies wearing a shoe with a sensible sole. They have better judgement now.

A small absurdity occurs to me just now, in connection with the fashions, which I relate for the especial benefit of my nieces. White dresses were much worn in those

years, with muslin puffs of some width around the skirts—two or three puffs often. Now my dear Mother had made for my little person a white dress, with two or three puffs of thin muslin, well starched. I have no doubt Cally had another of the same kind. To my own, however, I was fondly attached, admiring it greatly. One Sunday morning I was dressed for Church in this choice puffed garment and told to go down stairs to wait for my Mother and Aunts. I trotted down the first flight of steps from the broad lobby on which the rooms from the second floor opened. At the turn, at the head of the second broad flight, I paused. My dear Father, my Uncles Tom and Edward were standing in the hall below, looking over the guns, in the gun-rack which stood near the front door. I seem to see them now. My Uncles were great sportsmen, making havoc among the game birds of all kinds. My Uncle Tom chanced to turn to look at me: "Oh, Uncle Tom, don't come near me! This is my *puffed frock!!*" How they laughed and made believe they wanted to catch me. I distinctly remember my feeling of surprise at their laughing so heartily; could they not understand that I had been told to take care of my *puffs?*

A very important event of those months we passed at Heathcote Hill was the performance of a play, which I remember perfectly. My Father was the manager; *Love-à-la-Mode* was the play. The characters were *Sir Theodore Goodchild; Sir Archie Macsarcasm; Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan; 'Squire Groom;* and *Charlotte.* The performers were my Father, my Uncles, Dr. Bailey, and my Aunt Caroline. If I remember right, my Father took the part of Sir Callaghan. My Aunt Caroline was remarkably pretty in those days, a brilliant brunette. The performance took place in the dining-room, the green

crumb-cloth being promoted to a stage curtain. The audience consisted of the family, Mrs. Bailey, and a boy or two, with the servants in the door-way. The pantry was the green room. Great was my amazement at seeing my Father and Dr. Bailey with white powdered heads! I sat on a little chair next to my Grandfather, in a great state of excitement. There was laughing, and clapping of hands, and criticism, and a great deal of joking afterwards.

We had not been long at Mamaroneck when a change in the family plans took place. Instead of returning to Cooperstown after a six months' visit, it was decided that my Father should build a country-house on a farm that was destined for my Mother by my Grandfather. This farm was on a hill in Scarsdale, four miles from Mamaroneck. The question once decided, my Father went to work with his usual eagerness, and in a few months the house was built, and we took possession. The farm was called Angevine, the name of the Huguenot tenants who had preceded us. The view from the hill was fine, including a long stretch of the Sound, and Long Island beyond. The house consisted of a centre and two wings; one of these was the common sitting room, the other was the "drawing-room." Little did my dear Father foresee, when he planned and built that room, that within its walls he should write a book, and become an author! In general his thoughts seem to have turned upon ships, and the sea, and farming, and landscape gardening. I can remember trotting around after him while he was planning a sweep, and a ha-ha fence—a novelty in those days. He set out many trees.

During the winter after we had taken possession there was a grand house-warming party. As I look back the

rooms seem to me to have been crowded with gaily dressed ladies and their cavaliers. I particularly remember my Aunt Caroline wearing a pink silk spencer, and dancing. And this was the only occasion on which I ever saw my Father dance.

There were daily drives to Mamaroneck, where all the marketing was done. The drive was a pleasant one. There was, however, a tragical spot on the bank of the Sheldrake, not far from Mamaroneck, which had been pointed out to us children. Some years earlier, not long before my Mother's marriage, there were two little girls, friends of my young Aunts, making a visit at Heathcote Hill; their name was Titford. The four little girls, my Aunts, and the two Titfords went out for a walk; they wandered to the bank of the Sheldrake, where they made their arrangements for fishing. In the excitement of their sport one of the Titford girls fell into the water, which was deep at that spot; she sank; her sister rushed into the river to save her, and sank also. Both were drowned! My Aunts were several years younger; their cries drew people to the spot, but too late—life was extinct in both the young girls. This was a fearful blow to all at Heathcote Hill. My Grandmother never entirely recovered from the shock. The elder sister was an intimate friend of my Mother's; Miss Susan Titford afterwards married Mr. Lloyd Daubeny.

My Father used to drive us to Church, either to Rye or to New Rochelle. One Sunday morning as he was driving my Mother and myself in the gig, to church, his favorite horse, "Bull-head," stumbled in going down the hill from Angevine, broke the shafts, and threw us all out. I remember distinctly finding myself on the horse's stomach, his legs kicking round me; my Father picked me

up; no one was injured, but I think "Bull-head" must have been sold soon after. We had another pair of black horses in those days, and the old *rasée*. Fred the black boy, who nominally belonged to my Mother, but received wages, deserted about that time. We had for assistant nurse, a young girl named Katie Conklin, who was bound to my parents; she was the daughter of my Grandfather's farmer, on the Neck.

My Father was much interested in Agricultural matters in those days. He belonged to the Agricultural Society of the County, and I remember the making of a flag to be hoisted at the annual fair; there was a *black plough*, and the words "West Chester Agricultural Society," in large black letters on the white ground, a joint effort of genius on the part of Father and Mother, while two little girls looked on in admiration. But our Father figured also as a military character at that time; Governor Clinton made him his aide-de-camp, with the rank of Colonel, and more than once we little girls had the pleasure of admiring him in full uniform, blue and buff, cocked hat and sword, mounted on Bull-head before proceeding to some review. He was thus transferred from the naval to the land service. To the last days of his life, Mr. James de Peyster Ogden, one of his New York friends, never omitted giving him his title of "Colonel." He thus became one of the numerous army of American Colonels, though not one of the ordinary type certainly.

But he was also a Skipper, at that date. He had become interested in a whaling ship sailing from Sag Harbor, his partner in this venture being Mr. Charles Dering, who had married my Mother's cousin Miss Elizabeth Nicoll of Shelter Island. On several occasions he took command of the *Union*, as she passed to and fro;

this venture was, I believe, fairly successful. When the *Union* came into port at Boston, he joined Mr. Dering there, and on his return brought me a magnificent wax doll, a magnificent creature, nearly as large as a live baby!

He always read a great deal, in a desultory way. Military works, travels, Biographies, History—and novels! He frequently read aloud at that time to my Mother, in the quiet evenings at Angevine. Of course the books were all English. A new novel had been brought from England in the last *monthly packet;* it was, I think, one of Mrs. Opie's, or one of that school. My Mother was not well; she was lying on the sofa, and he was reading this newly imported novel to her; it must have been very trashy; after a chapter or two he threw it aside, exclaiming, "*I could write you a better book than that myself!*" Our Mother laughed at the idea, as the height of absurdity—he who disliked writing even a letter, that he should write a book!! He persisted in his declaration, however, and almost immediately wrote the first pages of a tale, not yet named, the scene laid in England, as a matter of course. He soon became interested and amused with the undertaking, drew a regular plot, talked over the details with our Mother, and resolved to imitate the tone and character of an English tale of the ordinary type. After a few chapters were written he would have thrown it aside, but our dear Mother encouraged him to persevere; why not finish it, why not print it? This last idea amused him greatly. He usually wrote in the drawing-room, and after finishing a chapter always brought my Mother in to hear it. One day he left the room; the door was open, and I went in, and retired under the writing-table, which was covered

with a cloth, for a play with my doll. Father and Mother came in together. I went on playing quietly with my doll. The reading of a chapter of *Precaution* began. This interested me greatly; it was Chapter —. Suddenly I burst into tears, and sobbed aloud over the woes of ———. Father and Mother were amazed; I was withdrawn from my tent, but they could not imagine what had distressed me. On one of his visits to New York, in those days, my Father bought a large green port-folio for himself, and a red one for my Mother. The red one is now among my papers, in a dilapidated condition.

When *Precaution* was completed we set out for a visit to Bedford, for the especial purpose of reading the MS. to the Jay family. My Mother wished the book to be printed, my Father had some doubts on the subject, and at last it was decided that if his friends the Jays listened with interest to the reading, the printing should take place; Mrs. Banyer's taste and judgment were considered of especial importance in deciding a literary question. We made the little journey in the gig; Father, Mother, Susie, and *Precaution*. For my part, I greatly enjoyed the visit, playing with Anna and Maria Jay. The reading went on in the parlor, while we little people were in the nursery. Governor Jay, venerable in appearance as in character, was one of the audience. With his grandchildren I used to go up and kiss him for good-night, every evening. The audience approved, although only one or two of them knew the secret of the authorship; the MS. was supposed to be written by a friend of my Father. There was a Miss McDonald, a friend of the Jays staying with them at the time; she declared the book quite interesting, but it was not new; "I am sure I have read it before," she declared—this the author considered as a

complimentary remark, as he aimed at close imitation of the Opie School of English novels. Bedford was at that time a delightful house to visit at; child as I was, it made this impression on me. My Father and Judge Jay were always very intimate; they had been school boys together. Mrs. Banyer was also a warm friend of my parents. Her husband, Mr. Gouldsborough Banyer, had been an intimate friend of my Uncle Richard Cooper; Mrs. Banyer's wedding trip was to Cooperstown, and she always spoke with pleasure and interest of her visit to the old Hall; the view of the Lake she declared to be lovely from the house at that time.

When *Precaution* was published some months later, it was generally supposed to have been written in England, and by a lady. Many persons thought it was written by Miss Anne De Lancey, my Mother's sister, who afterwards married Mr. John Loudon McAdam, the great engineer of roads. This sister my Mother had never seen! When my grandparents returned to America after the Revolution, their eldest child was left in England with her Uncle and Aunt, Judge and Mrs. Jones; Judge Jones was the brother of my grandmother; he took the name of Jones from ———; he was born a Floyd. Mrs. Jones was my grandfather's sister, Miss Anne De Lancey. They were both great Tories, and could not be induced to return to America, and begged that their little niece might be left with them for a time at least. So the child was left with them, and my grandparents sailed with their little boy Thomas, and his nurse, "Nanny"—our dear old Nanny of later days. My Grandfather considered himself an American, not an Englishman, and now that the war was over decided to cast in his lot with his native country. They lived in New York for a time, at

the City Hotel, which belonged to my Grandfather. When we were living in the Rue St. Dominique at Paris, one of our opposite neighbors was the duc de Valmy, Gen. Kellerman; he one day asked my Father if he had ever known a *Madame de Lancé*, in New York, remarking that he had spent some time at the City Hotel, and there became acquainted with *M. and Mme. de Lancé;* the lady he said was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. My Aunt Anne grew up a fierce Tory, and after the death of her Uncle and Aunt Jones, could never be induced to come to America, which was a great grief to my grandparents. She was now credited with writing *Precaution*, a book, it was said, clearly written in England, and by a woman!

Another little daughter now made her appearance at Angevine. She was named by my Grandmother De Lancey, *Maria Frances*, after my mother's sister who had died some years earlier. My Father for two or three years called her *Velvet*, because her skin was so soft. She was baptized by the Rev. Revaud Kearney, a cousin of our Mother's, at that time Rector of New Rochelle.

One day when Fanny was about a year old there was a great alarm about little Charlotte. The child had disappeared! Could no where be found! In those days children were not stolen, as they are in these civilized times, but it was feared some accident had happened to her. Every corner about the house and outbuildings was closely searched, messengers were despatched to the two or three houses in the neighborhood, the agitation was very great. At last I had the joy of discovering my little sister; a flock of sheep had passed on the highway, and had been driven about three quarters of a mile down the hill, on the road to Mamaroneck; they could plainly be

seen from the piazza—and there, trotting along behind the sheep, was a small figure which I knew must be the missing sister. The eloping damsel was soon pursued, and brought home in our Father's arms, bare-headed and dusty; she wanted "*to see Grandma*," and intended trotting all the way to Mamaroneck. Great was our Mother's joy when little Charley was placed in her arms.

Precaution having been quite as successful as he expected, the writer now planned another book. It was to be thoroughly American, the scene laid in West Chester County, during the Revolution. An anecdote which Governor Jay had told him relating to a spy, who performed his dangerous services out of pure patriotism, was the foundation of the new book.

My Father never knew the name of the Spy; Governor Jay felt himself bound to secrecy on that point. But he never for a moment believed that Enoch Crosby was the man. Various individuals, twenty years later, claimed to have been the original Harvey Birch. One man even asserts that Mr. Cooper used to visit at his house frequently, for the purpose of hearing his adventures and then writing them out in *The Spy*. This is utterly false. From only one person did my Father ever receive any information connected with the life of the Spy who was the dim original of Harvey Birch, and that person was Governor Jay. The conversation on the piazza at Bedford relating to the patriot spy occurred a long time before my Father dreamed of writing a book.

When he had fully made up his mind to write a novel entirely American, whose scene should be laid in West Chester during the Revolution, he amused himself by going among the old farmers of the neighborhood and hearing all the gossip of those old times, about the "Neu-

tral Ground" on which we were then living, the ground between the English in New York, and American forces northward. Frequently he would invite some old farmer to pass the evening in the parlor at Angevine, and while drinking cider and eating hickory nuts, they would talk over the battle of White Plains, and all the skirmishes of the Cow-Boys and Skinners. Many such evenings do I remember, as I sat on a little bench beside my Mother, while Uncle John Hatfield, or George Willis, or one of the Cornells related the stirring adventures of those days of the Revolution. There was a shallow cave in a rocky ledge on the road to Mamaroneck, where a Tory spy had been concealed, and was stealthily fed for some time. And on the road to New Rochelle there was a grove where a sharp skirmish had taken place; it was called the Haunted Wood—ghosts had been seen there! The cave and the grove were full of tragic interest to me, whenever we passed them.

Every chapter of *The Spy* was read to my Mother as soon as it was written, and the details of the plot were talked over with her. From the first months of authorship to the last year of his life, my Father generally read what he wrote to my Mother.

The Spy, when it appeared, was brilliantly successful. Never before had an American book attained anything like the same success.

During those years at Angevine our education began. Our dear Mother was our Governess, and from time to time our Father examined us. We were "in school" two hours, the three elder ones, Susie, Cally, and Charley, sitting round our Mother in the parlor or dining-room, while the author and *The Spy* were occupying the drawing-room. Charley could read when she was three years

old. There was spelling, and writing, and arithmetic, and geography, and Mrs. Trimmer's Bible Lessons, and the History of England. Well do I remember those school hours. Our precious Mother was so loving and patient with us. I seem to hear her sweet musical voice now as she talked with us. She had a remarkably sweet voice in conversation; my friend Mrs. Hamilton Fish said to me one day years ago, "I always thought that when novelists spoke of the musical voices of their heroines in conversation it was pure romance, but Mrs. Cooper's voice is melody itself." Our dear Mother had taken the trouble to write out little cards as rewards for good conduct; *Diligence*, *Silence*, I remember particularly, but there were others for the different lessons. Sewing was also part of our education. The Kings of Israel and the Kings of Judah were a great trial to me; so many of them were wicked! "Is this one going to be wicked too? I wish they would be good!" I remember saying this to my Mother, after reading of so many who "did evil in the sight of the Lord." What an expression that is, "doing evil in the sight of God"! The History of England was full of interest; it was Goldsmith's History, in four volumes, with portraits of some of the kings. Our dear Father was so proud of our progress in English History that on one occasion when his friend Mr. Acheson was staying at Angevine he invited him to examine us in Goldsmith; I fancy the result was satisfactory. As regards our sewing Cally and I must have been ambitious, for we were encouraged to make a shirt for our Father! Well do I remember stitching the collar and wristbands; but I doubt if that shirt was ever finished. As a reward for this shirt-making Cally and I received a dollar, which we gave to

Judge Jay for the Bible Society. Gentlemen's shirts were all made entirely of linen in those ancient times.

On one occasion when our Father was driving us to Mamaroneck we were met by one of my Uncles, who called out as he stopped his horse, "Boney is dead!"—"Boney" being no less a personage than the Emperor Napoleon I.

While we were living at Angevine my Mother lost her brother Edward. He died after a very short illness, of dysentery. Our kinsman Dr. Watts came from New York to attend him, but nothing could save him. My uncle Edward was to have been the farmer of the family. Uncle Thomas was a lawyer, Uncle William was studying for the ministry. I remember hearing the negroes in the kitchen at Heathcote Hill talking about "Massa Edward's ghost," which they professed to have seen walking about the barn!

Our dear kind Grandmother also died while we were at Angevine. A fearful blow this was to all the family, by whom she was fondly loved. She died of what would now be called typhoid fever. The treatment at that time was bleeding!

There were two marriages in the family while we were at Angevine. My uncle Thomas married his second cousin Miss Mary Ellison of New Windsor, an Aunt to whom we became much attached in later years. Our uncle William after his ordination married Miss Frances Munro, the daughter of Mr. Peter Jay Munro; I well remember their wedding visit to Angevine. And I also remember going with my Mother to the Church at East Chester to hear my Uncle preach; he was considered even then as a very good preacher. He was a great favorite with Bishop Hobart.

One afternoon in September very dark clouds began to gather over the Sound, where we could see the vessels flying before the wind. We little people were all called into the house. A heavy storm was at hand. The windows were closed, but we could see the black clouds whirling about, and the trees bending and twisting under the fierce wind, while clouds of dust rose from the highway. Very soon the darkness increased, and shut us in so that nothing of our fine view of the country and Sound could be seen. The force of the wind increased terribly. The window-shutters and blinds were closed to protect the sashes, which it was feared might be blown in. Our dear Mother collected all of her little ones at her knee in the dining-room. Of course we did not understand the danger, but a feeling of wonder and awe came over us. Our Father came in, reporting the force of the wind as equalling the severest gale he had known at sea; he said, "While I was on the piazza just now I *tried* to fall to the ground, but the force of the wind held me up!" That was the storm spoken of years later as the "*September Gale.*" To-day it would have been called a Cyclone. No serious damage was done at Angevine, but trees and fences were blown down, and not an outbuilding on the place remained firm on its foundation; barn, carriage-house, a large poultry house, and the corn-crib were all twisted some inches out of place. I remember going about with my Father the next day inspecting these buildings. Happily the house was uninjured. Many vessels were wrecked by this gale, which extended over a great extent of the country and the Ocean. The monthly Packet Ship from New York to Liverpool, the *Albion*, was lost, never heard of. Among other passengers in the *Albion* were Mr. and Mrs. Hyde Clarke, the eldest son of Mr. George Clarke, and his

wife; they had been on a visit at Hyde, and were returning to England when they met their sad fate in the *Albion*.

I do not remember the date of the "*September Gale*," and have no time to look for it. In these "Small Memories," my dear nephews and nieces, you must please overlook the absence of dates—I have no time to hunt up the day and year of many of the events mentioned. A golden silence is better than inaccuracy. Please look for the dates yourselves.

One pleasant September day Cally, Charley, and myself were invited to spend the day at Heathcote Hill, where we enjoyed ourselves very much as usual. At dusk our Father came for us; while we were being shawled in the dining-room, my Grandfather threw up the sash and called out, "How is Susan?" "Comfortable!" "And the baby?" "A boy!!!"—Here was a piece of news for us. We had a little brother for the first time, and were eager to make his acquaintance. Dear little fellow, he was a great pet among us as long as he lived. He was baptized by the Rev. Revaud Kearney, Rector of the Church at New Rochelle, a kinsman of our Mother's. My Father gave him the name of Fenimore—had he lived he would have been called James, or William. He was a large fine-looking baby, and a very generous little fellow; he gave away the best of everything he had. One day at dinner I remember Father's giving him some large strawberries; he got down from his little chair and trotted around the table, giving one of his strawberries to each member of the family.

Meanwhile writing was going on. The printing would seem to have been a slower business than it is to-day. The new book was to give a picture of American life in a new

settlement, shortly after the Revolution, and the scene was laid at Cooperstown, on Lake Otsego. Some of the characters were drawn from real life, but the plot was purely fiction. Monsieur Le Quoi, Major Hartman, Ben Pump were actual colonists on Lake Otsego. Natty Bumppo was entirely original, with the exception of his *leathern stockings*, which were worn by a very prosaic old hunter, of the name of Shipman, who brought game to the Hall. Mr. Grant was *not* Father Nash.

Our Father went frequently to New York, sometimes by the Mamaroneck stage, sometimes in his gig, occasionally on horse back, and I can remember his walking the 25 miles occasionally, and coming home very tired. In order to be nearer printer and publisher, and to forward our education, it was now decided that we should remove to New York. A vision of Europe was also arising. It is singular, but I have only one recollection of this important removal to New York—I remember *Mrs. Mudge*, the keeper of the toll-gate at Kingsbridge, over the Harlem River. Mrs. Mudge was an important personage in those days, intimate with inmates of the important country houses in West Chester.

The house your Grandfather had rented was one of two recently built by the Patroon, on Broadway, just above Prince Street. It was then almost "out of town." Directly opposite to us was a modest two-story house occupied by John Jacob Astor. Niblo's Gardens now occupies the site of the house in which we lived. Not far above us was a very grand "Gothic edifice," St. Thomas' Church, considered an architectural gem in those days! Next door to us was a Boarding School, one of the best in New York; the principal was Mrs. Isabella Holt. Here Cally and I became pupils. There were some very

nice girls in the school—Miss Elizabeth Fish, Miss Rutgers, Miss Morewood, all older than we were, and the Langdons, granddaughters of Mr. Astor, who were about our age. Here we sat with our feet in the stocks—here I became very intimate with the Kings of Egypt, and the great men of Greece. Here, if we were disorderly, or our nails were not properly cleaned, we were obliged to wear a *real pig's-foot* tied around our neck! One tragic morning Miss Morewood, the oldest girl, eighteen, and a perfect pupil, left her work lying about, and was condemned to wear the pig's-foot! Mrs. Holt shed a tear, Miss Morewood wept, and I fancy we all cried—but stern justice was administered—the pig's-foot was worn by the model pupil! These young ladies often were escorted from school by their beaux. Miss Rutgers, now Mrs. ——, and a grandmother, has been in Cooperstown lately. On one occasion I was told to write a composition on the difference between the characters of Washington and Franklin—your Grandfather no sooner learned the subject allotted to me, than he took his hat, walked in to Mrs. Holt's, and remonstrated on the folly of giving such a task to a child of nine. That composition was never written.

In those days your Grandfather saw frequently many officers of the army and navy. I remember on one occasion his bringing General Scott home to dinner, and my amazement at his great height—as he stood at the window he looked out of the upper sash. Your Grandfather was also partial to the society of artists, all painters; there was no American sculptor in those days. Mr. Dunlap and Mr. Cole, I remember especially. I remember being taken to see a picture of great size, Death on the White Horse, painted by Mr. Dunlap. It was about this

time that my Father planned and founded a Club to which he gave the name of "The Lunch." It met every Thursday evening, I think at the house of Abigail Jones, a colored cook, famous at that day, who kept the Delmonico's of that date. Most of the prominent men of ability and character in New York belonged to the club, which also, through its members, invited strangers of distinction. Conversation was the object; I do not think there was any card-playing. The evening closed with a good supper, one of the members being caterer every Thursday, while Abigail Jones carried out the programme to perfection in the way of cooking. Your Grandfather, when caterer, wore a gilt key at his buttonhole. He was very social in his tastes and habits, and full of spirited conversation, and delighted in these Lunch meetings. Officers of the Army and Navy, the prominent Clergy, Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants, etc., etc., belonged to the Club. Bishop Hobart was a frequent guest. During that winter our Uncle Thomas' health failed; he removed to New York, and my Grandfather and Aunts passed the winter in town also. They rented a house belonging to Mrs. White, the mother of Mrs. Munro, near the Battery, in the lower part of Broadway, then the fashionable part of the town. My Uncle died of consumption, leaving a young widow and a baby son.

In the following spring we moved to Beach Street, near Greenwich Street, to a house belonging to our Mother's cousin Henry Floyd Jones of Fort Neck. He and my father were very intimate. Several years before her marriage your Grandmother came near losing her life from this cousin's carelessness; he was staying at Heathcote Hill, and taking up a gun—there were always several in the gun-rack in the hall—he aimed it at his cousin

Susan, threatening to shoot her. The gun was loaded—he had believed it unloaded—the full charge of shot went into the wall, *very near* my Mother's head, as she stood within a few feet of her cousin. Cousin Henry was almost distracted at the thought of the risk she had run. It was a rule of my Grandfather's that every gun carried by the sportsmen should be discharged before it was brought into the house. But on that occasion the rule had been carelessly broken.

We had not been long settled in Beach Street when the yellow fever broke out in New York. Everybody who could left the city. Our father rented a country-house at Turtle Bay, several miles out of town at that day. It belonged to Mrs. Winthrop, a charming old lady. I remember driving frequently down the Avenue to the different shops, and the Post-Office, all of which had been moved out of town, into the many villas which lined the unpaved road. The fever was confined to the lower part of the city. A high board fence had been built, I think near Pearl Street, shutting off the infected district, which was entirely deserted. A young man of one of the prominent families—I forget which—thought he would take a look at the deserted region. He went to the fence, and, climbing up, looked over the deserted streets for a while. Within a few days he was taken ill with the fever and died. While we were at Turtle Bay our dear little brother Fenimore was taken ill from the effects of teething. As soon as the city was declared safe we returned to Beach Street. There Fenimore became rapidly worse, and in —— he died, to the great grief of our parents.

While we were living in Beach Street your Grandfather became interested in a newspaper edited by his friend Colonel Gardenier, one of his military friends.

It was *The Patriot*. My Father frequently wrote for it. At this time, with his usual generous kindness, your Grandfather interested himself warmly in behalf of the children of his brother William, who had died some years earlier. The two eldest, William and Eliza, were frequently with us. William, indeed, remained a member of our family until his death; your Grandfather took the entire charge of him.

One day, as I was sitting near my Mother, your Grandfather came into the room, with the Cooperstown paper in his hand, and without speaking pointed out a passage to her, and then left the room. My dear Mother looked sad. It was the burning of the house at Fenimore which was reported in the *Freeman's Journal*. The stone house was very nearly finished, and was valued at $3500. There were many incendiary fires in Cooperstown at that time, all contrived, it was said, by one unprincipled man. Your Grandfather soon after sold the property at Fenimore. From that time the idea of a visit to Europe became more clearly defined. Your Grandfather always said he would not go to Europe without his wife and children. At that time it was unusual for American families to visit Europe. My dear Mother was rather alarmed at the idea, and wished for time to think the plan over—there was no intention, however, of going immediately; business matters required delay. Beach Street was very near St. John's Square; some of the pleasantest families in New York then lived on the Square; among others Mr. Charles Wilkes, with whom your Grandfather was intimate.

One day, at a dinner-party at Mr. Wilkes', the recently published novel "by the author of *Waverley*," *The Pirate*, was the subject of conversation. Several of

the party insisted that the book could not have been written by a landsman. Your Grandfather thought differently, and declared that a sailor would have been more accurate, and made more of the nautical portions of the book. No one agreed with him; they thought that great skill had been shown by merely touching on the sea passages; to have enlarged them would have ruined the book: "Impossible to interest the reader deeply in a novel where the sea was introduced too freely." Your Grandfather declared that a novel where the principal events should pass on the Ocean, with ships and sailors for the machinery, might be made very interesting. There was a general outcry. Mr. Wilkes, himself a man of literary tastes, and very partial to your Grandfather, shook his head decidedly. Nevertheless at that very moment the author of *The Spy* resolved to write a clearly nautical novel. On his way home he sketched the outline, and, arrived at his house, told your Grandmother of his plan. He always talked over his literary plans with her. *The Pilot* was soon commenced, and when published proved brilliantly successful.

The house in Beach Street was out of repair. The number of *rats* was really alarming! I remember distinctly their running over the bed in which I slept. It was decided that we should move to 345 Greenwich Street. Before that event took place, however, a little brother was born to us. Your Father, my dear Jim, was born at No. 3 Beach Street, and was named *Paul*. Some absurd people thought he was named after Paul Jones! But your Grandfather always liked short strong names for boys. He liked Giles, and Miles. Of course the baby was an immense pet with us all, and in my capacity of elder

sister, I was allowed to play nurse very often, a task which I much enjoyed.

On the regular moving-day, May 1st, we were all transferred to Greenwich Street, at that time a quiet, dignified part of the town, now a haunt of all kinds of disreputable characters. Europe now loomed up more clearly in the distance. A French governess was provided for us, Madame de Bruges. Your Grandfather also took lessons with Monsieur Manesca, a refugee from St. Domingo who had a system of his own, a very clever but peculiar man. After a while your Grandfather took me with him, and I had regular hours also; we walked down hand-in-hand to Liberty Street, a long walk, three times a week. M. Manesca lived in a miserable little two-story house, wretchedly furnished; his family were with him. They had been wealthy planters in St. Domingo, but escaped with their lives only. His teaching was all carried on in writing; no lessons were learned. I remember once learning a verb by heart, while your Grandfather was taking his lesson; suddenly a gruff voice called out in loud angry tones, and a dark face scowled at me. "*Que faites-vous là, Mademoiselle!!!*" I trembled.—"*Vous apprenez ce verbe par cœur??*"—"*Oui, Monsieur,*" in a faint tone. The long, lank figure arose, stalked over to the corner where I sat, seized the grammar, and dashed it on the table. "*Sachez, Mademoiselle, que si vous apprenez un autre verbe par cœur je vous renverrai—je ne vous donnerai plus de leçons! Entendez-vous?*" I forget whether I cried, but probably came very near it. He then returned to your Grandfather, and talked the question over with him philosophically. He did not wish to teach a set of magpies—he wanted his pupils to *think*. Such he declared was his principle. As a general thing he approved

of his older and his younger scholar. Many were the little baskets, carved out of peach-pits, cut with his knife during our lessons, which he gave me; they were pretty little toys. After a while he was so well satisfied with my progress that he wanted to exhibit me to a party of gentlemen. I was frightened at the idea. But there was no danger; your Grandfather said *No* very decidedly.

We had a negro man as waiter at that time; his name was Charles, and his birth-place was *Communipaw!* He spoke negro Dutch better than English. At that time Dutch was not infrequently heard in the streets of New York among the negroes and work people. Charles was very fond of the baby, whom he began very early to call "Massa Paul." Your father's nurse was a New England girl, an admirable person in many ways; on one occasion Mrs. Shubrick, who had been staying with us, offered her a parting gift of money, as usual—Abby drew back, indignant; "Mrs. Cooper paid her wages," she said; that was sufficient. Her wages were six dollars a month. Your Grandmother wished to take her to Europe, but Abby could not be persuaded to leave Yankeeland.

As a preparation for Europe we were all studying French, old and young, great and small. My three little sisters went to a French day-school, during the winter, where nothing but French was spoken, as the pupils were all from French families.

In the summer we moved into the country, to a farmhouse at Bay-Side, near Flushing. We had an English Governess at that time, Miss Mellish, an excellent, warm-hearted lady, who kept up our English studies successfully.

With the cool weather we returned to Greenwich Street. Your Grandfather was writing *Lionel Lincoln* at

that time. The "Lunch" was in full vigor; they met, I think, every Thursday evening. And our French lessons with M. Manesca were kept up regularly, and we had a French Governess, Madame de Bruges—Miss Mellish, to our regret, leaving us to make room for the French-speaking lady, a common kind of person in whom none of us felt much interest. Your Grandfather also wished William and myself to take Spanish lessons, which we did with a certain M. Galvon; your Grandfather thought that the intercourse with the Spanish-American countries would become so close that the language would become a sort of necessity to an educated American. In this he was mistaken. But he also wished William to fit himself for a position in some merchant's counting-house. We learned to read Spanish, but the lessons were given up after a while and never resumed. Our cousin Goulds-borough Cooper, my Uncle Richard's eldest son, paid us a visit during the winter. Officers of the Army and Navy, Artists, and literary men, were frequently at the house. I particularly remember Mr. Bryant, Mr. Halleck, and Mr. Perceval the poet, as guests at dinner. Also Mr. Cole the artist. Dr. De Kay was also a frequent companion of your Grandfather's. Mr. Gilbert Saltonstall, a college companion of your Grandfather, whose home was in New England, stayed at the house repeatedly; he was a very clever man. On one occasion when Lieutenant Commander Shubrick was going away after passing a week or two with us, he proposed to my little sister Fanny to go with him; she was all ready for the elopement, trotted up stairs, put together a few articles of her wardrobe, tied them up in a handkerchief, and trotted down to the parlor all ready for the journey; Captain

Shubrick was delighted with her readiness to go with him, and frequently alluded to it in later years.

With the spring came another movement to the country. This time to Hallett's Cove, to a farm-house belonging to Colonel Gibbs, a friend of my Father, whose fine house and grounds were close at hand. The place was called Sunswick and was opposite Blackwell's Island. It was thoroughly country then, with only an occasional farm-house in the neighborhood. We had a beautiful little cow, "Betty," and a farm waggon, with black horses, in which my Father drove us about. He frequently took us to a pleasant shady beach, where we children picked up many pretty shells, and where we all bathed. There was a wooded point at one end of the beach where we loitered in shade, enjoying the breeze. A few years later Dr. Muhlenberg built his College on that point. Sunswick is now the city of Astoria!

Our Father had a little sloop of his own, anchored at the wharf near the house; he called it the *Van Tromp*, and went to New York in it almost daily. Frequently I went with him, resting until the turn of the tide at Mr. Wiley's bookstore. Was this in Wall Street? I remember distinctly the abominable taste of the water, brought to me when I was thirsty, from a pump in the streets. For many years longer New Yorkers drank only very unpleasant water from the street pumps.

General Lafayette was in America on his triumphal journey that year. On one occasion there was some naval performance in the Bay of New York in his honor, and the *Van Tromp*, with the family as passengers, went to see the show. I remember straining my eyes to see the General. I rather think there was a race between the crew of an English man-of-war's boat and a Yankee boat

rowed by Whitehallers, said to be at that day the best oarsmen in the world. The Americans won the race and the men gave their boat to General Lafayette.

Our dear Father amused himself that summer with giving us lessons in naval architecture, object lessons, with the different craft passing in the narrow channel between the Sunswick bank and Blackwell's Island as models. We became very knowing in distinguishing this three-masted ship, that two-masted brig, the schooner, and the sloop. At every turn of the tide the East River would be full of white sails. One craft, a *chebacco boat*, I have never seen or heard of since.

In the autumn a grand event occurred: the completing of the Erie Canal. There was a great procession in New York, which we saw from the windows of 345 Greenwich Street. Every trade was represented in the line, with appropriate banners and devices. One carriage, in passing our house, made an especial demonstration; it contained gentlemen, several of whom had on the ends of their uplifted canes slices of bread and cheese—members of Father's Club, The Lunch, no doubt.

Madame de Bruges left us, and Madame de Jordanis took her place, as Governess. A French gentleman, the Baron de Lyon, a young *littérateur*, brought letters to your grandfather. He was a great dandy, and had written several books; novels, I fancy. I remember his dining with us, and as he sat opposite one of those mantelpiece long mirrors he was very much occupied with admiring himself! He also admired, however, Natty Bumppo and Chingachgook.

It was now quite settled that we were to sail for Europe in the following summer. Towards the last of April the house in Greenwich Street was given up. Your

Grandmother, with all of us children, went to Heathcote Hill, to pass the month of May with our Grandfather De Lancey, and our Aunts Caroline and Martha. We had a delightful visit. All of our old friends made much of us, among others Auntie Jay, and her niece Cousin Effie Duyckinck, as we called her. Our Father, after winding up his business in New York, went to Washington, in company with the Prince of Canino, Charles Bonaparte, the celebrated naturalist, with whom he was quite intimate. While he was in Washington Mr. Clay offered him the position of Minister to Sweden, but he did not wish to be tied to a diplomatic life. He preferred a Consulship, as he wished to remain identified with the country, and thought that position would be a protection to his family in case of troubles in Europe. The chief object in his going to Washington was to see more of a large deputation of Indian chiefs, from the Western tribes, of whom he had seen much while they were in New York. He had become much interested in them, and studied them closely. They were chiefly Pawnees and Sioux, and among them was Petelasharoo, a very fine specimen of a warrior, a remarkable man in every way. The army officers in charge of this deputation told him many interesting facts connected with those tribes. He had already decided upon a new romance, connected with the mounted tribes on the Prairies.

While we were at Mamaroneck I made my début as a Sunday School teacher; a wooden Church, small but neat, had recently been built in the village, under the auspices of our Grandfather. It had been named St. Thomas. I taught a class of great factory boys during our Sundays at Heathcote Hill. Our aged Grandfather was a charming companion. On one occasion there was

some allusion to a prominent English politician in the morning paper. Grandpapa laughed: "I knew him well," he said; "I was his warming pan! I was his fag at Harrow, and every cold night had to tumble into his bed to warm the sheets for him!"

The 1st of June, 1826, the author of *The Spy* embarked in the good ship *Hudson*, with all his family, including his nephew William, the son of his brother William, whom he had adopted. We were five weeks at sea, landing at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, on the 4th of July. Great was our delight at all the strange sights. I remember being much interested in the thatched houses, an entire novelty to us, and in the hedges, which were much less beautiful than we expected. We made an excursion to Carisbrooke Castle, where we were in great excitement over the first *ruin* beheld by our Yankee eyes; we studied profoundly the drawbridge, the old walls, draped in ivy, the deep well, and the little window out of which Charles I. ought to have escaped.

After a delightful week at Cowes, we crossed over to Southampton, where our Father placed us in furnished lodgings, while he went to London on business with his publisher. Southampton was even more delightful than Cowes. There was an old gateway, a heavy stone arch crossing the principal street, and connected with it the gigantic figure of Sir Bevis, a knight of very ancient times. And then Netley Abbey, a really very fine ruin, was near the town. We went there several times, with our parents, and were in a great state of what my dear Father called "*toosey-moosey*," over every broken arch and ivy-wreathed column. We children gathered here the first scarlet field poppies we had ever seen growing in a wheatfield. One day as we were paying our respects to

Sir Bevis, in the principal street of Southampton, several carts passed us, marked in large letters *Sir William Heathcote*. The name attracted the attention of our dear Mother, whose only living brother was William Heathcote De Lancey. She found on inquiry that all carts were taxed in England, and the name of the owners were painted on them, by law. Sir W. H. was a kinsman, living at a fine place, Hursley Park, not far from the town. He was a great friend of the Poet Keble, who wrote *The Christian Year*. We never saw those English Heathcotes ourselves; but our Uncle Bishop De Lancey became quite intimate with Sir W. H. at a later day.

A very near relation, an Englishwoman born and bred, came to visit us at Southampton. This was Miss Anne De Lancey, the elder sister of our dear Mother. My Grandfather and Grandmother De Lancey, though both born in America, of American families, were married in England; both their families were Tories, and went to England when the Revolution broke out. My Grandfather was an officer in the English army. Their two elder children, Thomas and Anne, were born in England. After the Peace my grandparents returned to America, taking their boy with them, but leaving their little girl with her Aunt, Mrs. Jones, by whom she was brought up. Our dear Mother was agitated by this meeting. Our Aunt was intensely English in appearance, manner, and opinions. To the great grief of my grandparents, their English daughter could never be induced to visit America. She was very pleasant with us all, however, and remained some time with us. Since the death of Mrs. Jones, my Grandfather's sister—who was, he used to say, an angel for sweetness and goodness—our Aunt had passed much of her time with Lady Dundas Miss Charlotte De

Lancey, a cousin of my Grandfather, and the widow of Sir David Dundas, at one time Commander-in-Chief of the British army. Soon after she left us, our Aunt married Mr. John Loudon McAdam, the celebrated engineer of roads, a very clever and agreeable old gentleman, born in America, I think, but a very prejudiced Englishman. He told my Father, on one occasion, that sheep could never be raised in America!!

At the end of a few weeks we left Southampton for Havre, in a small, rickety, jerky, dirty steamboat. On a bright moonlight night we landed on the soil of Normandy, the native province of our Huguenot ancestors, the de Lancés. At Havre everything was desperately foreign. After a few days we embarked for Rouen in a tugboat. Great was our delight in the views of the banks, the open unfenced farms, the compact dark villages, and the ruined castles. At Rouen we passed several days under the shadow of the grand old Cathedral, which was a great delight to him, a sublime wonder of architecture. The Hôtel de Ville, where dear good Jeanne d'Arc was burned in the presence of mitred Bishops and belted knights, was visited with most melancholy interest. We all spoke French with ease, excepting my little brother, whose English was still babylike, though in a few months he was chattering away at a great rate in pure Parisian.

Our dear Father bought a travelling calèche at Rouen, and we were soon climbing the hill of St. Catherine, where we greatly enjoyed the fine view. A Norman *paysanne*, in winged white cap and wooden sabots, was walking up the hill, as well as ourselves; a dark village of some size lay among the open patch-work fields below; my Father asked its name of the young woman. "*Je ne suis pas de ce pays là, Monsieur*," she replied. She did not

live in the village, and therefore did not know its name! "A Yankee girl would have known the name of every village in sight," remarked Papa. We were travelling post, the most charming of all ways of travelling, stopping at different points of interest; the château de Rosney was particularly interesting to me, as I had been reading with Mamma, a few months earlier, the Memoirs of Sully, the great Minister of the first Bourbon King Henri IV.; Rosney was his Château. At St. Germain we passed a delightful afternoon visiting the grand old Château and the Park.

We were soon in Paris, and the first afternoon our dear Mother was enticed out for a walk on the Boulevards by Papa. A few days more and we had left the Hôtel de Montmorency and were regularly installed in a temporary home of our own, as *bourgeois de Paris*, in the narrow, gloomy Rue St. Maur, with its muddy gutter in the centre, and a melancholy oil lamp swinging from a rope, above the gutter. Our first Paris home was in a pleasant furnished apartment, *au second*, in a fine old hôtel, once occupied by a ducal dignitary of the days of Louis XIV. Towards the street it was a most gloomy looking building, blank gray walls. But, once within the *porte-cochère*, all was changed; there was a lovely garden of more than an acre, with other adjoining gardens, all surrounded with stone walls at least twelve feet high, while groves of fine trees appeared above the walls. The hôtel itself was on a grand scale—a noble stone stairway, with elaborate iron railing, rooms with very high ceilings, wide doorways, with pictured panels above and gilt lines on the woodwork—large windows, and parquet floors, of course. The *rez-de-chausée*, or ground floor, and the first story were occupied by a ladies' boarding-school.

The second story was our home, pleasant and comfortable, but not so grand. We were to be pupils in the school of Madame Trigant de la Tour and Madame Kautz. Our parents, wishing to be near us, rented the second story, where we all slept, but we children took our meals at the school. A friend of our Father's, Colonel Hunter, American Consul at Cowes, had just placed his daughters at the Couvent du Sacré Cœur, a very aristocratic institution, and wished to persuade our Father to follow his example. This suggestion was firmly declined. All the Hunter girls became Romanists, as was natural.

Our school life was very happy. The teachers were very kind, and the girls very pleasant. Impossible to have a nicer set of girls; I cannot remember the least impropriety among them; they were very innocent, cheerful, and merry. The large grounds were delightful; we played games, and we danced every evening. We wore large black aprons completely covering our dresses from neck to heels, with a large pocket on one side. There were four classes in the School, each distinguished by its colored belt, green, orange, red, and blue, the last being the highest. Fanny was green, Caroline and Charlotte orange, and *Suzanne* red. There was a great deal of writing; grammar, geography, history, etc., were all taught in writing. Arithmetic was the weak point; a singular fact, since Frenchwomen of the *bourgeoise* class are admirable arithmeticians. M. Cuvier once told your grandfather that all his calculations were made by women, and he had never known them in error. M. Arago made the same remark. Our father and mother looked very closely into everything connected with the school, and were quite satisfied. Our meals were very good; a cup of milk and piece of bread, or else *bread soup*, at 7—then family

prayers—study until 10; breakfast of cold meat, potatoes, and salad, with weak wine and water, "*abondance*"; then recess for an hour; lessons until 2; lunch, "*gouter*" of a nice roll; playtime; lessons again until 6; dinner, very good, a "*roti*" of some kind, potatoes, salad, one other vegetable, and a simple dessert, pudding or fruit. Playtime, games, and dancing—study for an hour, family prayers, and to bed. Excellent teachers for music, drawing, and dancing. When at a later day we slept at school we had very nice single beds, with neat painted bedsteads, white and blue. The dormitory had been a grand salon of the time of Louis XIV., ceiling 15 feet high, with gilding over the woodwork, and quaint pictures over doors and windows.

The garden was a delight, two acres of pleasant walks and trees. The larger girls had little flower-beds of their own. There were a number of locusts among the trees; when these were in blossom we had *fritters* made of the flowers for our dessert!

One day as we went home, our dear Mother said, "Who do you suppose has been here this morning? Sir Walter Scott!"

Sir Walter had just arrived in Paris, seeking materials for his Life of Napoleon. It was very kind in him to call on your grandfather so soon. They had some interesting interviews.

The same morning General Lafayette made a long call on my Father. But that was a common occurrence.

While Sir Walter Scott was in Paris the Princess Galitzin gave him a very grand reception. It was a great event of the winter; all the fashionable people of Paris were there. As Sir Walter says in his diary, "the Scotch and American lions took the field together." But of

course Sir Walter was the lion-in-chief. All the ladies wore Scotch plaids as dresses, scarfs, ribbons, etc., etc.

The Princess Galitzin was an elderly lady, very clever, a very kind friend of your grandfather and grandmother, and a great writer of notes, full of the "*eloquence du billet*," but in the most crabbed of handwriting. She had a married daughter, and a married son living in Paris at that time. Her daughter-in-law, the Princesse Marie, was a charming young lady, sweet and gentle though the daughter of that rough old hero Marshal Suwarrow, who, when needing rest, *took off his spurs* on going to bed. Madame de Terzè, the Princess' daughter, gave a brilliant child's party, to which we four little sisters were invited. Your father, my dear Jim, had not yet put on his dancing shoes. Another child's party, a very brilliant affair, I remember, was given by Madame de Vivien for her granddaughters Mesdemoiselles de Lostange. The whole Hôtel was open, and brilliantly lighted, and a company of cuirassiers in full uniform were on guard in the court and adjoining street, to keep order among the coachmen and footmen. That was the most brilliant affair of the kind that I ever attended, in my childish days.

But the winter brought with it a very sad trial. My dear sister Caroline was suddenly attacked with scarlet fever of the most malignant kind. She was very alarmingly ill. For a time she seemed in a hopeless condition. It was a very long and a very severe illness. In fact, it was four or five years before she recovered fully from the disease. Scarlet fever was said to be more malignant in Paris than elsewhere. My dear Mother, dear Charlotte, Fanny, and Paul had the disease, but in a mild form.

I can remember no time, from my earliest childhood,

when my dear Father did not say grace at table, and also he regularly read family prayers for us every evening. He used the prayers in the Prayer Book. At a later day, when we had French Protestant servants, the French translation of the Prayer Book was used. Later still, when we were living at the Hall throughout the year, he read family prayers in the evening also.

While in Paris we attended the service of the English Church of the Oratoire. Bishop Luscomb had charge of the English residents, and many Americans also profited by his services. A year or two later my dear sister Caroline and myself were confirmed by him at the Oratoire, and later still my younger sisters, dear Charlotte and Fanny, were also confirmed by him.

My dear Father always gave each of us girls a good-night kiss, and blessing, every evening before we went to our rooms. This habit he kept up affectionately long after we were grown women; indeed, until the last year of his life, when only dear Charlotte and myself were left to receive the good-night kiss in our old home.

In the spring we removed to a very pleasant country house, at St. Ouen, about a mile from the walls of Paris. M. Ternaux, a great Paris banker, was our landlord. There were two country houses at St. Ouen; the largest was occupied by M. Ternaux; it had quite a large park; Madame de Staël lived there at one time. And at the date of the Restoration of the Bourbons Louis XVIII. passed some days at the house of M. Ternaux before making his formal entrance into Paris. The ground between St. Ouen and Paris was then entirely level, without fence or hedge, and green with market gardens. It is now, I am told, enclosed within the fortifications of Paris, and a part of the City.

There were many Russians in Paris at that date, and they were generally very polite to your grandfather. They spoke French like natives.

A naval officer, formerly his commander when he was stationed on Lake Ontario, Captain Woolsey, was a frequent companion of my Father during the first winter at Paris. They one day undertook to walk around the outer walls of Paris, and accomplished the feat successfully. The distance was, I think, eighteen miles. To-day that enchanting, wicked, dreadful city, containing many excellent people, and many fiendlike spirits, covers a much wider extent of ground.

In the spring my parents went to London, where my Father had business with his publisher. William and little Paul were of the party. We four girls remained at school, in the Rue St. Maur. John Bull was very civil to your Grandfather, so far as London Society went. He dined with prominent M. P.'s, prominent Peers, and even with Cabinet Ministers. He soon became quite intimate with Mr. Rogers the Poet; they were much together, and enjoyed each other's society. Mr. Rogers was very clever and witty, and had a charming *bijou* of a house, full of curiosities; in his dining room was a mahogany sideboard made for him by a journeyman cabinet maker, later the celebrated sculptor *Chantrey!*

Our Aunt Miss Anne De Lancey had married Mr. John Loudon McAdam, the great *Colossus of Roads.* He was an exceedingly ugly man, but very clever and entertaining. He took a great fancy to my little brother Paul. This little brother had now almost entirely forgotten his English, but he chattered away at a great rate with his French maid, Lucie. It strikes me that I have forgotten to record a very important fact. My little

brother was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Gregg, during the summer we passed at Hallett's Cove, and I made him quite an elaborate christening dress, with bands of insertion, tucks, and other ornamental work.

Our dear Grandfather De Lancey died while my Mother was in London. His death was a great shock to her. He died very suddenly, having just returned from a drive, and was alone in his own room, with the young man who waited on him. My dear Aunts Caroline and Martha, who had been most devoted daughters to him, were greatly afflicted. They were of course obliged to leave Heathcote Hill, where they were born, and had lived all their lives. They went to Philadelphia, to live with their brother the Rev. William Heathcote De Lancey, then Rector of St. Peter's Church. My Grandfather, just before his death, sent us each a handsome Prayer-Book with our names stamped on the binding in gilt letters. My dear Mother's Prayer-Book was of a large size; she used it constantly herself, and during the last years of their lives my dear father and herself used it daily together, in their private morning devotions, in their own room. I have given directions that this Prayer-Book shall be placed under my head in my coffin. My dear Father was a great admirer of the Litany of our Church. After his death, in speaking of their use of the Prayer-Book together, my dear mother said to me, "Oh, he lived on those Collects the last year of his life!"

In the month of July, 1828, just two years after we entered Paris, we took leave of our dear Governesses, and school friends in the Rue St. Maur, and set out in a roomy family carriage, coachman's box in front, rumble behind, with our faces towards Switzerland and Italy. We travelled post—much the pleasantest of all modes of

travelling. No doubt the palace cars of the present day are very grand and luxurious; but grandeur and luxury often leave much real pleasantness out of sight. The postillions were very comical in appearance, wearing huge clumsy boots that covered their entire legs, and were stuffed with straw! Occasionally we were treated to *ropes* in the harness. My father often sat on the coachman's box, and I well remember his delight at the first sight of Mt. Blanc, like a brilliant white cloud, sixty miles away! He stopped the carriage, and invited my dear Mother to a seat beside him. He was also in a state of *toosey-moosey* over the mists which clung to the Jura mountains, after we had once entered Switzerland. We were soon settled in a pleasant country house near Berne, La Lorraine, which had been recently occupied by the ex-King of Holland, Louis Buonaparte, after the crown had fallen from his head—as all Napoleon's crowns were doomed to fall. It was a very simple house, with deal floors, a stiff little garden in front, with a stiff little fountain, quite waterless, as its sole ornament. But Oh, the sublime view of the Alps from the windows—the whole range of the Oberland Alps, so grand beyond description, so beautiful beyond description, and constantly varying in their grandeur and their beauty. In the rear of the house was a natural terrace, where we all walked almost every evening, parents and children enjoying the noble view. It was on that terrace that my father taught Paul to fly his first kite, which he had made for him. Farmer Walther, who had charge of the property, had many interesting talks with his tenant on subjects political and military; he was very indignant at the robbery of the Treasury of the Canton of Berne by one of Napoleon's Marshals. But then Napoleon, while

grand in other ways, was grand also at Robbery. Of course we made acquaintance with the Bears of Berne in their fosse. I doubt if many travellers enjoyed Switzerland more than your Grandfather did; he was in a perpetual state of *toosey-moosey* over the grand and the beautiful in that Alpine region. He made many excursions among the mountains, alone with guide and Alpenstock, with William, or occasionally in a carriage with my dear mother, William, and myself. There were very few Americans travelling in Switzerland in those years. Only two came to Berne during the summer we passed there, Mr. Ray, and Mr. Low, of New York.

In October we took a sentimental leave of La Lorraine, and moved southward to Florence. We travelled *Vetturino* in the family calèche, with four fine horses, and a fine old cuirassier of Napoleon's wars for postillion, followed by a *fourgon* which carried our baggage, and had a hooded seat in front, occupied by William and Paul's nurse. The *fourgon* had only two horses, and a subaltern of Caspar for a postillion. We crossed the Simplon before the snow fell. Your grandfather was much interested in the great engineering work of Napoleon, which crossed the Simplon with such a fine broad road.

We were soon in Italy, dear delightful Italy. We paid our homage to the beautiful Cathedral at Milan, paid our respects to San Carlo Borromeo, and the Lago Maggiore, halted for a day or two at Bologna, crossed the Apennines, and were soon at the gates of Florence. Your grandfather fell in love with Italy at first sight. And it was a love which lasted through his life-time. For Switzerland he had a great admiration; for Italy he had a warm affection, which neither beggars nor bandits

could chill. The very atmosphere of Italy was a delight to him.

We were soon provided with a home of our own in Florence.

A BRIEF CHRONOLOGY OF COOPER'S LIFE

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born September 15, 1789, at Burlington, New Jersey, and taken to Cooperstown, New York, the following year.

He lived there until he went to Albany in 1800 as a student in the house of Rev. Thomas Ellison, Rector of St. Peter's, from where he went to Yale in 1802 in his thirteenth year, and entered the class of 1806. He was expelled from Yale in his junior year, 1805. In the autumn of 1806 he sailed from New York as a sailor before the mast on the ship *Sterling*, Captain John Johnston of Wiscasset, Maine, as a preparation for the United States Navy. He was commissioned Midshipman January 1, 1808. He resigned and married Susan Augusta De Lancey, January 1, 1811. They lived in Westchester County, New York, until 1813, when they moved to Cooperstown and lived for a time on a farm on the lake shore, called "Fenimore." He left there in 1817 and resided in Westchester County, on Long Island, and in New York City until June 1, 1826, when he went to Europe with his family. He lived in Paris and Italy and traveled until October, 1833, when he returned to America, and after a short stay in New York lived at Cooperstown until his death in 1851.

PART SECOND

Covering the period between March, 1800, and October, 1833, which includes Fenimore Cooper's school and college years; his time of service in the merchant marine and the United States Navy; his early married life; the writing of his first and some of his best stories; and the seven years spent by him in Europe.

During this time were published: Precaution; The Spy; The Pioneers; The Pilot; Lionel Lincoln; The Last of the Mohicans; The Prairie; The Red Rover; The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish; The Water-Witch; The Bravo; The Heidenmauer; *and* The Headsman.

James Cooper was born in his father's house at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789. His name was changed to James Fenimore-Cooper by an act of the Legislature of the state of New York in the year 1826. His father was Judge William Cooper of Cooperstown, and his mother was Elizabeth Fenimore, daughter of Richard Fenimore of Rancocas, New Jersey.

1800-1833

TO JUDGE WILLIAM COOPER

Coopers Town
March 3d 1800

Dear Papa

I take this opportunity to write to you as Isaac is a going directly to Philadelphia. we have got 6 lambs one has died and another is most dead. Mr. Macdonnald is a going to leave us for Albany. Mama will not let Samuel go with Isaac though he wished to very much. I go to school to Mr. Cory where I write and cypher. Mr. Macdonold has had a new student from New York who encamped in Mr. Kents barn and laid 3 days there without being found out and had his feet frozen. We are all well. I hope I shall have the pleasure of receiving a letter from you soon as this letter reaches you—

Your
Affectionate
son
James K Cooper

18 Century, 1800

This is said to be the first letter written by Fenimore Cooper, who had a boyish admiration for Moss Kent and for a time called himself James Kent Cooper. Moss Kent was a brother of Chancellor Kent of New York and a friend of Judge Cooper's.

TO ISAAC COOPER

Albany Sept 5 1801

Cooperol

I sit down to write to you by the desire of Mrs. Ellison who wishes me to ask you to send by the most careful person you can find coming this way the very finest piece of cambric muslin you have got, in your Store. Such as Mrs. Banyer got. Sisters and Papa left this, this morning Papa gave me 70 dollars to pay some debts and as I went to Mr. Banyers to see them start I either lost them a going or after I came to Mr. Banyers I do not know which, I searched for them but they have not yet shown their faces, Sisters were in good health, likewise Papa, Lieut. Cooper is a recruiting here, you must excuse mistakes and bad writing as I am in a great hurry.

James Cooper.

Mr. Isaac Cooper
Coopers Town

This letter was written while Cooper was a student at St. Peter's Rectory, Albany, where the Rev. Thomas Ellison taught a few boys whom he took as boarders, among them, Cooper, the poet Hillhouse, Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, and William Jay.

Thomas Ellison, A.M., Cambridge, England, Rector of St. Peter's, Albany, from 1787 to 1802, the year of his death, was a gentleman of remarkable wit, whose society was much coveted. It was said of him that he was "as much above a mean action as an angel is above a calumniator." Of Ellison, Cooper says that "he came to this country with a little Greek, and another man's wife."

TO JUDGE WILLIAM COOPER

Yale College, March 22nd. 1804.

Mr. Mix is very desirous of his money, being about to go to New York—if you have any and if it is agreeable

to you to pay you would I believe much oblige him. I have not a copper of money and am much in want of a little.

I am your affectionate Son
James Cooper.

This fragment is the only surviving letter written by Cooper during his college years, so far as is known.

TO RICHARD FENIMORE COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Oswego 7th November 1808

My dear Sir

You and I are old acquaintances but *new correspondents*. If you don't think fit to answer this letter, why I shan't think fit to write another.

The officers of the army, at this place, have captur'd some few boats. The season is approaching when all trade must cease in this quarter of the world owing to the inclemency of the winters.

Our Politicians have raised the embargo and made a French War. The rumour of War is strong. If the latter should be true adieu to Lake Ontario. I shall have the pleasure of seeing salt water once more. This Oswego has been crowded with company for this last month—officers, merchants, smugglers, etc., etc. I have purchased a brace of pistols for *twenty* dollars which I shall keep in remembrance of your Friendship. There is no prospect of my having occasion to use them in this quarter of the world. I shall remember your injunctions—whenever I may have occasion of that kind.

A small detachment of the U. S. Infantry under the command of Lieut. Christie are quartered here. They have taken possession of the old Fort where they will

remain *in statu quo* this winter. The officers form an agreeable addition to our small circle.

I have enjoyed my health notwithstanding your representations of this *sickly* country—in fact, this particular situation is one of the pleasantest in the world, and remarkably healthy withal.

Give my love to our Friends.

I am your
Friend and Brother
James Cooper

TO RICHARD FENIMORE COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Oswego, December 19th, 1808

My dear Sir

I received your letter by the last mail; to your offer of continuing the correspondence I accede with great pleasure. Your advice will always be regarded as that of an *elder Brother*. Family dissensions are ever to me disagreeable. If any have or should take place in which I should be unfortunate enough to participate, it would always be my ardent wish to bury them in oblivion—could it be done consistent with my own honor, and that of my family.— The ebullitions of *my* youth, will I hope be forgotten; they have afforded me a lesson by which I may hereafter profit—I flatter myself your caution on this subject was unnecessary; *nature* will *predominate*.— I am convinced that no connection will ever break the ties of blood—I write freely, for I am writing to a *Brother* ——

We proceed rapidly with our vessel. I am told the British are preparing to build the ensuing season; they have four vessels already—Commodore Steel, their commanding officer, threatens to give a good account of the Yankee Brig her first cruise. I expect we shall share serv-

ice with them the next summer—especially if the non intercourse law should pass.— The British officers we *are told* are *warm*—if they attack us some of them may be eventually *cold*.—Woolsey is a fine firm fellow, and would fight the Brig to the last extremity.

I shall be along your way shortly accompanied by two gentlemen, one of the navy the other of the army—both fine young men. I hope we sha'n't take the lady of Apple Hill in the *straw*. I write plain.— Does Samuel talk of getting married?— Give my love to your family. I am

Your Brother
James Cooper.

TO RICHARD FENIMORE COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

New York, May 18th, 1810.

I wrote you yesterday a letter in a great hurry; as its contents are of some importance, I employ the leisure time offered today, to inform you more fully of my views.

When you were in the City, I hinted to you my intention of resigning at the end of this session of congress, should nothing be done for the navy—my only reason at that time was the blasted prospects of the service. I accordingly wrote my resignation and as usual offer'd it to Capt. Lawrence, for his inspection.— He very warmly recommended me to give the service the trial of another year or two; at the same time offering to procure me a furlough which would leave me perfect master of my actions in the interval. I thought it wisest to accept this proposition.— At the end of this year I have it in my power to resign should the situation of the Country warrant it.

Like all the rest of the sons of Adam, I have bowed

to the influence of the charms of a fair damsel of eighteen. I loved her like a man and told her of it like a sailor. The peculiarity of my situation occasioned me to act with something like precipitancy—I am perfectly confident, however, I shall never have cause to repent of it. As you are coolly to decide, I will as coolly give you the qualities of my mistress; Susan De Lancey is the daughter of a man of very respectable connections and a handsome fortune—amiable, sweet tempered and happy in her disposition. She has been educated in the country, occasionally trying the temperature of the City to rub off the rust—but hold a moment; it is enough she pleases *me* in the qualities of her *person* and *mind*. Like a true Quixotic lover, I made proposals to her father. He has answered them in the most gentlemanly manner—You have my consent to address my daughter if you will gain the approbation of your mother. He also informs me that his daughter has an estate in the County of Westchester in reversion, secured to her by a deed in trust to him, and depending upon the life of an aunt, *Ætat* 72—so you see, Squire, the old woman can't weather it long. I write all this for *you*—you know I am indifferent to anything of this nature. Now I have to request you will take your hat and go to mother, the boys, girls, and say to them, have you any objections that James Cooper shall marry at a future day, Susan De Lancey?— If any of them forbids the banns may the Lord forgive them, for I never will. Then take your pen and write to Mr. De Lancey stating the *happiness* and *pleasure* it will give all the family to have this connection completed.—All this I wish you to do *immediately*, as I am deprived of the pleasure of visiting my flame, until this be done, by that confounded *bore* delicacy.—Be so good as to enclose the

letter in one to me; at the same time don't forget to enclose a handsome sum to square the yards here and bring me up to Cooperstown.

I wish not to interrupt you in your attempt to clear the estate. My expenditures shall be as small as possible.

Your Brother
James Cooper

TO MRS. COOPER, NEW ROCHELLE

Cooperstown, April 26th, 1812

The man who first improved the advantages of writing into a communication of his thoughts by letter, must have been one of your lovers who's passion had roused his ingenuity to action. Indeed, my Susan, much as I am averse to writing, I feel a degree of pleasure while addressing you that I never experienced in scribbling to another. I arrived here on Saturday evening *via* the Colonel's, who made kind inquiries after your fair self. Of William we know nothing; his wife is ignorant of his object, as are all the rest of the family; in fact the little insight he has thought proper to give us baffles all my speculations. He drew no money from here for his journey.

Samuel was married at Pomeroy's and is at present with his wife at the Castle. I am pleased with what little I have seen of her.

Richard is in Albany with his family. Eliza Cary who you have heard spoken of frequently is married to a man whose character is about on a par with Harries the mason and who's profession is the same. Isaac tells me that he sent me an Hundred Dollars by the last mail. You will open the letter and use the money, of course—you will distinguish it from the others by the post mark.— I have

this moment heard that Caroline Smith has lost her Grandmother Smith.

I shall commence my improvements to-morrow morning and intend if possible to improve my time so as to be able to start for home in a fortnight.

I wish you would pay Cornell's bill for the Harness, taking his receipt in.

Company prevents my writing more. Kiss our babe and rest assured of my affection.

James Cooper.

They are all in the dumps that you did not come along.

TO MRS. COOPER, MAMARONECK

Fenimore, June 30th, 1814

Although I have already put one letter into the office to-day, and it will not be mailed until this is ready, I cannot resist the desire I feel to be scribbling to you again, so that in the place of one you will receive two letters on the same day. Owing to an alteration in the mail I missed the proper time to send my letter—consequently you will receive a disappointment for a few days.— In the other I send you Forty Dollars, which will make about Seventy in the whole—if this should not be enough you will write to me without reserve. If there is anything I have a right to complain of in your conduct as a wife, it is in too much hesitation in applying for that portion of your pecuniary supplies which is to be more particularly applied to your own use. I find no fault with your economy—but I would have you always apply to me without the least reserve, and would also have you believe that the spending of no money is more pleasant to me than that which contributes to your comfort. I will en-

close you more before I come down—you can then use it as you want it or not. In my last I mentioned the death of Jesse Starr. Mr. Barns if not dead will most probably drop off in the course of the day. I was in there this morning with Mr. Smith—Barns was then very low, hardly alive. Orrin Ingalls was buried yesterday; he has, you may recollect, been very ill with consumption a long while.— In other respects we are all doing very well.— They are painting the house to-day—the colour the same as the Barn.— 1st.— I write a little every day to relieve *ennui*, as writing to you is next to communing with and seeing you.— I received no letter from you last night, although I certainly expected one. I suppose you so much engrossed by your Friends that they give you little time to yourself. Of this I cannot complain after having had you entirely my own for the preceding year. We have had no rain for two weeks; everything is suffering greatly.— I am fearful our crop of hay will be but small. Our corn looks well, other crops tolerably.— Mr. Lovell has become at last something like a regular inmate in our house and I will assure you his company is no little relief to my leisure hours. We both called on Barns this morning; he is yet alive though I don't think he can last 24 hours longer.— Old Mr. Brooks died yesterday; he was I believe turned of eighty. We continue very well and under the circumstances as happy as can be expected in two widowers bewitched. Poor Smith came down this morning and said that when he woke this morning, hearing Mr. Carey's boy, he sprang up thinking it was his own child. To tell the truth I have turned round several times myself to catch our Sue-sue when the young rascal has pitched his pipes; it has however worn off very much lately.—

2nd. The weather still continues very fine, although a little rain would be a very good thing.— You have now, my Dear Susan, been absent from home near three weeks; in about three more I think you will see me, if nothing should happen; that is, you will consent to return by the middle of August, the time Mr. Carey says you have set for your return. How fondly I anticipate the meeting I will not attempt to describe or you will hurry to the direction of my letter, to see if you have not got an *old one* directed to Miss S. A. De L. Isaac and John Morris start on the 5th for St. Lawrence; how long he will be absent from his family at this juncture I cannot say—I should say that a month would be a long time. Ic., however, knows best.

I am clearing the Lawn, burning stumps, etc.; we have already made great alterations in its appearance, but hay harvest and the house put me back so much that you will find but few of the anticipated improvements completed. Kiss our sweet babe for me and remember to the Family yours with the fondest esteem

James Cooper.

FROM JOHN W. KEARNY

New Rochelle 27th Septmr 1814

Dear Cooper

Yesterday I recvd yr letter inclosing a fifty Dollr Bank note of Trenton Bank NJersey, being balance on the Two sheep bot of me and wh with those you had purchased of Mr LeRoy, I hope may get safe to yr farm— Since the Banks came to a determination not to pay out specie, there has arisen a general mistrust and refusal to take each others notes, and they even refuse at Newark,

to take the Bills of Brunswick and Trenton Banks, tho in the same state, and there is no knowing when this business will end—I mention this to put you on y^r^ guard agt taking Bills, as we have all been accustomed to do prior to this *gloomy* time, and situation of our affairs—

Please present my best respects to y^r^ wife and believe me with esteem

Y^r^ H S^t^
John W Kearny

Mr. James Cooper, Cooperstown

FROM J. P. DE LANCEY

Mamaroneck, October 21st, 1814

My dear James

Sam and Abraham both want to be sold, do you want either or both of them, the price is £100 for each, the former went to town for a week to try and get some body to purchase him, but could get nobody to give more than forty pounds for him, the other is to go as soon as we get through our fall work.

I seldom hear from Tom he is so busy in drilling his men, and I believe he is now on a tour of duty at Harlem throwing up works, he and Edward expect commissions in Governor Tompkins's new Levies. The report of the day (from the Committee of defence) is, that the British are expected this fall; for my own part I do not believe it, I think the season is too late for this year, what next spring may produce I do not know. Do you want a sober steady man to take care of your sheep and poultry? as we expect to be out of place next summer—We are all well—as are the boys—

I must now conclude to you and write a few lines to

your better half and Caroline as mother is too busy reeling yarn to write by this days post—

Adieu and believe me ever affectionately yours

J P De Lancey

James Cooper Esqr, Cooperstown.

FROM WILLIAM JAY

Bedford, 20th June, 1820

Dear James,

I see by the papers rec^d by the last mail, that I am appointed First Judge. I am very sensible of the friendly part you have taken, in procuring this appointment for me; and I beg you will accept my sincere acknowledgements for this and the many other marks of kindness you have shewn me.

That our friendship which commenced in boyhood, may continue uninterrupted through life, and be finally perfected in another and better world, is the earnest wish of

Your affec^te friend

William Jay

James Cooper Esqr, Scarsdale

William Jay was a son of Chief Justice Jay, who was governor of New York from 1795 to 1801. He was at school with Cooper at St. Peter's in Albany, and with him at Yale College, where he graduated in 1807.

He was born in 1789, the year of Cooper's birth, and died in 1858. Judge Cooper and Governor Jay were friends, and for fifty years their sons, William Jay and Fenimore Cooper, were very intimate.

FROM WASHINGTON IRVING TO CHARLES WILEY

London, March 6th, 1822

My dear Sir,

I have mislaid your letter on the subject of *The Spy*, which prevents my replying to the particulars of it, though I may to the general purport. I received your letter at a time when I was confined to my room by an indisposition that has afflicted me for many months, and has rendered me incapable of attending to any business. I did not see Mr. Murray until some time afterwards, when he informed me that he had shewn the novel to Mr. Gifford, who, however, did not give a sufficiently favourable report to induce him to publish it. I procured the novel from him and offered it to Mr. Colburn. He told me he had published the previous novel by the same author, and had been promised to have the publication of this one, a copy of which he had been expecting. It was now, he said, too late, as another Bookseller (Mr. Whitaker) has got hold of a copy and put it to press—and in fact the work appeared a few days afterwards.

I regret extremely that the work had not been sent to Colburn in the first instance. He is a fashionable publisher, liberal in his prices and anxious to get American works of merit, whereas Murray is precisely the worst man that an American work can be sent to. He has the offer of almost every thing that is choice, and is extremely fastidious and he is surrounded by literary advisers who are prejudiced against any thing American. I have more than once been requested to offer American works to him such as [illegible], Mr. Tudor's work, etc., but he has always declined them, after causing a considerable loss of time by neglecting or forgetting to answer my applications, I happening to be absent from London at the time.

The best course for authors in America to take would be to send manuscript copies of their works to Mr. John Miller, Bookseller, Fleet Street, and request him to dispose of them to the best advantage. He is a worthy and obliging man and to be depended upon in every way. He is in the American business, and disposed to do every thing to serve Americans. A book should not be first printed, if the author wishes to get a price for it, as the booksellers know they cannot [torn] a copyright and may be printed upon by other publishers.

I have not heard what sale the work has had. It has been out but a very few days and I have been confined to the house by indisposition. I have read it with great interest, and think it ought to have success on both sides of the water.

With best wishes I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

Washington Irving.

Mr. Wiley, Bookseller, Wall Street, New York.

FROM RICHARD H. DANA

Cambridge, April 2, 1823

Sir,

As I venture to write you without having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, I am put into a somewhat awkward situation—that of introducing myself. Or to be rid of this I will, if you please, refer you to your publisher, Mr. Wiley; who was also my publisher during my short, winter day of authorship.

A man is said to take a good deal upon himself, who tells another how much he is gratified with what that other has done. Nevertheless, I cannot read two such

works as *The Spy* and *The Pioneers*, and hold my tongue. I must be allowed to express to you in a few words how grateful I am to you for the deep interest I was made to take in your two stories, and to say something of the delight and variety of delight they gave me.

I know that reading is now a sort of fashion, and that the great object is to be first in the fashion, and in order to do that, to be the first in getting a new publication, the first in getting thro' it, the first to talk about it, the first *in* talking about it, to shew that from the time we took it in hand we were mainly intent upon the way in which to make it clear how much cleverer we were than the author, and how much better we understood his business than he himself did. Now this is selfish and insincere, and tho' it may sometimes help one to be ingenious, it is pretty sure to make him unsound. To an honest man, who reads a book for the good it may do him, it gives the heartache to be obliged to listen to the overmuch talk of this kind, so that in his fits of impatience, he sometimes almost wishes he might say with eloquent Leatherstocking, "I never read a book in my life." As I am not one of these active, ambitious spirits, nor of the number of those who read as "Hiram Doolittle" planned, by the "square rule," but read simply to be improved and entertained and made comfortable, I always feel more or less of gratitude towards the author who does this for me. And if he fills my mind with material beauties, and stirs me with the eloquence of the passions, as you have done, I long to tell him of it. No man can be so moved without being brought into something like a relationship with the writer—a relationship of minds;—a very convenient sort of relationship, too, for the author, as he may acknowledge it or not, just as he pleases.

It is a good thing for us that you have taken such a course. You are doing for us what Scott and Miss Edgeworth are doing for their homes. Living so near to the times you are describing, being acquainted with people who were actors in them and eye witnesses, and being able from what remains of those days to judge what was their character, your works impress us with all the sincerity of matter of fact; and the creative powers of the mind seem to present us only actual truths brightened or softened by the atmosphere that surrounds them. You have a double hold on posterity; for curiosity will act stronger and stronger upon them as time goes forward. How pleasing must it be to you, when not able even to conjecture what in a little while will take the places of all you are now looking on, or what will then be doing where you now stand, to reflect that your descriptions of these passing things will remain the same, and your characters still live and act,—to see even thro' earthly things how immortal is the mind! When "Old Mortality" will not be able to read the gravestone over you, the thoughts and sensations of the soul which you have sent out into the world will still be keeping on their bright, mysterious course thro' crowds of living, busy men. To love fame for this takes away vanity from our love, and makes it sacred. What a full and true description you have given of a newly settled village in a new country. Such a motley company huddled together, yet all distinctly marked and individual, and every one as busy as can be, as always is the case in such a place. (Honest Major Hartmann in his sky blue coat is but a visitor and remarker, and of course, not as busy as the rest, always excepting his share in Mistress Hollister's good cheer.) There is your bustling, vain Jack-at-all-trades, Richard, Ben, Aggy, and Brown

at the shooting match. Miss "Remarkable," a most happy instance of one of the thousands of those beings to be found anywhere amongst us, who let themselves out to make themselves and the family as uncomfortable as possible—and there is Miss—"I will call her Betsey," full of spirit and beauty, and the dying Indian. The stout, honest-hearted "Billy Kirby"—how well he became that picturesque scene at the sugar brush.

I was heartily glad too at meeting again with Mistress Flanigan, of whom Miss Edgeworth gives so good a character. No one could have mistaken her when she came up to the sleigh, as Mrs. Hollister, or in that admirable scene with her husband in their public room after church on Christmas eve.

How could Miss Edgeworth be guilty of so very superficial an observation as that made by her on Harvey Birch? If a character is marked, like Birch, with strong passions and deep sentiment, it matters not a farthing what's his occupation, or whether he dies on a gallows or in a bed of state. When shall we lay aside our *vulgar* notions of *refinement* and trust to the honest emotions of the heart! Miss E. is as unfortunate in her instances as in her doctrine. Birch *is* interesting, intensely interesting, and as to Major André (of whom *one* of her mothers knew something) there never was an individual, who in so short a time and without any remarkable art on his part, created such a deep and lasting and general sympathy—a sympathy strong enough to outlive even the mawkish lament of a Seward.

I have run unawares into particulars; yet I cannot close without a parting word to "Leatherstocking." Could we hear such preachers as Natty when in the boat on the Lake, would not the world be better than it is? Grand

and elevated as he is, making him so is no departure from truth. He read in a book filled with inspiration, look on it where we will. But, alas, too few feel the inspiration there—or scarcely in that other Book which God has given us. Natty's uneducated mind, shown us in his pronunciation and use of words belonging to low life, mingled with his inborn eloquence—his solitary life—his old age, his simplicity, and delicate feelings, create a grateful and very peculiar emotion made up of admiration and pity and concern. So highly is his character wrought that I was fearful lest he would not hold out to the end. But he *does* grow upon us to the very close of the last scene, which is, perhaps, the finest, certainly the most touching in the book. A friend of mine said at Natty's departure, "I longed to go with him."

Stranger as I am to you I should not have ventured on this letter, had not Mr. Allston (whose name as an artist must have often reached you) encouraged me to it. If it is taking too great a liberty, I must throw part of the fault on him, and plead my good intentions in excuse for the rest.

Allow me to add that my few literary friends feel grateful for the pleasure you have given them, and for what you are doing for the literary character of our country. The voice of praise will, I doubt not, soon reach you from the other side the water, tho' it should not come to you down the Connecticut and thro' the Sound from the friends and relatives of Hiram Doolittle and Dr. Todd.

With every apology
I remain, Sir, Y'r grateful reader,
and humble Ser'vt
Rich'd H. Dana.

FROM JOHN MILLER

69 Fleet Street, June 28, 1823

Sir,

I am favoured with your letter of the 20th May, by my friend Mr. Matthews. I have not yet been able to communicate with Mr. Murray on the subject of *The Pioneers*, but will do so as soon as possible, and let you know the result. I cannot at all account for his extraordinary inattention to your letters. Although *The Pioneers* has not succeeded greatly, it must still have had a very good sale. I should suppose a profitable one; it is not quite so popular as *The Spy*, because not quite so generally understood. I shall be truly happy to reprint *The Pilot*, but as there is no security for the Copyright, can only propose to do so on the sharing plan. Murray has no means of preventing other Booksellers from printing *The Pioneers*, although I hope there is too much good feeling among the Trade to make such an act probable. Should the work reach me in October it can be got out in plenty of time to come into the Christmas accounts, and you can have a settlement early in the next year, say February, and the balance remitted to you, or paid to your order. When I propose a sharing plan, I mean of course, as to the profits; you will have nothing to do with the expense, supposing (a very improbable case) that the work does not clear itself. If you are satisfied with the plan I have proposed, you will please to favour me with the first Volume, as soon as it is printed, and also the second.

I hope it is unnecessary to add, that any arrangement I enter into with you shall be punctually and honourably fulfilled; my kind friends Messrs. Hone—Coles—Weeks—Price—Ely and Halleck, will, I flatter myself, give you satisfaction on this point.

With thanks for your letter, I am, Sir,
Your Obt Servt.—
John Miller

James Cooper Esq., New York

TO HIS ENGLISH PUBLISHER, 1826 [COPY]

Dear Sir,

Carey Published *The Mohicans* on the 6th of February, about 10 days earlier than I had anticipated. As I sent you, however, duplicates of the 2d volume nearly a month before, I presume you will not be far behind him. I do not know whether I desired you to sell a copy to the translators, *on your own account*, or not, but I sincerely hope I did; for it being out of my power to profit by such a sale, I could wish you to get something for yourself. The book is quite successful in this Country; more so, I think, than any of its predecessors.

I intend to sail from here some time in the month of June, either for France or Italy; which, I have not yet determined. As I shall be accompanied by Mrs. Cooper, and my family, it is my intention to remain in Europe a year or two. My object is my own health and the instruction of my children in the French and Italian languages. Perhaps there is also a little pleasure concealed in the bottom of the Cup. Before I go, I shall apprise you of my movements, as I intend to appear, again, in the field. Perhaps I may be able to secure a right in England for the next book. At all events, I hope to see you before I return.

I see by our papers that *Pilot* has been printed by some adventurer or other. Is there no way of stopping this? We are about to alter our law, and I hope to make it more liberal to Foreigners. Verplanck (the author) is in Con-

gress, and chairman of the Committee. He is a friend, and indeed, connexion of mine, and has written me on the subject. As I shall go to Washington in a few days, I hope to be in time to throw in a hint to that effect. There are some strong Literary men in both Houses at present, and as the President is a good deal of a Scholar, I am in hopes a more liberal policy than heretofore will prevail.

Will you have the goodness to get a set of *The Mohicans* neatly bound, and send it to the Hon. E. G. Stanley, the eldest son of Lord Stanley. I know no better way of distinguishing him. He is a member of Parliament, and after his father, the next heir to the Earldom of Derby. It is the Gentleman who was in this Country last year. He and I were together in the caverns at Glens Falls, and it was there I determined to write the book, promising him a copy. Send it with a note, saying that you were requested to do so, by the Author.

[J. F. C.]

DEWITT CLINTON TO HENRY CLAY

Albany, 4 March, 1826

Sir

James Cooper, Esqr of New York State, whose writings have reflected honor not only on himself, but our Country, is desirous of a Consular appointment and he prefers a station on the Mediterranean. Believing you disposed to encourage American talent, I have taken the liberty of recommending him to your favorable notice as a gentleman every way worthy of it.

I am yours very respectfully,

DeWitt Clinton.

The Honorable Henry Clay, Secretary of State

FROM DEWITT CLINTON

Albany, 4 March, 1826

Dear Sir

Your letter has not been answered as soon as I intended owing to an attack of Influenza which distributes from its presence not pestilence and war but blue devils and ennui. I now enclose a recommendation direct to the Secretary of the State which I hope may realize your objects.

I thank you for your last work [*The Last of the Mohicans*]. Knowing all the localities it has impressed me as an admirable graphic description and I think that your power of exciting terror, points out Tragedy to you as a field of adaptation to your mind. I am however well aware that the Drama and Romance are not considered congenial. With my best wishes for your increased prosperity

I am your friend
DeWitt Clinton

James Cooper Esq, New York

FROM HENRY CLAY

Department of State, Washington, 26 May, 1826.

Sir,

The President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, having appointed you Consul of the United States for the City of Lyons in France, I have the honour of enclosing herewith your Commission accompanied with printed Circular Instructions, and a Blank Consular Bond, which last you will execute, and return to this Department, taking care to have a Certificate from the District Attorney of the State in which the Sureties reside, subjoined to the Bond, that they are in his opinion

sufficient, before it is transmitted to this office. Be pleased to acknowledge the receipt of your Commission as soon as it reaches You.

I am very Respectfully
Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
H. Clay

James Fenimore Cooper, Esq.r
Consul of the United States
for the City of Lyons in France.

FROM LORD PONSONBY TO COMMODORE J. D. ELLIOTT

Tuesday, 13th June, 1826.

My Dear Sir

I beg you will accept my best thanks for the Books for Lady Ponsonby.

We both of us partake strongly of the admiration which prevails universally in England for the Works of your eminent countryman and feel sure that in these, to us new, productions of his genius we shall find additional reasons for that sentiment.

I regret very much and hope you will excuse my delay in paying my respects to you on board your Frigate, but in addition to the pressure of public business occasioned by the sailing of the *Briton* and The Packet about to take place I have been suffering from indisposition.

I have the honor to be
My Dear Sir
Your most obedt
Humble Servant
Ponsonby

Commodore Elliott

FROM LAFAYETTE

La grange July 24 1826

With much pleasure I Hear that Mr. and Mrs. Cooper and their family were expected last night in paris. How long they intend to remain there before they take the Road to the South I do not know. But I Hope it will not be out of their line of arrangements to grant some time to the inhabitants of La grange. My daughters, grand daughters, and son join in the request; and I, who, altho' Mr. Cooper was one of the first New York friends I Had the gratification to take by the Hand, Have much regretted not to Have more opportunities to enjoy His Company, I Beg Leave to Sollicit a Compensation in His kind visit. I Have the Honor to offer to Him, His Lady, and family my Highest regard.

Lafayette

À Monsieur Coopers Hôtel
Montmorency Rue St. Marc
à paris

TO WILLIAM JAY

Paris, Faub. St. Germain, Rue St. Maur.
Nov. 12. [1826]

My Dear Mr. Jay

If you know Mrs. Auger she can tell you all about our place of residence, when you say to her that we have the apartments formerly occupied by M. Tiejart. They quarrelled, and some allowances must be made for her description. I delivered your letter to Mrs. Robertson, and there the affair has ended, and must end, for to be frank with you (you know I am a plain dealer) both

Mrs. Cooper and myself think that she has been so pointedly indifferent, especially under our particular circumstances, as to make it incumbent on Mrs. C. to receive any future advances that she may choose to make, a little coldly. By the bye, your cousin has a pretty good house, well furnished, keeps a coach, and there the matter ends. Had she been a good motherly old woman (for she is the latter, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary) she might have won our hearts, but we are, as you well know, neither to be caught nor to be awed by airs. The wife of our Minister here, Mrs. Brown, is a different sort of woman. She lives in a splendour that is even imposing in Paris, and entertains freely and richly. In addition to this, she is a good natured kind hearted woman. The Minister lives in the Palais Bourbon, a building that was erected by one of the former petty Princes of Italy, the Prince of Monaco, from whom it has passed thro' Talleyrand, the Duchess of Bourbon and into the hands of Mademoiselle d'Orléans, who is the present proprietor. The Browns are, however, compelled to quit it, as their lease is out, and the Orléans family intend to fit it up for the Duke de Chartres, the heir of that branch of the Bourbons. As I know you like a little quality binding, I shall give you an account of a dinner I was at, there, as late as yesterday. It was a great honour to be present, being one of the regular diplomatic entertainments, at which it is uncommon to find any one lower in rank than a Chargé d'affaires. But Mrs. Brown, who is good nature itself, saw fit to ask Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Mrs. Cooper and myself. My wife could not go on account of Caroline, but I attended and filled one of the end seats, as an extra attaché. The first thing will be to give you a list of the company; I shall commence on my own left,

and you will recollect I sat at the foot of the table, or rather at one end, there being no foot, Mr. and Mrs. Brown occupying the centres opposite to each other, *à la mode française*.—To begin: M. de Ischann, Chargé d'affaires of Switzerland. Next, the Baron de Werther, Envoy and Minister of Prussia—next, Mr. Gallatin, En. and Min. U. S. to England—next, the Count Pozzo di Borgo, Ambassador of Russia—next, the Countess Appoloni, wife of the Austrian Ambassador—next, the Count de Villèle, Prime Minister of France—next, Mrs. Brown—next, the Baron de Damas, Minister of foreign affairs for France—next, Lady Viscountess Granville, wife of the English Ambassador—next, Count Appoloni, Austrian Ambassador—next, Mrs. Gallatin—next, Lord Viscount Granville, Eng. Am.—next, the Baroness de Werther—next, Mr. Sheldon, the Secretary of Legation—next, Marquess of Clauricarde, son-in-law of Mr. Canning—next, Miss Gallatin—next, the Baron Fagal, Netherland's Minister and Envoy—next, Mrs. Jarvis—next, Mr. Canning, Prime Minister of England—next, the Countess de Villèle—next, Mrs. Brown—next, the Baroness de Damas—next, M. Macchi, Archbishop of Nisibic and Nuncio of the Pope—next, Mrs. Canning—next, the Duke de Villahermosa, Spanish Ambassador—next, Dr. Jarvis—next, your humble servant—in all 26.—I went early, as an attaché, or what is the same thing, an "*ami de maison*." Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis made their appearance soon after—so we were six Americans all ready for the strangers. While we were chatting the Groom of the Chambers announced unexpectedly Monsignior le Nonce—a respectable looking ecclesiastic entered and, after paying his compliments to Mrs. Brown, bowed politely round,

and during the rest of the evening gave himself no airs. You will recollect that, in all catholic countries, the Pope's Nuncio ranks next the Blood Royal. He was dressed in his ordinary clerical robes, with an Archbishop's hat, and a splendid chain, from which was suspended a cross of the purest gold. His *tout ensemble* was exceedingly pleasing.—After him the company came in very fast, and by half after six the dinner was announced. I saw little difference in the manner of reception of our own country, excepting that every body is, as you know, announced, and that the ladies all entered and departed in front of their beaux, instead of leaning on their arms, as with us. The freedom gives the woman a better opportunity of showing her grace, but it has not a delicate or ladylike appearance. They all wore chip hats with feathers, but were not richly attired. The men also were plain, with the exception of *stars*. Of these there were plenty, some of them wearing the badges of three or four orders. Of the Diplomatic Corps, our own Minister, the Chargé d'affaires of Switzerland, and Mr. Canning were the only members who did not appear with some order. Lord Granville wore, I believe, the Star of the Garter or the Bath; the Count de Villèle that of the St. Esprit; Pozzo di Borgo had two or three of different nations; and the Spaniard was exceedingly rich in jewels. Dr. Jarvis was the only gentleman in br:—the rest were in dress pantaloons. There was no formality observed except that the French Prime Minister handed Mrs. Brown to the table, and Le Nonce, la Baronne de Damas, and Mr. Canning, who is on neutral ground here, kept a little back and then, perceiving that Miss Gallatin and Mrs. Jarvis were left, he motioned to Lord Clauricarde to take the former, and led the latter himself.—

You will see that each gentleman took a seat next the lady he conducted. The Duke de Villahermosa led Mrs. Canning, your humble servant led the—rear. The conversation was low, and never extended beyond the third or fourth person. The party was gay, and very talkative, laughing freely, tho' not loud. In short, in this particular, it differed in no respect from a well bred collection at home. The most remarkable pair in the room were Pozzo and Gallatin. These two men were both adventurers in foreign countries, both remarkable for their powers in conversation, both cunning, successful, and one representing the greatest despotism and the other the greatest republic in the world. They sat together and talked freely to each other. Lady Granville, who is a sister of the Duke of Devonshire, is a showy woman, though a little coarse in her person. Mrs. Canning is in the opposite extreme, being as thin or even thinner than my wife. Villèle is a mean looking man, bearing a strong resemblance to the late Caleb Biggs—tho' his eye is livelier and has more cunning. Lord Granville is a fine looking man, but is not graceful; Mr. Canning perfectly plain with a very fine eye, bald head, and of a middling stature, plain and gentleman-like enough, but with nothing striking in his manner. After dinner he did me the honour to desire Mr. Gallatin to present me, and I had ten minutes' talk with him. He is very English, but evidently looks at the U. S. with some interest. He enquired very particularly after his neighbour at the table, Mrs. Jarvis, and seemed struck with her appearance and conversation. His son-in-law is a tall, thin, boyish looking young man of four-and-twenty who seems not more than twenty, genteel, but nothing more as to exterior. His name is De Baugh, and he was the oldest Irish Earl, until he

married Miss Canning, since when he has had an ancient Marquisate of his family revived and has been also made an English Peer. I had nothing to say to him. The Baroness de Damas is a little *hump backed*, vulgar looking woman, of some great family, who did nothing but snigger and chat with Monsignior le Nonce, as she called him; she wore around her neck a string of large gold beads, perfectly plain, that I should think was near six feet long; they were unquestionably connected with her religion. It was a fast day in the church and I watched his lordship the Nuncio, to see if he tasted any of the forbidden things, but French cookery is a fine cloak in these matters. For myself, I always eat at random, and some awful compound it is occasionally my lot to encounter! The courses are first placed on the table, and then dish after dish is taken to a side board, or table rather, carved and handed to the company, the servant naming the dish as he presents it. The same with the wine, and everything but the fruits, to which you may sometimes help yourself. I had nothing to do except to eat and converse. The entertainment was exceedingly splendid, and *recherché*—Turbot, salmon, Pheasants, and all those sorts of things beautifully served and well cooked. There were twelve footmen. I have been at several entertainments here, but to none equal to this.

FROM THE LUNCH

New York, Nov. 25, 1826

To

"J" the Constitution of the "Bread and Cheese."

We your dutiful and affectionate Commissioners, most graciously nominated, appointed, authorized, and en-

joined, by our dear and ever venerated *Constitution*, to convoke and convene the Great Diet of the Bread and Cheese Lunch, deem it our bounden duty promptly to communicate to Your Patriarchal Highness, an account of the measures and proceedings touching our momentous charge:—

But in the first place we beg leave to premise, that a few weeks before the reception of the Commission, divers members of our Association of good report and of great sedateness and sobriety, having grown weary of our long and inglorious summer vacation, and languishing for the return of the festive and hilarious hours of the "Bread and Cheese," and at the same time instigated and influenced by our two Honorable Representatives in Congress whose avocations at Washington were soon to call them away from the luxuries of the Lunch, repeatedly expressed and made known their desires and longings to your Secretary and Treasurer, and finally urged their wishes in a strain of most "petitionary vehemence."

Your Secretary and Treasurer, not imagining that the manifold and arduous duties of your Consulship, could possibly allow you leisure so early to turn your attention to Cis-Atlantic concerns, yielded to the clamorous and pathetic importunities of their Brethren, and convoked a meeting on the fifth day of October at Washington Hall.

At the fourth subsequent meeting, the arrival of the Commission being announced, it was instantly resolved, that a High Lunch be held the succeeding week, for the especial purpose of opening the Commission in due form:—

This was promptly carried into effect, and at the appointed hour twenty seven members were seen to sur-

round the stately Loaf that sublimely surmounted the majestic Cheese, while six decanters of Madeira poured forth a rich and joyous libation to our ever honored *Constitution*.

It was on this evening, Sire, that a perplexing dilemma presented itself to the Lunch. *Thursday* had been found to be an inconvenient time for our Sessions at Washington Hall by reason of some prior appropriations made by our Host, and yet *Thursday* was the day expressly designated in the Commission. But an ingenious expedient was fortunately suggested by one of our learned members which immediately dissipated the difficulty. It was merely to imitate the contrivance of the renowned Pope Gregory alias *Tom Gregory*, in altering the calendar; but instead of abolishing and extinguishing eleven whole days and nights, it was proposed merely to change the name of a single day, *pro hac vice*, and call *Tuesday*, *Thursday*. This happy idea reconciled the most scrupulous and conscientious adherents of the *Constitution* to the change, because they were convinced that in this there was not the slightest deviation from the strict letter of our sacred Charter.

Sire,

We have much interesting matter to communicate to you relative to the state of our Society, the spirit of our meetings, and the fortunes of our individual members. One of our oldest has gone on a voyage to South America; another has recently submitted his willing neck to the easy yoke of Hymen: two have been re-elected Representatives in Congress, and a third was on the *point* of being chosen a member of the State Assembly.

As to the election of new members, we have been very

sparing both of our Bread and Cheese, as will appear in the margin.*

Having heard, Sire, of the distinguished attention paid to you by His Most Christian Majesty, as soon as he knew that the Father of the Lunch had arrived in his dominions, We intend very shortly to give his Majesty an expression of our gratitude for his goodness in this particular, by electing him an honorary member of the Lunch. Be pleased, Sire, when you next dine with his Majesty to apprise him of the intended compliment.

It is by this time no doubt well known to you, Sire, that the good people of France are as yet but imperfectly acquainted with the extremely difficult art of pronouncing their native language according to those nice and newly discovered rules of Orthoépy that were settled at the Lunch before your departure. This interesting fact coming to the knowledge of the King, could not fail, we imagine, to make a favorable impression on his Royal Mind, and might possibly incline him to permit and to patronize a *French Lunch*, in his great Metropolis. By conversing with you, Sire, he would immediately become conversant with our excellent *Constitution*, and by recommending our exemplary system of economy, we have no doubt that a *Branch Lunch* under yours or his Majesty's immediate control, might be formed in Paris, in which all who belong to the Parent Lunch, might be admitted honorary members. This would open the way for a most friendly intercourse between the two Nations, and be attended with many happy results. Knowing the propensity of the *Savans* of France, to pervert and transform

* In the margin: "*New members*. Philip Hone, Isaac Hone, Dr. Augustine Smith, Hugh Maxwell, Professor James Dean, James Campbell (Surrogate), Dr. John B. Stevenson.—"

English proper names, we most earnestly entreat you, Sire, to exert all your influence in preventing them from taking any liberties with the venerable name and title of our Association. "*Le morceau de Pain et de Fromage*" would be as un-dignified, as "Long Tom" changed into "*Tom le Long.*"—

We urge this upon you more particularly as due to your own glory. The name of "*Lunch,*" is now identified with that of your Highness, and it will go down to Posterity in its company—You have thus, Sire, erected the same solid monument to your own fame, upon *Bread and Cheese*, which Napoleon did to the fame of his Victories in the field of Mars, in the "*Marengo de Poulets,*" and Louis le Grand, of his, in those of Venus, in the "*Cotelettes à la Maintenon.*"

Respectfully soliciting, Sire, a continuance of your Epistolary admonitions, and with fervent wishes for your personal happiness, We subscribe ourselves

Your most dutiful and loyal Commissioners,

I. Morton
Jacob Harvey Anthony Bleecker
Wm. Gracie Chas. King

FROM THE PRINCESS GALITZIN

Mr. Cooper in his kind note having led me to hope that he would do me the honor of calling upon me some day, I should like to know if he has at his disposal next Wednesday evening, and having been told that Mrs. Cooper is in Paris, I should be glad if she would be of the party.

If my health permitted me to go out I should have already been to see her. If Wednesday is not convenient for Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, I beg that they will be so

kind as to name another day this week, for I am always at home, and I beg them to accept my compliments.

La Princesse de Galitzin.

Rue de Verneuil
No. 29

I give you my address again, for I do not think that Mr. Cooper has kept my note, as I ——

(Translation.)

FROM THE PRINCESS GALITZIN

I am very sorry, My dear Sir, to hear that you are not well. How are you to-day? I, too, was not able to attend the performance yesterday, as Caumont arrived at six o'clock, *from Russia:* he came at once to me and we spent the whole evening *en famille.* The performance was superb, Mme. Mars in both plays, and the box unoccupied!

I hope that I can make up for all that on Monday;—then—I hope that you will come to me to-morrow? Mrs. Cooper may dance a little to the harpsichord; they tell me she is fond of dancing—but this is not a ball. It is my daughter's birthday, and I will introduce her husband to you.

With kind remembrances, my dear Sir.—

P.S. I am glad to let you see that I know English. *À propos*—is *Reedwod* by you? I find it listed under your name in a book seller's catalogue, and the moment I see "*American Novel by Cooper*" my heart leaps.

Will you not bring your nephew with you to-morrow?

To Mr. Cooper
No. 12, Rue St. Maur

(Translation.)

FROM A LETTER OF MRS. COOPER TO HER SISTER

Paris, November 28th, 1826

Fan is as fat as a little pig—and Mr. Cooper says I am growing plump, but I believe it is a little french flattery. I wish I could say the same of him, but he has had wretched colds, which have made him thin and pale. This was quite unfortunate, as he has just been sitting for his picture, for engravings. It is a pretty good one, but has rather a french look.—They make quite a Lion of him, and Princesses write to him, and he has invitations from Lords and Ladies. He has so many notes from the Princess Galitzin, that I should be absolutely jealous, were it not that she is a Grandmother. We were at a Soireé there, the other evening, among Duchesses, Princesses, Countesses, etc. They danced, some of the Demoiselles beautifully; the manners of the French women in high life are highly polished—and they are perfectly lady like and well bred—but you would be surprised to hear how trifling in their conversation; their dress, their Mantuamaker, their Marchande de Mode, form the great subject with them—and they are generally, far from being pretty or delicate in their appearance, the size of Mrs. Gilly Brown being far from remarkable among them. They wear an immense deal of jewelry, and their dresses, which set beautifully, even on these large ladies, and perfectly so on more sizeable ones, are the oddest mixture of coulours—they appear to give a complete range to their fancy, and you see yellow, blue, orange, but above all red, in profusion.—I look at all these things as an amusing and interesting spectacle—but I must say that so far as I have been, and all, and whatever I have seen would only serve to endear the manners, and customs, and above all the simplicity of our Country.—We were the other day

at the Bibliothèque du Roi and among a splendid collection of Cameos, saw some of Queen Elizabeth, which you must tell Mrs. Commodore Morris, with my love, look very much like her.—I wish I had time to give you an account of this Collection of curiosities but I must leave it for another time.

I must try and find room to tell you, that we saw Sir Walter Scott repeatedly while He was at Paris. He was with us several times, and treated Mr. Cooper like a Son or Younger Brother, in the same vocation. He is a Giant in form, as He is one in Literature—to you who are craniologists, I must mention, that his head is uncommonly high and narrow. He is very gray—and has a fine florid, healthy appearance—he talks a great deal and quotes old Ballads, and Shakespeare, very happily and pleasantly—and to this I will add that He has quite a rustic appearance—and still further, but this is for your private ear alone, that He put me in mind of one of our country Presbyterian Parsons. Altogether—He looks like a Man of powerful mind—kind and amiable, as if He liked fun—and withal very countrified.

A merry Christmas to you all.

FROM WILLIAM JAY

Bedford 5th. Janʳʸ 1827.

Dear Cooper

I was much amused with the lively picture you give me, of french Society. It entirely agrees with the opinion I had previously formed of it. There is I presume no city in which all the arts that minister to sensual gratification are carried to greater perfection than in Paris; nor is there I suspect any city in which there is less real substantial

happiness enjoyed. Vice and luxury lead to universal selfishness, and selfishness, by sacrificing the interests and happiness of others to individual gratification mars and interrupts the general welfare. I was lately shocked to find from some official documents, that of all who are annually born in Paris, one fourth are deserted by their parents, and of all who die, one tenth end their days in a hospital. What a frightful picture of vice and wretchedness do these facts exhibit! In vain will the nation seek in the triumphs of its arms, and the splendor of its arts and sciences, a compensation for this extinction of natural affection, and this wide spread destitution and suffering. May our republican simplicity and religious habits never be exchanged for the magnificence, heartlessness and wretchedness of France.

You will have heard, before this reaches you, of the result of our election. It was unexpected, and astonishing, and affords another proof of the instability of popular favour. Rochester, whose very name was scarcely known in the State, nearly succeeded in ousting Mr. Clinton; and the Bucktails have elected a Lieutenant Govr and have a majority in both houses of the Legislature. It is impossible to explain satisfactorily this sudden revolution in public opinion. Clinton had done nothing since the last election to render him unpopular, and his friends could scarcely believe that any serious opposition w^{d} be made to his election; yet his majority is only about 3000. Many of his friends have declared for Jackson as the next Pres^{t} in preference to Adams; and it is supposed that the suspicion that Clinton was opposed to the general administration had an influence on the election; for it cannot be doubted that Adams is the choice of New York. Rochester was known to be a decided Adams man,

and had been appointed by him Sec^{y} of the Panama Mission.

In this County, the result of the election was as extraordinary as the total result in the State. We gave Clinton a majority of 300, and Aaron Ward, one of 600 for Congress. Mr. Ward's competitor was John Haff, formerly of the Custom House in New York. Jn. Putnam had 200 majority. Ward is just now making himself very conspicuous in Congress. Last summer a free black man, who had lived in the family of John Owen of Somers, was arrested at Washington, on suspicion of being a runaway slave, and in pursuance of an execrable law of the District, notice was given in the public papers, that unless his owner appeared to claim him he would be sold as a Slave to pay his *Jail fees*. A few of us called a County meeting, at which we passed some strong resolutions, and requested the Govr to claim the release of Horton (the man's name) as a citizen of this State. Mr. Clinton, much to his credit, wrote a very proper letter to the President, claiming Horton as a citizen of New York, and the man was discharged. Ward has just introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia to inquire into the circumstances of the case. The resolution was vehemently opposed by the hot bloods of the South, and the Mover treated with some rudeness, but the resolution passed by a large majority, and Ward has obtained a victory w^{h} does him great credit. The people of this County have likewise forwarded a petition to Congress for the abolition of Slavery in the District. This petition when presented will probably cause an explosion, but I have no doubt that the ultimate result will be good.

If in your power, I wish you would give me in your

next, some information relative to the condition and character of the french Protestants, and the privileges allowed them by the Govt. You will recollect that I am a descendant of the Huguenots and on that acct as well as others feel no small interest in the protestants of France. I have been informed that they are not now permitted to erect any *new* churches, but are allowed to occupy those already built. Is this correct? I should like to know also whether protestants are promoted to civil offices; and whether their schools are in any degree controlled by the Govt. I am also told that the formation of more Bible Societies in France has been forbidden.

The present Govt of France appears to be energetic and prudent, and I have no doubt that the Country enjoys a degree of prosperity to wh it has long been a stranger. I hope no revolution will soon disturb its tranquillity; but that the rights of the people and the Monarch will both be preserved. I have no question that the present Govt is the best for France, and trust and believe that the people are quite satisfied with the numerous experiments they have made, and that they are not disposed to make any more.

Remember me very kindly to Mrs. Cooper, and to Miss Susan; the other children I fear wd not recollect me. Write to me as often as you can conveniently; and let me know your plans and occupations. Be assured I shall read all you write with great pleasure and interest notwithstanding the labour of *deciphering* it.

Yours very truly,

William Jay.

FROM LAFAYETTE

Saturday [probably January or February, 1827]

My dear Sir

Here is the Book You Have expressed a kind wish to peruse. it Has Been compiled By two young men from American newspapers and a few private letters; the more I think of the contemplated plan, and divesting it of Self as much as I can, the more sensible I am of its patriotic and general utility. the grand example given to the world By the institutions and practices of the U. S. is more than three fourths lost for want of Being properly exhibited.

I am afraid this colder weather does not agree with you. let me know How You are and believe me

Your affectionate friend

Lafayette

FROM MRS. JAY

New York, 25th Jany., 1827

You know a Lady's Curiosity and have taken an effectual method of making me write to You to enquire what the Secret is between You and Sir Walter. But I think I have already guessed it. I am delighted that he should pay you such a compliment. Not that any thing can make your Friends here think more highly of you, but because it shews that he has a proper sense of your merit and may be useful to You in Europe.

You are really in high life and your lively descriptions almost make one realize the presence of Princes, Ambassadors, etc. Give my love to Mrs. Cooper and tell her it would gratify us not a little if she would tell us some-

thing of the Ladies and their dresses, which you Gentlemen esteem of no consequence.

I think I should like the Princess Gallitzin better than Lady Granville, tho' from her standing in Society I should like to have her Character more minutely described.

I regret that Mrs. Robertson has not seen more of you. I am sure you would have been a favorite and expect yet to hear that you are good Friends. What has become of Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis? you did not mention them in your last.

Remember I expect a description of La Grange and of the Marquis at home with a sketch of his family. You must also tell us of your presentation at Court. But I find myself dictating. Any thing that comes from your original pen will be very acceptable.

I fear we shall not see *The Prairie* in a long time. A transition from the gay and brilliant scenes by which you are surrounded to the wild uncultivated desert Prairie cannot be easy even to Mr. Cooper's powers. I hope your next novel will be a tale of high life in Europe; in it you may introduce some fine descriptions of Switzerland's romantic Scenery, Glaciers, etc. But remember one novel of which the scene is laid in Europe will be enough. After that you must return to describing your native land.

You must have been delighted with Sir Walter—does he converse in the same delightful strain that he writes? has he an animated and expressive face? I could ask questions enough to fill several sheets, and write a letter without telling you what is going on here.

You know there is a fashion for every thing—well, marrying has been all the rage this season; when you return there will be few young Ladies whom you can call

by their names. Susan Fish and Daniel LeRoy—Charles King and Miss Lane head the list. David Jones and Susan LeRoy are to be married in a fortnight. I believe you know the latter Gentleman, tho' you would hardly recognize him dancing a cotillion. Many other Couples have gone and are going to Hymen's Altar.

Tell Mrs. Cooper her Friends are all well. Martha was at a ball at our house not long since. I met Mrs. Dewint at the Atheneum a short time ago; she looked very well. Mr. Bradish as a great favor shewed us the first sheets you sent out, and I began to take a great interest in the tale when it was interrupted. Mary hopes Ellen Wade is not to be the heroine. Mr. Bradish is a great beau, and so is Mr. Harvey. The Lunch is still maintained with spirit.

We are having a very gay winter, but go out only twice a week, which Mary (who is making her début) and I think quite enough. We have had a great many strangers at our Parties—among others a Russian Prince, an Austrian Marquis, and a French Count. The last is a very genteel young man, and I am told of a noble family—his name is Count de Flamerand; have you heard the name?

The Signorina is singing at the Bowery Theatre and draws full houses. But to conclude all this trifling, let me assure you with great sincerity that we hope at no distant period to see you again full of anecdote and crowned with laurels. Mr. Jay and Mary unite with me in kind remembrances to you Mrs. Cooper and your Daughters, and believe me sincerely

Your friend and well wisher

Mary Rutherford Jay

J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Paris

FROM LAFAYETTE

Tuesday morn, [probably February, 1827]

My dear Sir

I Have much regretted, when on my return Home, I found your card and that of Mrs. Cooper, to Have missed the pleasure of your kind visit. it Had Been my Hope to meet you last Saturday at Mr. Brown's evening party. I do not despair of the gratification for my family and myself to see you at our House this evening, But at all events send to know How you are By the continuation of this cold weather. I am continually adressed upon the utility of such a work as the one which you Have told me you Had not yet quite made up your mind. the other day the abbé de pradt was, with His usual warmth and eloquence, expatiating upon the advantages of precisely the same publication, frame and all, which Has Been the object of our conversations. I made a general answer. But How much more should His and every Body else's feelings Have Been excited, did they suspect who might Be the author. I am every day vexed at the European ignorance of the U. S. this very morning the papers dwell upon the comparison of the proposed press Bill with what passes in England with respect to news paper publications; Heavily enough taxed, you know, while they could Have availed themselves of what is so much more liberally practised in the United States.

Excuse the scribbling on the other side, and Believe me

Your affectionate friend

Lafayette

À Monsieur Cooper rue St
Maur No. 12
À paris

FROM LAFAYETTE

Saturday morn. [February 24, 1827]

Just as You please, my dear Sir, But then we cannot go Before Wednesday 14th. Because I Have on Tuesday next a dinner given to me By the young men of those departments my native country, and Tuesday my evening party. I Had understood Mr. and Mrs. Brown's Thursday evening was an usual party, But I think with you that if it an extraordinary rout we must Both Be there. No matter when I see you kindly persist in your much welcome plan. Most truly and affectionately

Yours

Lafayette

Mde. de Maubespin Has Been to talk with the gentleman who keeps a pension and will give you an account of the conversation when you meet. She and Her Sister are at M. de Tracy's every Sunday evening no 38 rue d'anjou

My Best respects to Miss Cooper. the papers say Sir Walter Scott at a public dinner Has declared Himself the sole author of His works.

FROM EUGENE SUE

Paris, 3 march [1827]

Monsieur—

Several writers, kind rather than just, have in our newspapers done me the great honor of comparing one of my youthful efforts to your admirable and impressive productions. I know better, Monsieur, than to accept such praise for a work so imperfect; but can truly say that the hope of earning by hard and conscientious labor the right, later on, to such a glorious comparison, will be the constant aim of my ambition.

I have in the preface to my book expressed very feebly the admiration that I feel for the literature that you have created, for it would require many pages, Monsieur, to analyze that richness of imagination, that noble patriotism, and above all that ennobling and sublime philosophy, which mark your genius.

Will you permit me, through the courtesy of Mr. Nayler, to offer you a very crude work, *Plik et Plok*, which will convince you, Monsieur, how undeservedly flattering, as regards myself, our journalists have been, for, like the poor man of the Gospel, I come away impoverished, bearing only a few forgotten ears, from the vast and fertile field of the rich man.

I shall never forget, Monsieur, the kind reception which you accorded me at Mr. Rivère's, and should have come myself to present my book, if I had not feared to be intrusive, and to waste time so precious for literary work.

I have the honor to be, with respect and admiration,

Your obedient servant,

Eugène Sue.

(Translation.)

FROM EUGENE SUE

Monsieur—

I regret exceedingly not to have been at home when you took the trouble to call.

Not having been more fortunate yesterday, permit me to write you, to ask if you would like to go on next Friday to the Panorama of Naverin. It is the best day, because it is a *jour reservé* and there are many fewer people.

If this arrangement should not suit you, or you should

prefer some other time, I shall be at your commands, only too happy in the hope of passing a little time with you, Sir, in explaining to you a battle which only needs an artist like you to immortalize it in history.

Be so kind as to remember me to Mrs. Cooper, and believe that, with sentiments of admiration, I have the honor to be,

Your faithful servant,
Eugène Sue.

(Translation.)

FROM A LETTER OF MRS. COOPER TO HER SISTERS

4 March, 1827

Caroline is quite well again in every respect, excepting that she remains a little deaf. She applies herself very diligently to her studies, and improves rapidly. We tell them that the return to America depends on their improvement, and this we find a very powerful excitement to application with them all. Sue goes on very well with her painting. She brings us up weekly the heads of great Men, or great beauties. And they all dance very prettily; on Monday next they are to be at a little party at the Marquise de Terzè's, where there is to be a shew of magic lantern. You must not be alarmed—this will only be the second time they have been out this winter, excepting their School ball.—I must tell you a little proof of their discretion and principles which I think will please you all.—*Bals d'enfants* are quite the mode here, and they are given as often on Sunday as any other day of the Week. Our little girls have repeated invitations, to those of the Princess Galitzin, who gives one that day to her Grandchildren every week—but when it was mentioned to them, they decidedly refused of themselves, without

the least interference from their father or me. You will perhaps say this is not much, but you must recollect where we are—at Paris, where it was predicted to me, that before I had been here six months I should have been half a dozen times to the Opera on Sunday night. But I hope, and *trust*, we shall return to our Country, with the same love and reverence for this holy day, with which we left it—so far I have refused every invitation, and some of them from very great folks, for Sunday Parties.—On Thursday last we were at a great route at Mrs. Brown's—quite a magnificent affair—it was not a ball, for these consistent people, who dance and sew on Sunday, would not for the world dance during Lent.—There were a great many grandees—to begin with the order of precedence, I will first mention the *Nuncio*, who takes rank of all Ambassadors—he was accompanied by the ex-Nuncio, a Cardinal, who wore his cardinal's hat, of red velvet and gold, under his arm. The Nuncio himself was known by his little scarlet scapulaire, which just covers the crown of his head and to my protestant eyes had a very odd effect. They have both fine italian faces. Then comes the Duc and Duchess of Villa Hermosa, the Spanish Ambassador and his Sposa—she is pretty—but in our Country, would not be received in *decent Society*. The Prince Borghese, who perhaps you will remember, was the brother-in-law of Bonaparte. He is here on some ecclesiastical affair from the Pope, a little fat fellow thicker than he is long.—A great many Duchesses, Princesses, and Countesses, whose titles I cannot spell, nor could you read, were I to write them—there was a Marquise perhaps sixty painted to the eyes, and dressed like a girl of sixteen with flowers and plumes. She is very rich, and married not a very great while since, a Young man, who

was in love with her Daughter. They were generally splendidly dressed, but very few of them very pretty—Lady Hunlock, an English woman, and her daughter, were a good deal remarked; I cannot say that I admire them very much—they are very large women, so much so I think as to be unfeminine; the Duke of Devonshire, is said to think differently, and that he would marry the Daughter, were it not, that he keeps his title, only on condition of remaining single. Baron Rothchild, the rich jew Banker, was of the Party—the Count and Countess Apponyi of the Austrian Embassy—she is a pretty woman and helps to keep me in countenance, among the fat beauties, being a little older, and rather thinner than I am.—They were a great many Americans, and between them and the Europeans, I will mention our good General La Fayette, and his charming family. His daughter-in-law, Madame George, is a very sweet woman, and her daughters are pretty, and amiable; it is impossible to be more attentive, than they are, to our Countrymen. I like them very much, and hope to see a good deal of them this Summer—the General urges us, to come with the whole family, and pass it with them—this is of course out of the question—but if we remain where we are, we shall, I hope, pay them several visits. You will be glad to hear, that my dear Husband is much better—I think he even begins to grow a little fatter—he leaves me on wednesday for la Grange, where he goes, with the General, to pass a few days, and I hope the excursion will be of great service to him—I have not left myself room to say a word about our Countrymen at the Route of Mrs. Brown—except that Mrs. Robert Ray's party, the Primes and Sands, were of the number—and Gouverneur Wilkins, who is talking of Italy and Greece.—

Remember me to Mrs. Bayley and tell her that she must not be melancholy, and if she is not well, she must make the Dr. bring her to france.

With the tenderest affection my own dear sisters for yourselves and our dear father, most truly your Sister

S. A. F. C.

FROM LAFAYETTE

Paris March 23d. 1827

My dear Sir

My friend and neighbor old Mr. Bastide, whose nephew transacts business for Mde. [illegible], Has paid Her a visit, and altho' she was not determined to let Her country place of *le B*[illegible], she Has consented to it, and said many kind things on the occasion. Her wish is to let the place for twelve months; Her friend Mr. Bastide observes that there would not Be much difference in the price which He does not know and waits to mention the subject until His nephew Has returned from a short journey and He knows whether you are satisfied with the premises. He says that for twelve months He supposes the price would Be twelve Hundred francs. I observed that a House could not Be Hired for the double of time that it is wanted. But of this we might talk in case the inclosed note appears satisfactory

the furniture is two years old, plain, but perfectly clean and in good order. the drawing room's furniture is tapestry: Of the remainder He Has also a general good opinion But cannot particularize. one Bed room Has two Beds, so is one of the upper rooms. altho those four upper rooms are destined to servants He Has, when a visitor, occupied one of them and found it comfortable. there are

two additional moveable beds that might Be placed in a room for children. let me add that la grange is in the vicinity and would receive your supernumerary visitors. it seems to me that some good arrangement for vegetables might be made with the Gardner. Let me know How this at first sight, portends itself to Mrs. Cooper and to you; because if you see a probability it might suit your purpose, I will write to morrow to George who is at la grange, and in consequence of His report, you would decide upon a personal visit and a negociation with Madame

Most truly and affectionately

Yours

Lafayette

the vicinity of Rosay is very convenient. Not one half the distance from Rosay to la grange

MRS. COOPER TO HER FATHER

Paris March 23d [1827]

You will be glad to hear, my dear Father, that we are all pretty well. My dear Husband is looking much better. He passed the last week with General La Fayette, at La Grange; and I think the air of the country has been of service to Him. We dined yesterday with Mr. Welles, a rich Banker who is an American with a very pretty American Wife; they have been very attentive to us. We met the General there with his Son, and Daughter-in-law, who is a very charming woman. There were a great many other very smart looking french People, whom I did not know, and an Englishman, who talked to me of the talent of my Countryman *Cooper*, and to Mr. La Fayette, who sat next us, of the *General*. It was quite amusing, when in the course of the conversation, He

heard us addressed by our names, to see how astounded he looked, to find he had been expressing his opinion, to the very individuals of the party, who were the most closely connected with them; fortunately however he had only expressed his admiration.—We were the other evening at a Soirée at the General's, where we met a great many distinguished People—Humboldt—Capt. Sabine, who accompanied Parry in his expedition—Benjamin Constant, and others. Constant has a very expressive and interesting face, He talks a great deal, and is said to talk better than any other Man in France. The Duchesse de Broglie, asked us to dinner, the other day—my Husband went, but I did not. I shall go however to some of her Soirées, to which she has invited us. She is the daughter of Mdme. de Staël, and Mr. Cooper, found her a very pleasing Woman with more beauty, but not so much sense, as her Mother is said to have had. She has however, what is worth more than either of them, the character, of being an affectionate Wife, and a correct and delicate Woman.—We dined not long since with Mrs. Brown, where we met a good many of the great folks—the present and ex-Ambassador from Spain, with their wives—the Prussian Ambassador with his Countess, a Saxon nobleman and his Lady, Baron Hyde de Neuville, and some other great french Personages, male and female, and among them one of Buonaparte's Maréchals—they were decorated with crosses and orders, for the Men here, wear almost as much jewelry as the females. There is no general conversation at a french dinner Party; every one talks with his Neighbor, in a low voice. They all rise together, after dinner, and on returning to the Sallon, the Conversation becomes general, and cheerful. The French in high Society, are as polished, and elegant in their Man-

ners, as it is possible, perhaps, to be—and there is certainly a great charm in it, but there is a great deal of envy and scandal and low feeling among them, at the same time, and one cannot help seeing, that a "Lord is but a Man," after all. I do not trouble myself much with politics, but I hear a great deal of discontent and dissatisfaction—the Royal Family here, are not much loved, or respected—and I have heard them spoken of, with perfect contempt, by some of their respectable people—they look on the King as a superstitious bigot, and a tool of the jesuits, whom they hate. They are telling horrid things too of the situation of England, which, were we to credit what we hear, would be on the eve of a bloody Revolution. I should think Europe would be sick of Revolutions—the french are very much ashamed of theirs and it is never alluded to in Society. So very sensitive are they on the subject, that they have even succeeded in establishing it as a breach of good breeding, to make the most distant allusion to it.

I think it probable, we shall remain in Paris, through the next Winter and then say good bye to it altogether. We find our residence here pleasant. Mr. Cooper receives a great deal of attention, quite as much as inclination would prompt us, or circumstances make it prudent for us to accept. He gets paid for his last work, from England, France and Germany, which, though not so much in amount as from America, yet still is a very good thing.—I could fill another letter with affectionate messages, but I have only left myself room to say that we all send our tenderest love to you. Believe me very affectionately your Child

S. A. Fenimore Cooper.

FROM CAREY, LEA & CAREY

Phila., April 23, 1827

Dear Sir

Your favor of 23rd Feb. did not come to hand until the night before last, and the copy is not yet received. We hope it will come to-morrow, although even then it will hardly be in time to publish by *the 1st April* as you anticipated.—We shall publish about the 10th May. We regret exceedingly not to have made a handsome wager with you upon the time of publication, as you offered. Fifty dollars per month, after first of January, would now be a good setoff against the Copyright.

We have read the book in so many scraps that we have hardly an idea of it, nor shall we have until we can read the whole at leisure. We hope the world will like it, although we know that *some person in New York* has read it that has not spoken favourably of it. This is between ourselves, and is stated only with a view of enforcing the necessity of putting the book into the hands of the publisher only.

Our last will have shewn you that we have not been alarmed by the Quarterly, but that the sale of *Mohicans* has not been so great as we anticipated. We certainly have not made sixpence by it, as yet. We hope *Prairie* will do better, and can only hope that the sale may increase so much as to render your book more valuable to you. It would afford us pleasure to be able to pay double the sum.

We shall publish shortly a *very handsome* royal 18 mo. edition of all your books. When you have an opportunity send us a set of the plates for the French edition. We may have a set engraved at a future time.

The market is not yet cleared of the old editions and they are much in our way. We were obliged to make an arrangement with Collins & Hannay for 250 *Pioneers* to get their permission to publish an uniform edition of which we are to sell none of the *Pioneers* separately. You may judge how many of the others must have been in the market, when we tell you that we offered our new edition at the Trade Sale last month, at a very moderate price and only *20 copies* were taken. We hope, however, that a little time will clear the way for us, and that we may then make up for lost time.

We are sorry that we have nothing to give you in return for the *Russian Ball*. We simple republicans go on in our dull jog trot, with every one doing well and no one doing so well as to enable him to get over the heads of all the rest. Rely upon it, however you may have in Paris "*La maladi du pays*" you will find New York and Philadelphia very dull when you return. You have too much of it in Paris, but here you will want some and not find any. You had better come home at once and depend upon educating your children here.

In the literary world we are as quiet as usual. All the world is looking with anxiety for Napoleon, and we are exceedingly anxious for the remainder that we may gratify them. The Quarterly is doing remarkably well, and we expect to have shortly as great a circulation as your friends of the North American. Mr. Walsh is well but very busy. His paper and Review keep him well employed. You say nothing of the Souvenir article, which we hope you have not forgotten.

You should make some arrangement to have your next book translated into Russian, Italian and Spanish. If

you can then get a good copyright for them all, you will double in fame and fortune.

We are dear Sir
Yours truly
Carey, Lea & Carey

You will see that we have made
an addition to our firm since
our last.
J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq.

P.S. As a commentary upon the expediency of sending your copy to any person except the publisher, we state that if you had addressed the copy to us we should have had it *two days since*. This morning we have a letter from John Wiley who informs us that Mr. Bradish could not spare it until this day, and we shall have it *to-morrow*. After so many delays, it is rather vexatious to be delayed in this manner 3 days, when *for our own gratification* we would not delay it an hour. If it must be read then, certainly less than three days should be sufficient for that purpose, unless more than one person was to have the reading of it. *This is for yourself alone*, and we presume it will satisfy you of the correctness of our impression that the book should not pass through any other hands than those of your bookseller.

P.S. April 25. The copy is received but pages *97 to 144 are deficient!* No duplicate has arrived—nor have we had duplicates of one half of the book. Of course if any parcels have been lost, there is not the slightest chance of publishing the Book until we can hear from you again.—We are inclined to think we have never received any copy so badly—of some parts *we have triplicates*—of *much we have no duplicates*—sometimes you send to us—some-

times to Mr. Bradish—frequently without advice, so that we never know whether or not to look for copy. The result is most unfortunate. The Book is imperfect and so it is likely to remain, as no copies will be sent from Europe.

P.S. No. 3, April 28. Complete!!

FROM JACOB HARVEY

New York May 14th 1827

Dear Cooper

Your official letters to the "Lunch" and the accompanying note to myself, reached me in Philadelphia the other day, whilst I was there on a visit—for both I feel much obliged to you, and I acquit you of forgetfulness, which some of your "*children*" were disposed to lay at your charge when talking of the "Constitution" on our club nights. I am truly sorry to find that illness was the cause of your long silence, especially as it would seem that the climate of France disagrees with you—of *Paris*, perhaps I should say, and I hope when you reach the Provinces you will find a more genial atmosphere. I shall be anxious to hear of your complete recovery. You used to be so *hearty* (to use an Irish expression) here, I never once thought of your being sick, and I hope by this time, you will almost have forgotten the attack.

Were you not very much shocked to hear of poor Bleecker's death? I do not know when *I* was more so. He regularly attended the Lunch up to the commencement of his illness, which at first was but a severe cold, and none of us thought him in any danger until a day or two before his decease. The doctors say that there was a radical defect in the stomach which had been increasing gradually for a year past, and when once attacked, they

gave up all hopes of his recovery. I have never known a man more regretted by his circle of acquaintance—every one esteemed him, and at his funeral all were real mourners! He possessed a good heart and most happy temper, which had endeared him to all his friends, and at *our* meetings where we used to see both displayed continually, we miss him very much. After his death, we had but two or three "Lunches"—it was growing late in the season, and his unexpected loss, cast a gloom over us, which hastened our adjournment.—

The Lunch, on the whole, was well attended during the winter, and *you* were often the topic of conversation—we heard of you frequently thro' some of our members, and we took much interest, as in duty bound, in the attentions which you received from the great men of Europe.

I have shewn your letter to several of our members and shall do so to the others, as I meet them, and I need hardly say that they receive your parental admonitions with great cordiality.—We hope next winter, you will be obliged to return amongst us to preserve your "*orthodoxy*" untainted.—

I met Shubrick in Baltimore where he was on a visit to his family after his return from the West Indies—he requested me to enclose you a letter for Mrs. Cooper from his wife.—He has given up his command for the present, owing to her ill health.

I think you take a correct view of European politics, and I shall not be at all surprised to see a war between the Apostolical party and the Liberals. It must end in the overthrow of the former, for I cannot imagine it possible, that there will be a retrograde to the "dark ages" even on the continent.

The change of Ministry in England will of course in-

fuse fresh spirit into the exertions of the Liberals, and perhaps it may, for the present, overawe their opponents—but the tempest is brewing, and horrible will be the devastations, when the storm breaks out!

Our local atmosphere is filled with conflicting elements—but the mischief is confined to ourselves. The present Administration is certainly unpopular, but whether it will be changed or not, two years hence, it is useless now to predict—the people are too uncertain in their feelings, to render political foresight of much avail.

We are all anxiety to read *The Prairie*, and we scold the publishers for depriving us of that pleasure so long: they promise, however, to issue it this week. Report says that we are to have another from the same Author in the fall. I understand that *he* is at present somewhere in Europe, and if you should chance to meet him, let him know how very glad his American friends would be to have this report confirmed!

We have had an excessively gay winter and are threatened with a renewal of festivities, in commemoration of a Matrimonial alliance that has just taken place between Governor Clinton's son and Miss Hone. Your friend Miss Jay has been a great Belle this season, and is very handsome. I was there a few evenings since at a small party—they are very well. Wishing you much pleasure and restored health during the summer, I remain

Yours very truly
Jacob Harvey

FROM THE PRINCESS GALITZIN

June 21 [1827]

Dear Mr. Cooper,

I told Dr. Dosana that you would be here between

three and four o'clock, and he waited for you until half after four, when he was forced to go to Miss Duvivier, who is sick abed. What day do you wish to see him? and at what hour? He asks me to find out from you, and he will be punctual at the hour you name. My kindest regards.

I suppose that you will come to-morrow or Saturday at four o'clock, and that you will tell us the day that you wish to see us at Rouen. As my son leaves us on Tuesday, we shall not have a free day until then.

A kiss for Mrs. Cooper, and for you too if she will permit it. This word "*kiss*" has slipped off my pen because I am so in the habit of using it in writing to my 8 children, and I have no time to re-write my letter.

Mr. Cooper
House of Mr. Therneau-fils
at Rouen.

(Translation.)

TO MR. MOORE, PARIS

St. Ouen, Oct. 20th, 1827

Dear Sir

Accompanying this you will receive 3d vol. of *Rover* with Preface, etc., complete. The last vol. was sent to America by the ship of the 15th and the French Publishers are just beginning to print, and the last sheets are withheld from the German edition. I do not wish the book to be published much before the 1st Dec; but think it advisable to put Mr. Colburne in a condition to go on leisurely and to get ready. I wish you would consult me as to the day of publication, and I will name one for you at least a day sooner than in Paris as understood.

I have a new work a good deal advanced, and one that I think will attract attention in England. It is not a novel. [*Notions of the Americans.*]

The subject is of much interest for your country, and though it is one of fact, will be sufficiently embellished by adventure and fiction to give it interest to general readers. I prefer however not to commit its nature to paper, but would wish to treat with Mr. Colburne concerning its publication. It will be ready in February.

I shall also have a tale for this time next year, of which I will shortly advise you. [*The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish.*]

Yours very sincerely
J. Fenimore Cooper

FROM LAFAYETTE

La grange October 22 1827

My dear Sir

An English friend of mine, connected with the Editor of the inclosed Review, Has sent some numbers to me with a request that it should Be announced in the french papers. I therefore Have sent it to the *Constitutional* and the *Courrier*. But Having cast an eye on the June publication I found extracts from letters of Mr. Burke, just come out, where the price of His Apostacy, very short of His Mark, as you will see, His true opinion of the politics of Mr. Pitt, and a preliminary observation of the Editor Respecting the genuine motives of His changing sides, seem to me more correctly stated than in those of our American publications that talk of Him as if He were an oracle in every thing relating to the European Revolution. I thought some quotations of Burke Himself

in His confidential letter might come *à propos* for Your actual occupation, or at least that they may be of some interest to You. Be pleased to Return the number when you Have done with it.

I also send you an Answer just received to several queries Respecting Florida, which I also Beg you to Return in time as I may need to show it to European *Amateurs*.

Our young Scotch visitor Has left us, fully composed, pleasant, good natured, and affectionate. His Remarks relative to America, the Bust, the portraits, were quite the Reverse of those He Had the first days so strangely uttered. He told me with tears that no where for a long time He Had found quiet and sympathy for his sufferings, and that the Society at la grange Had done Him much good. His servant told our people He was an excellent master. He spoke, if He lives which He much questions, of ending His days in the U. S.

The inhabitants of la grange join with me in affectionate Respects to Mrs. Cooper and you all. most truly

Your friend

Lafayette

FROM A LETTER OF MRS. COOPER TO HER SISTER MARTHA

Paris Nov. 27th [1827]

I am sure you will be glad to hear, that Mr. Cooper is looking better than he has done for a long time, that He is growing fatter, and as to his strength, when I tell you that he walked about a fortnight since, round the walls of Paris, which is more than seventeen miles, in five hours, you will think I need say nothing more;—an American Naval Officer was with Him, and when they

had completed the Circle they held a consultation whether or not, they should turn round and walk it back again.—*Red Rover* makes its appearance at Paris and London to-day and in about a fortnight—before this letter reaches you, at least, You will have become acquainted with Him. I think you will like Him, although you will find the Hero, in a different style from plain simple hearted old Natty. You will be startled I suppose in seeing some of the names and say like old Quintard, of himself and Mr. Pintard, we must be relations, there is only the difference of a letter or two in our names.—I scolded a little, but the Author said it was a pretty name, and common enough not to make it look at all pointed.—There are several American Families at Paris this Winter—Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbs, she was a Miss Vandenheuvel, and perhaps was a school fellow at Mrs. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, who have the Consulate at Gibralter—Dr. and Mrs. Jarvis, the latter is in very delicate health, having never recovered the effects of her confinement, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, and ourselves—I like Mr. and Mrs. H. very much, but nevertheless, I am very glad that Mary Jay, has refused their Nephew—but I suppose it is not worth while to say any more upon the subject.

Most truly and tenderly,
S. A. F. C.

FROM LAFAYETTE

January 8th [1828]

I have been in quest of you, my dear Sir, and unfortunately Happened to arrive at your Hotel rue des Champs Elysées immediately after you Had left it. I return to la Grange to morrow with the Bride and Bride-

groom immediately after the marriage that will take place a quarter before ten at the *Municipalité rue du faubourg St. Honoré jusque au loin de la Madeleine* and immediately after at the *Assumption Chapel*, a church which you will know—in the same st Honoré st. the Bridegroom and family are in deep mourning for the Recent loss of His Sister, which Has prevented our sending formal invitations and making what is called a wedding. But the American minister Mr. Sheldon, and the Consul at Paris are pleased to Honor with their presence, the Much Contracted Matrimonial Circle, the *Consul at Lyons* would be very welcome. I will return on the 18th We Have thought our arrangements might be very Unhappily again defeated By the immediate danger of Mde. de Segur our aunt and friend. She is a little Better, and we Have determined on to morrow 9th. this letter will reach you I Hope to night before your Sleeping Hour and I am your very affectionate friend.

La Fayette

My Best Respects to Mrs. Cooper and family. I am delighted with your *Rover*. the description of a french marriage is not so picturesque, But the events of a friendly family are interesting to your kind Heart.

FROM AUGUSTE LEVASSEUR

Paris, Mar. 3rd, 1828

No. I—

It is very natural that an author should incline toward a description of the fiftieth anniversary of Bunker's hill. However, the first entry into Boston of Lafayette, after a resolution of Congress had invited him to disembark within her walls, offers scenes of great interest. It would

be well to recall some of these, particularly his first visit to Charlestown and Bunker's hill, where an immense concourse of people awaited him, and the address in which, on these classic heights, looking out on the one side toward a vast free continent and on the other toward the continent of Europe, he renders solemn homage to the principle of resistance to oppression.

This address will be found in the book which Mr. Cooper now has. It was a wonderful day—that of the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument, and of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle. This picture, depicted by a great artist, would be sublime. It seemed as though all of New England was in Boston. People had come there in great numbers from New York, from Philadelphia, from Charleston, and from other parts of the United States. The weather was superb, brilliant sunshine with great heat, though endurable. The most impressive of these scenes were the laying of the corner stone, under the auspices of the State authorities, by the President of the Committee, the Grand-Master of the Masonic Order, and General Lafayette, who had arrived two days before, according to promise, on his return from a tour of nearly four months, stretching over five thousand four hundred miles, one continual round of visits.

The arrangement of the great platform, facing the immense throng, where fifteen or twenty thousand persons could hear the address of the Orator of the day, the prayers, and the admirable hymns sung on this occasion. Dr. Thacher had fought at Bunker's Hill. His white locks fell in long curls on his shoulders, and when he raised toward heaven, in gestures of supplication, his hands emaciated by age, and when he uttered in a strong

voice a long prayer, all who heard him were deeply moved.

All the officers and soldiers of the Revolution, who had gathered from great distances, were seated directly opposite the platform, the veterans of Bunker's Hill forming a group by themselves. Seated in an armchair, the head and centre of the group of veterans, was the one surviving general of the Revolution. It was a very touching sight, at the moment when the Orator of the day addressed himself to these veterans of the Revolution, to see them all rise and bare their white locks to receive the thanks tendered them in the name of the people, and with the assent and approbation of this immense throng. Lafayette stood up again, but alone, to hear that part of the oration which was addressed to him personally.

Mr. Cooper certainly has the beautiful oration of Mr. Webster. Everything about this ceremony was impressive, powerful, and affecting.

There was in a vast enclosure, built of boards for this occasion, a hall that would seat four thousand, filled to its utmost capacity, without counting the crowds that moved about, and so arranged that the speeches and toasts could be heard perfectly. When they had drunk to the health of Lafayette, he concluded his acknowledgement with the following toast, significant enough,—

"Bunker hill and the holy resistance to oppression which has already enfranchised the American hemisphere. The next half century jubilee's toast shall be—to enfranchised Europe." It might be interesting to give this toast word for word.

General Lafayette is a little better. I do not think, however, that he will be able to go out under a fortnight.

I have numbered this letter No. I, and I will number

those that follow, that you may be sure that all reach you.

We beg that you will let us know how you and Mrs. Cooper are.

Your devoted and affectionate
Levasseur

Fenimore Cooper, Esq., London

FROM LAFAYETTE

Paris May 3d 1828

My dear Sir

I See with much pleasure By your last letter that we may expect You in a short time. You will not probably leave the Western part of Europe Before the Book is finished, and as I find You are launched into the fine Circles of London Society, I suppose the work may be Somewhat retarded on that account altho' I know your Writing Hours are in the morning. those envois Have, to my great gratification Reached me. I have sent them directly to Versailles by le Vasseur's father who lives there, which saves time. Miss preble Has been indisposed But is getting Better. I have been very sorry to Hear that my excellent friend duke of Bedford has Had a new attack of palsy, and Beg you to let me know How He is. We Have dined last Thursday at our friend's Mr. and Mrs. Brown; it was a kind dinner to our Bride *Natalie* which Had been postponed on Account of my indisposition But, notwithstanding the Hospitable and Affectionate good spirits of dear Mrs. Brown, I was much grieved to perceive Her Health was not improving. We Have Had some American Arrivals, among whom Mrs. Cruger and family. My time is much taken Up by the obligation to sit for five Hours every day in the chamber of deputies—in return for Your valuable, most inter-

esting and gratifying sheets, I send you what I took the opportunity to say lately in the House, and a few observations of the Roial Gazette upon it, a Bad Bartering Bargain for you to make, But it may a moment amuse you. My views of this Representative Government you already knew. if you think it worth translating it is much at your service. As to the Gazette it is true the man I complimented is a Roïalist lately *Chef de Legion* in the dissolved National guard. I am ever pleased when either friends or foes do justice to my American principles and feelings. Present my affectionate respects to Mrs. Cooper, remember me to all friends about You, particularly to Lord and Lady Holland, to our American diplomate, and Consul; receive the friendly Regards of the whole family and Believe me forever

Your affectionate friend

La fayette.

FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT

9th May [1828]

My dear Sir

I have just met a gentleman of the household who tells me I am commanded to attend his majesty on Sunday. This in compliance with the etiquette of this country obliges me to break off other engagements.

It would be very ungrateful of me to be thankless for the attention of my sovereign but I truly wish his commands had come for another day—as they break the pleasure of going to Hampton Court with Mr. Rogers and you.

Yours truly

W. Scott

FROM CHARLES WILKES

New York, 16 May, 1828

My dear Sir

I observe that LaVasseur has published or is about to publish an account of LaFayette's visit to this country. I should doubt the success of it very much, at least in America—not that he will be wanting in praises, but what can he know of us, seeing the country as he did, perpetually in holiday clothes? I have no doubt you are perfectly right in what you say about the improved state of liberties of France and these struggles shew indisputably, that they are learning the trade of politicians and they will value what they gain the more, trifling as each successive gain may be, by the efforts made, while the constant discussion of the principles as well as practice of a liberal and free government will more and more prepare the public at large for the enjoyment and defence of it when they do obtain it. I hope you think worse of England than it deserves—I cannot believe that there is any danger of a serious attempt on their constitution or that the common people, except what arises from the burden of taxation, have much to suffer.—To be sure that is, I fear, a weighty exception.—Yet even in that respect in my last hasty visit to that country, I saw little of distress among the people. It is true that compared to this happy country, there is an immeasurable distance in the situation of the working class, as to the chance of raising themselves to better circumstances—any man here, with common industry and common capacity may, at the end of every year, find himself more and more independent as to money, while in England, in the lower classes, there is little prospect of it—but as to being well fed and cloathed, compare the English peasant with that of any

European country and I think the advantage will be on his side and still more as to general intelligence and morals—taking them as a mass. Yet I should be very far from tenacious of these opinions, for I have learnt every year of my life more and more to distrust the results of observations made, as travellers nine times out of ten make them. I am surprised at what you tell me of the expenses of living in France. Mrs. Cruger, to whom I mentioned before she left us, some of your opinions on these points, told me she had very different accounts from others and that she expected to find a very favourable change since she had left France—but, for some reason or other, she was anxious to go and then you know how prone the human mind is to make every thing bend to the favorite object.—If economy was the object, I fear from what you say that she will be mistaken. Miss De Lancey is married to Mr. McAdam. We have been surprised at not having heard the news from Mr. McAdam himself. From what I know of Mr. McAdam I should say that she had every prospect of being happy with him, for I never knew a kinder or better husband than he made to his former wife, who, I fancy, on more than one point, tried his patience a great deal. We are so deeply plunged into party squabbles about the presidential question that everything else seems of less importance. Both parties boast of their chances of success. The Jackson men are the louder and most positive I think—but I believe the result is really, yet, quite uncertain. I, who care much less about that question than most of my friends and neighbors, am infinitely more interested about the chances of war in Europe. Our latest accounts seem to make, at least, war almost unavoidable. I sincerely hope any spark of it may be quenched before it blazes out.

When once fairly entered into, who can tell where it is to end or who will be able to keep out of it? If Great Britain is seriously engaged in it, could we escape? I much fear not, considering how many in both countries would be not unwilling to try the issue of another war. No person can reasonably doubt the power of each country to do infinite mischief to the other, but he must be wise indeed who can discover any real advantage to either. I most anxiously hope the trial may not be made.

John Loudon McAdam was the inventor of the so-called McAdam or macadamized roads. He was born in Scotland in 1756. He was Surveyor General of Metropolitan Roads in 1827. He refused to be knighted. He married Anne Charlotte De Lancey, sister of Mrs. James Fenimore Cooper, as his second wife. He died at Moffat, Dumfriesshire, in 1836.

FROM CHARLES WILKES

New York, June 30, 1828

My dear Sir

Basil Hall is here just now, on the eve of departure for London, and sails to-morrow—what his intentions are, as to publishing, I do not know, and he speaks uncertainly—yet I have no doubt he will make a book at last—for he will be unwilling to make no account of the mass of materials he has collected. He has taken infinite pains and certainly came to America very much inclined to think most favorably of our people, our country, and our institutions—perhaps too favorably, for I think he has been disappointed. After all, a year is too short a time to study thoroughly a nation and a vast country. There has been an unaccountable disposition to make false reports of his conduct and of his opinions, and altho' after taking a

good deal of pains, I have never yet found any ground for the calumnies and many of them I have detected as absolutely false and without the slightest foundation of truth, yet I think he must have wanted a good tact in his intercourse with us, to have created such a hostility. If he does publish, I think his work will be at least very amusing, for he writes extremely well

My kindest regards to Mrs. Cooper.

Always very sincerely
Yr friend
Chas. Wilkes

Basil Hall was born in Edinborough in 1788. He was a Captain in the British Navy in 1817. He wrote a number of books of travel; among them *Travels in North America in 1827-28*, which was violently attacked by the American press. He also wrote some stories and at least one romance. He became insane and died in 1844.

Charles Wilkes was a prominent New York business man; highly cultivated, as appears by his letters, and interested in politics, art, and literature. In 1824-25 he was Cashier of the Bank of New York and then lived at 76 Broad Street. In 1826-27 he was President of the bank and living at 28 Laight Street.

FROM A LETTER OF MRS. COOPER TO HER SISTER MARTHA

Paris, July 11th [1828]

I have just received a present of a beautiful Bust, in marble, of Mr. Cooper; sculptured by M. David and an excellent likeness—I wanted to send it to Mrs. Jay, to take charge of for me, until our return—but Mr. Cooper has cheated me, and sent it to Mr. Charles Wilkes—it is one of the best resemblances I have ever seen—M. David who presented it, as a testimony of his respect for my Husband—sends out at the same time, a fine Bust of

General La Fayette, sculptured by himself, as a present to the American People—which is also an uncommonly good resemblance—the General has quite recovered and in August, another of his granddaughters is to be married—Mlle. de Laysterie. The Bradford affair is said to be quite off.

Most truly and tenderly,
S. A. F. C.

FROM PIERRE JEAN DAVID

Paris September 13th 1828

Your letter my dear Cooper gave me much pleasure. I thank you with all my heart for your amiable remembrance of me. How truly kind I should consider it if you would devote a few of your leisure moments to me in the course of your travels, that I may know what you have seen, and how you are getting on.

I have done what you wished with your bust, it is now on its way to its destination, I have also sent a copy of it to my native town, Angers, the inhabitants there have placed it in the museum, and all the admirers of your sublime genius are happy to have so favorable an opportunity of studying your features; unfortunately it is but a feeble delineation of the original: I am going to send several of them to different Towns in France where I have friends who appreciate the excellence of your works.

You ask me if my Condé has yet marched in on its pedestal? Yes it has; and for its back-ground it has the sky which makes the most inferior Statue look well; the public appeared satisfied with it somebody said one day "that it had a very imposing air and that it looked like a storm" you see that the poetical language begins to gain ground amongst us.

Shall we have a translation of the letters you are writing on the beautiful country you now inhabit? and the novels also that you intend to write will they be translated into french?

I have an earnest desire to read *all* your productions for those that I have read delighted my very soul.

You will see by this letter that I am studying English—on your return to Paris I hope I shall be able to converse with you in your own language.

I thank you for your good wishes;—I am certainly ambitious to have a good wife it is a treasure that I shall be happy to possess; I like and esteem so highly the ladies, that it appears to me that it would not be difficult to find one good and generous even to heroism.

adieu my dear Cooper
believe me to be
Your faithful friend
David

P.S. Pray present my respects to
Madame Cooper
I had nearly forgotten to tell you that
I have given one of your busts
to your ambassador.
if you wish it I can send you the same extracts of jeane d'arc, which I gave you before.

Pierre Jean David, known as David d'Angers, was born in 1789. He died in 1856. He was a very celebrated French sculptor. He executed the pediment of the Panthéon. He fought in the July revolution on the side of the people. The bust mentioned is still in the possession of Cooper's descendants; it bears on the base the inscription "À James Fenimore Cooper. P J David D'Angers 1828" and in a letter from Mrs. Fenimore Cooper is described as a perfect likeness.

FROM CHARLES WILKES

New York, Sep[t] 30, 1828

My dear Sir

Since I last wrote to you I have received your kind and very entertaining letter of the 30th June from Paris. I am very much amused with your accounts of the society you met with in London, altho' I do not always agree in your opinions nor perhaps exactly in the results of your observations. I did not see Lord Grey and was not prepared for hearing him as much praised as you do—he has always had, I think, a character of reserve and hauteur, unusual in good company. I think I liked Lord Keix as well as any of the whigs I saw—I liked M[r] Abercromby very well and I did not see Brougham except for an instant. I did not like Sir James M[c]Intosh at all—it cannot be denied that he has infinite funds of information and I have no doubt has great talents—but his conversational power seemed to me to be exerted too much *ex cathedra*—and that there was constantly apparent a cold hearted selfishness and self-complacency, naturally enough perhaps the consequence of his success as a talker, but rather disgusting. I thought the same of Allen and of Wishart, who are great authorities among the Whigs, altho' neither of them in parliament. I thought Sharp, whom perhaps you have not met, a pleasanter talker in most company than either of the others, but I rather found him trite and commonplace except when in defense of an absolute paradox, probably started to be defended. The professed wits, from whom something smart is expected or who, at least, think so themselves, whenever their mouths are opened, are, in my opinion, very insufferable companions at all times. The painters talk most of repose, as a great merit in their composi-

tions—the same thing is wanted and agreeable in poetry and eloquence, but it has always struck me that it could not be more necessary any where than in conversation. I *was* surprised at McIntosh's blunders about the Venus—not that I expected from him the least real taste—I really think five minutes with him would prevent any such expectation, but I wonder, with the accuracy of his memory and knowledge, which is wonderful, as I have always heard Jeffery say, that he should so forget what every Tyro in the arts learns, as his alphabet. I should think it was the Venus *à belles lettres* that you was looking at. You say nothing of Brougham. I should think, all things considered, variety of attainment, accuracy, versatility and industry, he was the most extraordinary man in England. I have read your notions with great pleasure—I think you have made a most excellent *plaidoyer* for your country—for I cannot help owning that I consider it, as it was perhaps very fair to make it, an *ex parte* statement; altho' I admit it is not easy to point out any inaccuracy in your facts—perhaps it is in your deductions from them that one might find some parts a little doubtful.—I have smiled now and then when I recollected how indignant you was sometimes with my poor Miss Wright for her nauseous flattery, as I believe you called it—if her's was a picture all of lights and with no shadows, you will hardly escape the same charge. I cannot agree with you in either of two opinions in both of which you seem confident—I do not think there is any hatred of America among the people of England as a nation. There may be in a certain class of politicians—a small one however—something like it, but among the mass of educated people in England I thought I always saw a leaning towards America—a sort of feeling, that America, altho'

no longer a part of the same nation, was yet something quite distinct from a stranger nation—a kind of *tertium quid* between native and foreigner—while on the other hand, I am very much mistaken indeed, if there be not, in a great portion of the American people, a great dislike of England and a great jealousy of its power and intentions. This feeling has made, and I believe would now make, a war with England not unpopular; and while the remembrances of Whig and Tory are sedulously kept up by one of the political parties of the country and the occurrences of the wars so often recurred to, and it will continue to be a popular topic, I do not see what can ever prevent the cause from producing the effect. Nor is it strange that it should be so—England never felt at her firesides or the homes of her people the ravages of hostile armies—she only knew that she was at war with America by an attack on the purses of her people. Far different was the case of America—her fields were ravaged, her citizens banished from their homes and their fortunes ruined, and altho' I believe there never was a civil war stained with so few horrors, yet there was enough to leave such an impression on the minds of the nation as could not easily be obliterated. Is it not a proof that there is such a feeling in the people of America; that no man from England, or with even English connections, is ever looked at without distrust, as a public man, unless he has distinguished himself by a marked opposition to English opinions and English politics? What would have been the reception of such men as Emmett (even with his talents undoubted as they were, as well as his industry), as McNevin, and dozens of others whom I do not recollect, if they had not come here as refugees from English persecutions? What chance would even an English Whig have had?—If I am not

much mistaken, he would have starved here, instead of being, as Emmett very soon was, made Attorney General and in possession of ten or twelve thousand a year by his profession. Look at Gallatin and say if an Englishman could ever have had his success? I have received, a few days since, fifteen hundred dollars from Carey & Lea for your account and have remitted that amount to Weller & Co. by this packet in a bill for 7687.50 francs Exch. 5.12 and a/c. Carey & Lea desired from me, when I drew, a declaration that the sum was in full for the *copy right* of the *Notions of a Bachelor*—Y^r^ letter only said that they would pay you "for the letters" $1500. As I thought it uncertain whether you had sold the copy right or only one or two editions, I quoted in my answer the words of your letter. I said that I could only state that the sum was in full, accompanied with that statement. They paid my bill and I suppose were satisfied. They have not mentioned a syllable about the other matter, as to the endorser on this note. I don't think I ought to begin the subject. I shall certainly however be for having the paper secured, not from any doubts about them, for I really know little about them, but upon general principles and for your safety. I have received the bust, which is certainly like and well executed—I should have rather wished, if it had been mine, not to have had it colossal, as it is less adapted for a common room. It was very provoking to me to find that I was obliged to pay forty dollars' duty on it—I represented in vain that it was your property, a present to you from an artist and certainly entirely for the pleasure of your family and friends and in no possible way, as I conceived, to be considered as merchandise—it was valued at 600 francs and the duty insisted upon. Perhaps if it had been brought out by you, it might have escaped

as a part of your baggage, or if it had been imported by any academy of arts. Surely this is very paltry. Cole [Thomas Cole, the landscape painter] is just now at Boston—when he returns, I will urge him. If he goes to Europe as he intended, he shall carry the picture and deliver it to Mr Rogers, and if he abandons the voyage for this year, I will press him to finish and send it. He has your directions given to him in writing. I beg my kindest compliments, and love if you will permit it, to Mrs Cooper. I am always

Yrs Sincerely
C Wilkes

FROM LAFAYETTE

La Grange November 4th. 1828

My dear Sir

The last time I Have Heard of You, Switzerland was Your resting place. I suppose you are now visiting italy, and wish much to know How you are, and what are your future plans. may they soon Bring you again to us. the opening of the Session Being postponed to January 20th I don't expect to leave la grange before that time. George and His wife are gone to my native mountains of Auvergne and to Grenoble where in the course of this month I am likely to Become once more a great grand father. the public papers give you an account of European politics. I am neither a Russian or a Turk, But exclusively an Hellenist and a friend to the french expedition as it Has Been planned and is conducted on generous principles. of the presidential election I say nothing. Both parties seeming confident of success, and time approaching when we shall know the Result. our friend Mrs.

Welles keeps you informed of the sale of the translation and future prospects in which I feel warmly interested as I don't share in the Humility of our American fellow citizens at Home and abroad when, conscious as they are, as much as any people, of their own worth, they think it a matter of Bonton, as they did at the appearance of Miss Wright's letters, to say that you Have exagerated the superiority of American good sense, and the merit of American manners. Yet such of them, as are so very modest, when taken at their word feel pretty sensitive, you know. Mrs. Brown's Health, I am Happy to say, is much better. we shall Have this season a pretty numerous circle of Ladies from the several States, some thing like a Washington winter. one of them, the amiable Mrs. Hone is gone with her Husband to italy. You will no doubt favor M. de Chateaubriand with your acquaintance the value of which He is fit to appreciate, altho' your notions of indian manners are not quite the same. our friend duke de Broglie Has lost His very worthy mother wife to my dear colleague d'argenton. Mon. Topliff and Sturgis of Boston, and perhaps Crittenden and party of the U. S. Army are on their way to Rome where you will find, or at Vienna, Young G. W. Greene, grand son to my Brother in arms, who is very interesting to me, and Mr. Longfellow of portland. permit me to inclose a note to Count Montebello secretary of legation to the french embassy. the part of the family now at la grange Beg to Be particularly remembered to You and Mrs. Cooper whom I Request You to present with my Best Respects and am

Your affectionate friend

Lafayette

Frances Darusmont (d'Arusmont), generally known by her maiden name of Frances Wright, was a philanthropist and agitator. She was born at Dundee in 1795. She was twice in Paris between 1821 and 1824, and was a close friend of Lafayette's. She travelled for some time in the United States, bought property in Tennessee, and there started a negro settlement, which failed. She lectured in America in 1833. She had written a series of letters which were published in 1821 under the title, *Views of Society and Manners in America, by an English Woman.* She was also known as the "Pioneer Woman" in the cause of women's rights.

TO MRS. COOPER, FLORENCE

Genoa, Friday, [February 27, 1829]
4 o'clock in the afternoon

My dearest Sue,

We left Florence, as you know, in good style a little after six. At the gate we got an additional horse and two gallant looking and gallant galloping dragoons for an escort. We changed the military at each post, but our campaign was bloodless. I soon got *a position* and fell asleep. A little fracas awoke me at the gates of Pisa, which city we entered a little before two. Our stop did not much exceed half an hour and by a little past four we were at Lucca. Here we changed everything to the courier himself. The carriage proved less splendid but comfortable. Our dragoons vanished, like ghosts, with the crowing of the cock. We got a little to eat at a town whose name I forget, but it is something with an S. The terrible ford or torrent of Magra was soon after passed in a boat, and we were jogging on among the Apennines long before the setting of the sun. I forgot the poor Duchess of Massa and her dominions. We went through the towns of

Massa and Carrara in due season without stopping but for a moment in each. The ride was beautiful, and most of the way the road is excellent. We had several beautiful views of sea and mountain and at Spogia we approached the first even to wetting our carriage wheels. Day passed out upon us in season to show Genoa a mile or two before we entered its gates, which we did with a *foule* of darkies and mulets charged with cabbages, eggs and other eatables. There was a jam in the gates, but carrying the mail, we got through with credit, or, in other words, he that did not get put off the way was run against with little ceremony.

I am at the Croix de Malta, which looks directly upon the harbour. I can scarcely describe to you the pleasure I feel in seeing ships, hearing the cries of seamen, a race everywhere so much alike, and in smelling all the odours of the trade. Yesterday I did the harbour thoroughly, by land and water, floating in the Mediterranean again, after an interval of twenty-one years, with a delight like that of a schoolboy, broke out of his bounds. An Italian sea-port is far more picturesque than one in our own country. Here is to be seen every sort of vessel in form and rig known to these classic seas—the polacre, the latteener, feluccas, pinnaces, etc., etc., with red cap'd, swarthy faced sailors in abundance. If I could get a good house here for the summer, I should be strongly tempted to come as high as this in June. The City is picturesque, and some of the palaces are splendid. I rode round the walls this morning on horseback. The distance must have exceeded eight miles. But the walls enclose ground enough to contain ten such cities, though the town itself is one of the most compact in Europe. The town lies against the fort and at the foot of a mountain of some

height, and in order to fortify it all, it became necessary to enclose the whole mountain to its apex.

There is a French corvette here, and I went on board her this afternoon. She carries twenty-two guns, but I think one of our 22's would soon dispose of her.

All this is very well, you say, but it does not advance you towards Paris. No help for it, my dear. I was obliged to stop until Saturday afternoon, or to go on the same afternoon.

Saturday morning 28th. Yesterday I met Mr. Robinson, the Andover professor, who sailed from New York the same day with us. He married you know in Germany, and is now taking a look at Italy. He will call on you in Florence, and it will be well to be civil to her, as she must be beginning to look on us as countrymen.

Had I gone on with a vitturino I should not reach Nice any sooner than by going to-day. We shall arrive at Nice Sunday evening at eight o'clock, stay there until Monday noon and reach Marseilles Tuesday night or Wednesday morning, I do not know which; one day at Marseilles, one at Nimes, and 5 to Paris, or Wednesday week. This will make fourteen days from Florence, but I cannot go faster, without overdoing my work, and it is best to see all I can conveniently now.—I shall endeavor to push things hard at Paris.

Kiss all our babes for me, and exhort William to endeavor to improve himself for his own good.

The weather is magnificently fine to-day, but as the wind blows from off the Apennines, it is a little cool.

Adieu, my love; work hard, and remember that this is the time for Sue and yourself to get your Italian.

Ever most affectionately yours

J. Fenimore Cooper.

To Master Paul.

On dit que les fusils de Gènes ne sont pas bons, mais à Paris il y en a d'excellents. Je ne sais pas s'il y en a de porter la plomb, mais en tout cas nous pouvons tuer les voleurs avec des morceaux de bois en flèche. Adieu, petit gamin. Je vous aime de tout mon cœur—vous et votre chère maman—et vos sœurs. Il faut toujours parler Italien.—Encore adieu.

TO MRS. COOPER, FLORENCE

Marseilles, March 5th, 1829

My dearest Sue,

Here I am at length at Marseilles. I left Genoa Saturday evening at 5 o'clock. We had a good night, and the next day, Sunday, was beautifully clear and not cold. The passage along the shores of the Mediterranean is positively one of the finest things I have yet seen. The road crosses the end of the Alps, precisely at the little principality of Monaco, and I scarcely know anything more magnificent. We reached Nice before 8 o'clock. I was obliged to remain at Nice until Monday, 3 o'clock, when we went to Antibes, where we slept. From Antibes we went in a day and night to Aix, and from Aix I came down here, to see if it were possible to print at Marseilles, in which case I would send for you in April, or let you follow me round the same road, and we might return in September by water to Naples, and come up to Rome by land. The expense would not differ materially from our other plans, as I shall save, by not going to Paris, nearly enough to bring you here. I went this morning to see a printer and I found my *deaf and dumb* printer at work in his establishment. This man alone can do the work in about three months, but there are others to assist. We are

now in treaty, and an hour will decide the matter. The next sentence will tell you the result.

March 6th.

I stay. A bookseller by the name of Camoins has undertaken to print the book at his own risk and on the whole I have decided to stay. We shall be three months in the Press. *Voici* my plans: At the expiration of the lease in Florence, you will send all the trunks with William to Leghorn, who will ship them for this place. You will take post-horses and go to Pisa. Then you will send *Luigi*, if you think best to keep him, to Leghorn to come by water, and take William as your escort. You will be two days and one night to Genoa. Half a day at Genoa, or a whole day if fatigued, and a day and a night to Nice. At Nice I will meet you if you wish it. I shall have a country house ready to receive you, and we will stay here until September, when we will *embark* for *Naples*. From Naples to Rome. Taking the water passage, and the saving by not going to Paris, into the account, the expense will be about the same as if we passed the Summer at Monte Nero. As a country house here will not cost more for five months than for four, you can come just as soon as your impatience to rejoin me, and your own good sense, will tell you is best for the girls.

Tell everybody that I have taken good care of their letters and packages. I have found a dozen Americans here, among others Bloodgood on his way to Paris; he will take the packages for me.

8 o'clock.

Having determined to stay here, I set about my business seriously this morning, and I am now writing to you at the desk where I hope to finish the *Wish-ton-Wish*. I am nearly opposite to Hodges, in a clean, healthy and

genteel part of the town. *Rez-de-Chaussée*—carpet salon, well furnished chimney, sofa, etc., and a good sized bedroom—price 60 francs a month—25 sous for breakfast, and dinner where I please. Putting my expenses at 7 francs a day for two months, supposing it should be so long before you join me, it will not much exceed the cost of going from this to Paris and returning. But I intend to make such a bargain for a country house as shall leave it entirely optional with you to come when you please, on the score of expenses. I think you will come about the 20th April, and your journey of five days must then be delightful. The *Java* has just got into Toulon, distant 40 miles from here—I have half a mind to go and see the place, and the ship at the same time.

I am afraid masters are out of the question here, except perhaps dancing masters. But it is quite evident that the town is purely commercial. The difference is quite striking. This circumstance will I fear keep you at Florence longer than I could wish, but do not think of exceeding the time of the lease, and remember that in five days you can always join me, and with a good wind I can come to Florence in three. In point of fact we are 500 miles asunder, but there is a short cut by water. I would wish you to come by land, as I think you will have enough of water in going to Naples, and the road is so magnificent. Pisa and Genoa must be seen. There are very extensive Roman ruins at Frejus in Provence, exceeding any I have yet seen. The acqueduct has been very respectable, and the amphitheatre *to me as yet* is an object of great curiosity. Happily they all lie directly on the road and an hour would suffice to see them all. There must be a mile or two of the acqueduct still standing, though it is much dilapidated.

Tuesday, March 10th.

These Frenchmen have deceived me, and after keeping me several days in suspense, I have been obliged to break with them. I shall not say what I think, but after all there is a remedy. I have made a bargain with the *sourd et muet*, and we only wait for a passage to sail for Leghorn. He can print the book alone in about four months, and I will make such an arrangement as shall enable me to take him with me to Leghorn, should it be necessary, and we will pass the hot months near the sea. I have come to this decision because if he should get sick or fail in any way, I could take the sheets already printed and go on to Paris with a loss of two days at any time, and I think the chance of his continuing to work worth more than the risk, and I find Florence will print for little more than half the price of Marseilles, and Paris is still dearer, and because the man has excellent recommendations, is a good workman, and puts all his papers in my hands as a pledge. Besides I shall enquire at Leghorn and Pisa, and hope to find one or two assistants.

Let William go and see M. Molliné immediately and state the fact that I have found the *sourd et muet*, and am on my return—request him to get the papers ready, which I will take at all hazards, as it is much cheaper in Italy than in France, and which will always be safe. Do this in order to save time, which is now getting to be important to us. I shall sail to-morrow in a brig of Genoa for Leghorn. At least they say they will sail to-morrow. The passage is uncertain. I may precede this letter, or I may be two days getting to you. I think however to reach home Tuesday or Wednesday next, which will make an absence of three weeks. I have not had a line from you,

my love, nor do I expect one, since my letters are gone to Paris.

Give my love as usual and believe me as ever

Yours most affectionately

J. Fenimore-Cooper.

I find it is blowing a Mistral and no vessel can leave the port. I have therefore determined to go in an English brig which will not sail until *Saturday*, wind permitting. The passage will however be shorter, as these people are in the habit of running into port on all occasions. As I may never be here again, I shall profit by the opportunity to visit Nimes or Toulon; which, I have not yet decided. Adieu, my love. Expect me in the next week. Kiss our babes.

FROM A LETTER OF MRS. COOPER TO HER FATHER

began

Florence, March 25 finished 9th April [1829]

You ought to have had five or six letters—one however you will I think be sure of—which I wrote to Caroline, when Mr. Cooper set out on his way to Paris—the letter went, but He, I am happy to say, and you, I know will be glad to hear—has returned, to remain with us. He found at Marseilles, a Person, who could print for him here, in English, and brought him back with Him, and has set him at work. You will easily believe the great satisfaction, this new arrangement has given us, after having anticipated a long separation of three months.

Florence is the cheapest place we have lived in, since being in Europe—we have passed six months very pleasantly here, and I think when we look back on what we have seen, from our good comfortable home in America, Florence will be one of those Places to which we shall

attach the pleasantest recollections—we have gone very little into Society, but had we been so disposed, we might have been in a constant round of Dissipation. Mr. Cooper has almost affronted the Lords, the Dukes, and Princes, by declining their invitations—but after satisfying Curiosity, we thought it would be quite as wise, to stay at Home, and save our Purse, for other purposes. But there are many Pleasures here to be enjoyed, without incurring any additional expense, to one's ordinary style of living. Their Magnificent Gallery of Antiquities, Collections of Paintings, Libraries, are exposed on the most liberal plan, and present a constant source of Improvement and delight.

I am amazed at the engagement of Mary Jay, and astonished and shocked, at the want of delicacy, in those young ladies, who appeared, in breeches at Mrs. Schermerhorn's. I could not have conceived that She had, among her acquaintances people with such vulgar ideas—I think it was in bad enough taste that Mr. Golden, should ridicule the infirmities of female old age—but that any young woman, should so far forget what is due, not only to good breeding, but to decency, is really inconceivable—but in my next I will tell you a story that will shew the opinion that they have of these things here.

S. A. F. C.

TO J. E. DE KAY, NEW YORK

Florence, May 25th, 1829, Villa St. Hilano,
near The Porta Romana.

My dear De Kay,

I have begun a dozen letters to you, but the ennui of scribbling has, in every instance, interposed to prevent their completion. I owe you thanks for the long letters by

Mrs. Cutting. There are so many Manhattanese who pass this way, that we are never long without the gossip of the city, though I have seen very few papers during the last year. As I like news myself, and news of my friends, I shall do as I would be done by, and give you a sketch of what we have done, and what we hope to do in the next two years.

We landed in England, and I made a short visit to London. We then went to Paris, by the way of Havre and Rouen. We arrived in Paris the 22nd July, 1826, and we did not quit it, or its environs, until February, 1828. We made several excursions, however, into the nearest Provinces. In February, 1828, we went to London, via Calais and Dover. We staid in London until the last week in May, when we sailed or paddled to Rotterdam, visited The Hague, etc., Amsterdam, Utrecht, Goreum, Breslau, Antwerp, Brussels, Waterloo, Valenciennes to Paris. Six weeks at Paris. By Fontainebleau and Dijon to Neufchatel and Berne. Near the latter place I took a house for three months, during which time, I visited all the Cantons, except Basle and Tessino. In October, went by the Vilairs and Simplon to Milan; by Parma, Novena, Bologna to Florence. Here the family has been posted since the last of October, 1828. I have made several short excursions into the neighboring states, and in March, I went by Lucia Gava, the Corniche-road, Nice, Antibes, Frejus and Aix to Marseilles, whence I returned by sea to Leghorn. Our time will expire the last of July in our present house, and then we intend to visit Lucia, Pisa, and Leghorn again. From the latter to Naples by water, touching at Elba; if practicable, we shall stay at Naples until October, and then for the Eternal City. In March for Upper Italy and Venice,

May to Vienna and Dresden. June, July, August and September, Germany. October, Paris, leave the family, and I shall go to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Berlin, Paris. In the Spring Ireland and Scotland and in the summer home.—*Voilà ce que j'ai fait et ce que je veux faire.*

I see by the papers that the misfortunes of poor Eckford have been far heavier than any that can proceed from the malice and envy of his fellow creatures. Against such blows there is no other remedy than resignation, though there is always consolation in believing that we possess the sympathy of others. Will you tell him that I, I may say we, for Mrs. Cooper knew the excellent young man who was in Paris, sincerely enter into his sorrows, and having lost two children ourselves we can have more than an ordinary perception of their severity. I hope the health of Mrs. De Kay has not suffered by these repeated shocks.

I have nothing of Halleck—he should not be idle, with his genius. He ought to have an easy office and be employed in cutting up the follies. I know nothing better than the stage. Why not improve the times a little through its instrumentality? You might do something in that way yourself.

What has become of Lunch, of Dunlap, of Cooper, of the Academy, of Moore, and all other strange fish, Francis included? I see that one of your worthies has had the misfortune to break his neck. I suppose he is stuffed and in a case. How was the Griscom War ended? You know I made the campaign as amateur.

Speaking of the Academy, I have something to say, in all gravity, and if you think it will answer, you can cause the next paragraph of my letter to be published. You will

see that the object is to serve the artist. Though it may wear the air of a puff, I assure you it is literally true.

At Florence, I met with Mr. Horatio Greenough, of Boston. He is on his second visit to Italy, where he is pursuing his studies as a sculptor. Mr. Greenough expressed a wish to make my bust, and his success was so encouraging, that I was induced to make him an offer for a groupe in marble. He had frequently modelled figures, though never grouped, and, in no instance I believe had any of them been sufficiently wrought up to be passed. With a diffidence, that did as much credit to his principles as his modesty, Mr. Greenough consented to undertake the task, on condition that unless both of us were pleased the order should be null and the work considered merely as one of his studies.

With this understanding of the terms we began to look about us for a subject. There is a picture in the Pitti Palace that is called La Madonna del Trono. It has the reputation of being by the hand of Raphael, though connoisseurs affect to see the pencil of one of his pupils in the principal figure. The Virgin is seated on a throne and angels are blowing trumpets near. There are several of the latter, two of whom (perhaps I should call them cherubs) stand at the foot of the throne, singing from a scroll, that is held by a hand of each. We took these two figures for the chisel. They have been modelled in clay, cast in plaister, and are now cutting in the stone Carrara. I need not tell you that the latter operation is little more than mechanical, with the exception of a few finishing touches, which require the talents and knowledge of the artist.

These cherubs are thirty inches in height. The arm of one is thrown negligently over the shoulder of the other

and his head is bowed, as if he found more difficulty than his companions in managing the music. Nothing can be more beautiful than the infantile grace, the attitudes, and character of their expression. They are the beau ideal of childhood mingled with that intelligence which may be thought necessary to compose a heavenly being of this character. The wings give them an ethereal look. There is a great deal of nature in their postures, and as much distinctness and diversity in expression as the subject requires. In short, taking the beauty of the design and the execution together, I scarce know a more pleasing piece of statuary for the size.

The work has been seen by many artists and connoisseurs. I hear but one opinion of its beauty. Bartolini speaks of it with high approbation. For myself I confess I am delighted.

I believe this is the first piece of regular statuary *in groupe* that has been executed by an American artist. I am aware of the ability of Mr. Frazer, and remember to have seen a figure of a child sitting that he made, which was full of nature and spirit. Still it was only a figure. There is also a very clever young man in New Haven who, considering his opportunities, has done a great deal. But these cherubs have been made in Italy, and where one can walk into the tribune of the gallery at any moment, and look at the Venus, the Wrestlers, Appollino, The Faun, The Knife-grinder, and fifty other *chef d'œuvres* of the ancients. You can readily suppose judges get a little critical in Florence. The merit of Mr. Greenough is confined to the execution, in some degree, since the subject is certainly from Raphael. Still a good deal should be said in explanation. In the first place the picture is faded and much of the detail is wanting. Painting

can only show one of its sides. The backs of the cherubs are entirely original, and this includes the wings and the disposition of the arm that is thrown across, which gave more difficulty than all the rest of the grouping. Then the attitudes are slightly varied, for postures that did well enough in accessories, would have destroyed the harmony of the groupe when the figures came to be principals. This change has induced others, none of which, in my poor judgment, has impaired the beauty of the design. The two arts, though sisters, produce their effect by means so very different that it subtracts but little from the glory of one when it copies from the other. This is perhaps truer with statuary than in a painting, since the resources of the latter are much the most complete.

The celebrated recumbent Venus of Bartolini, which that artist has just sent to Lord Londonderry, is a close copy of one of Titian's of the Tribune, and yet no one speaks of the circumstance as subtracting from the merit of the sculptor.

In a country like ours, the acquisition of a good sculptor is no trifle. Of all the arts that of statuary is perhaps the one we most want, since it is more openly and visibly connected with the tastes of the people, through monuments and architecture, than any other. Your lover of political economy should not affect to despise the labours of the chisel and the pencil. There is an intimate connection between all the means of national prosperity. We have a glorious foundation for greatness in the diffusion of a certain degree of intelligence, but taste can exist without grammar and dictionaries and arithmetic. Had England the taste of France, what would become of half the manufacturers of the latter? Had Italy the industry of England, what would become of London and Man-

chester and Birmingham? Nothing for instance can be more vulgar and downright purse-proud than English plate in common. It is quite evidently valued by its weight. No one who has sat at English and French tables can avoid knowing the difference between taste and vanity. And yet Rundle and Bridges have executed pieces of work that have scarce an equal because they had the good sense to employ Flaxman when the public refused to patronize him. What is true of gold and silver when wrought into vessels of ornament or of use is true of muslins and calicoes, of silks and carpets, and a thousand other articles that are no longer luxuries but necessaries. If we wish to compete as artisans with the manufacturers of Europe, we must get taste.

I intend to send these cherubs home, as soon as finished, and I hope they may be the means of bringing patronage and encouragement to the artist. I have no more doubt, in my own mind, of his ability to execute an equestrian statue than of his ability to do that which I know he has done. It would cost him time, and study, and great labour, but his chance of success would be equal to that of artists whose reputations being established here, care little what people think of them in America. It is time that delusions on the subject of Europe, had an end on our side of the Atlantic.

Now, just as much of the above as you see fit, cause to be published, for it is my intention to have these little angels exhibited for the benefit of the artist, and what is more, I intend to make you their helper, and give you and Cooper, and one or two more the whole trouble of the affair. Resignation is the great virtue in a business like this.

I have little to tell you more. Europe is in an embar-

rassed state. They flatter themselves in England that they are starving with over production! But John is exceedingly ingenious in bolstering his infirmities and most loyally stupid in seeing the progress of other people.

As to Americans here I see little and know less of them. I hear strange accounts, however, for they are not a little addicted to back biting. There is a queer report abroad here just now, but I shall no more of it, feeling quite confident it must be exaggerated; a Duke and some female levity are implicated.

As for myself I know nothing of Europe through *cafés* and *valets de place*. I make no acquaintances with Countesses in Diligences and do not see grandees at *Restaurateurs*, and scarcely know the name of an opera dancer. You see I shall return as ignorant as I came out, at least in the opinion of those galloping gentry, who think the world is to be best understood in the market places. I can tell you how often I laugh in my sleeve, when I remember the swaggering conversation of some of our ancient travelled *illuminati*. I have traced a few of the most conspicuous and depend on it they have not left the trains of comets.

Remember me to Halleck. Tell him Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh are delighted with Almerick but that he is out of favour with all the Barings—for coupling them with the *de* Rothschilds.

Adieu

J. Fenimore Cooper

FROM PETER JAY

New York, 29 May, 1829

Dear Sir,

My good old father has paid the debt of nature. He

died on the 17th. inst. I need not tell you how much he was loved and venerated by his children. His departure was attended by every circumstance which can lighten affliction for such a loss. Yet the separation is very painful and I am not yet in a mood to write with levity.

William will continue to reside at Bedford; the Estate there is left to him. I have the stone house at New York; and the rest of my father's property except some legacies is to be divided equally among all his children. My sisters remain for the present with William, their plans are not yet settled, but it is probable that they will pass the winter in Mrs. Banyer's house next door to us. Your friend Mary is married to Frederick Prime. My other girls are growing up around me, and teach me without the assistance of my glass that I am growing old. Still I must labor on to maintain them, while you are enjoying all that can render Europe agreeable. I rejoice in the Laurels you are winning and trust they produce golden fruit. We shall rejoice still more if you should repose under their shade in Westchester. Your *Bachelor* (except that it paints us too favorably) is an excellent Book, and the predictions it contains are infinitely less improbable than an Englishman could by any means be made to believe. Capt. Basil Hall we are told is going to lash us. Few men have been better received here than he was, yet he left us I believe in a sour humor. His condescension and desire to instruct us, tho' meant to shew humility and kindness were felt as arrogance, and his wife indulged herself in certain criticisms upon the American ladies which justly displeased the latter.

You will find at your return our Society much changed, some whom you knew are dead, some Bankrupt, some married, many absent, and numbers of new faces appear

daily on the scene. If you remain absent much longer you will be as little at home here as at Paris. Come back while you have some old friends left. Charles Baldwin was gratified to hear that you remembered him.

We are longing to see your new novel with the odd name, and your travels in Switzerland will I doubt not be instructive as well as amusing. It is a country after all which (if you except the scenery) I think I should not admire; however, you are a better judge and I shall acquiesce in your decision. We have no political news which will be interesting to you. There are a great many appointments and disappointments, of course some are gratified and many displeased. What are to be the distinguishing features of Gen. Jackson's administration cannot yet be determined. Hitherto there has been nothing to denote great ability, nor perhaps the reverse. It is probable things will go on pretty much in the old way.

Miss Martha Delancey was here a few days ago looking very well. Her sister was still at Philadelphia. Mrs. Jay is at Rye, or else I am sure she would desire to be remembered to you. Remember us all to Mrs. Cooper and the young ladies.

Your friend and ser^{vt}
Peter Augustus Jay.

Do you know Stewart the missionary? in his journal he frequently compares the views in Hawaii to those on Lake Otsego, and speaks of your house at Fenimore.
James Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Florence

FROM EDWARD LIVINGSTON

Montgomery House, N. Y. June 20, 1829

Dr Sir

The newspapers which usually "prate of your where-

about" have given lately such different accounts that the uncertainty of my letters reaching you has prevented me from making a communication which I have for some time past intended to make—it is one that is drawn upon you by the celebrity you have acquired in the literary world and by the obligation which that celebrity has created of using your talents in such a way as to promote the greatest good. I will explain my object without further preface. I know not whether you have ever turned your attention to the state of our penal law, or have formed an opinion on the great question whether death ought ever to be inflicted as a punishment—I have, and have come to the conclusion that as society is now formed neither justice nor necessity nor expediency require or permit this punishment. The process of reasoning by which I arrive at this conclusion will be found with much other matter which I do not require you to read, in a report made to the General Assembly of Louisiana in the year 1822 and in the introductory report to the Code of Crimes and punishments, both of which I now send to you with the rest of the work. These parts of it I *do* request you read with the attention that the subject, rather than the mode in which it is discussed, requires.—

If the result of this investigation or of any previous attention you may have given to the subject should be a coincidence of opinion with me, you will not find the request I am about to make an extraordinary one, for you will feel it a duty to coöperate in the abolition of a practice supported only by prejudice and the fear of innovation which outrages humanity, and disgraces the legislation of the civilized world.

You are one of the very, very few whose works are not only read in all civilized nations, but by all the reading

part of every nation. The department of literature which you have for the most part adopted is one that enables you to impress most forcibly on the mind the truths you may wish to inculcate. The skill with which you embody the passions and exemplify their operation and effects, the genius which enables you to give to fiction all the interest of reality, the knowledge of human nature by which you detect and expose the most secret workings of the mind, and the command of language and descriptive powers you possess, to throw into the most interesting form the incidents your fancy creates, all these fit you in the most eminent degree for the task I propose. It is that of exemplifying (in a work written expressly with that view) the evils of capital punishment. One of the most prominent among them (its irremediable nature) seems to me to offer the finest field for a display of your powers in describing the effects of an erroneous judgment founded on false or mistaken testimony—the unavailing efforts of conscious innocence; its uncredited association, its despair; the remorse of the mistaken jurors and judge when the falsity of the charge is discovered too late for redress; the chain of circumstances by which guilt was presumed or the motives for the perjury by which it was asserted, in your hand, might be worked up into a picture that would cause the hardiest advocate for capital punishment to pause in his desire to inflict it, and I will answer for it, would not disgrace the master hand that drew it.

I forget however, that you may not be a convert to my Doctrine, or may have other reasons for declining my proposal. Should either of these be the case, I shall lament my want of success, but feel no apprehension of your mistaking my motive or disapproving it when

known. I shall at least have brought myself to your recollection and have assured you of my high consideration and perfect esteem.

Your m ob st
Edw. Livingston.

Fenimore Cooper Esq

Edward Livingston was born in 1764 and died in 1836. He was a member of Congress and Mayor of New York. In 1829 he was United States Senator and in 1831 was Secretary of State. In 1833 he went to France as minister plenipotentiary. He systematized the Civil Code of Louisiana and prepared a new criminal code. He strongly favored the abolition of capital punishment.

FROM A LETTER OF MRS. COOPER TO HER SISTER

Rome, March 4th, 1830

How often do I wish for You, my dear Sister, to enjoy with us the pleasure of being at Rome. I can hardly tell you what a pleasure it is—We are perfectly enchanted, and delight in it more and more—as the Spring begins to open and the weather becomes pleasant, we explore the Ruins and its environs, and trace the Scenes of events that have been familiar with us from our Childhood—I can hardly describe to you the feelings with which I gaze upon the Ruins of the Forum—or look on the still solid Walls of the Prisons where St. Paul is known to have been shut up—and where St. Peter is said to have been.—We explored the other day the Remains of the Baths of Titus, which are very beautiful. There is only a part of them cleared from the Rubbish with which they were filled, but these Corridors and Apartments, with their vaulted roofs thirty feet in height, give an idea of what their Magnificence must have been, when complete—they were covered with Paintings done on the Walls

themselves—some of which have escaped the ravages of time and damp, and are still very beautiful—it was near here the celebrated Statue of Laocoön was discovered—and the Guide pointed out to us the place, were it was conjectured to have stood—this you will remember is one of the finest specimens of Grecian Sculpture now remaining, it stands in the Museum of the Vatican—in one of the late excavations, they have discovered a very beautiful mosaic pavement, beneath the baths, which is thought to have been the *floor* of a *Room* in the House of Mæcenas which is known to have stood here—what sights, what subjects for the imagination! but I leave the idea for you to fill up. This House of Mæcenas was torn down to make way for a *part* of the Palace of Nero, and this in its turn gave Place to the baths which bore the name of the Conqueror of Jerusalem—in sight of the spot stands the triumphal Arch erected in honour of its conquest—it is very interesting, as still having sculptured on its bas reliefs, the sacred Vessels, brought among the Spoils of the Temple.—It is said that the Jews always avoided this Arch, and would go any distance rather than be obliged to pass under it. I should like to know if they still retain this feeling, but I have met with no one yet who could satisfy me—Poor Rome—but little rests of its ancient splendors—the traces of their own fierce Civil Dissensions, and of the Sacks and Ravages of barbarous invaders, are more easily discovered than the remains of their taste and magnificence—a few broken Columns, and a Mutilated Arch is all that remains in the *forum*, which is filled up, with dirt and rubbish, to the height of twenty feet—it is striking as you ride through the streets of modern Rome to see the pieces of broken columns, ruined capitals, and ancient

inscriptions worked up in the Walls of the houses.—sometimes arches of Amphitheatres, and parts of Massive Tombs are made to serve in their constructions—the tomb of Augustus forms a part of some houses in our Neighborhood, and the Amphitheatre of Marcellus, which was thought one of the finest of Rome, is employed for the same purpose in another part of the Town. On the Palatine Hill where stood the Palaces of the Cæsars some Walls of brick and ruins of subterranean Arches are all that rest—we wound our way through the vineyards that are cultivated on their ruins to the edge of the Hill, and looked down on all that rests of the *Senate House*, and the temple of Vesta, which is just at its feet—the Hill of the Capitol is covered with Modern buildings—and all that is classical, excepting the Prisons, is the remains of the Tarpeian Rock from whence they used to throw their State Criminals in the times of the Republic—we walked up the Steps that led to the height, Paul and all, and looked down the precipice—it might very well break a man's neck, even at the present day,—although it would be very much like being thrown out of a Garret Window were it not for the name of the thing. there are loud and long disputes too about the site of the Spot, as there are about all that remains of Ancient Rome.

S. A. F. C.

FROM HORATIO GREENOUGH

Florence, March 15, 1830

My Dear Sir

I have just put your letter into the hands of Mr. Moliné with the approval of the censor. I have been obliged to read the whole work into Italian for him for

the sake of expedition. Otherwise I know not when he would have made an end of it.

In the sentence "The finger of Providence pointed to a place where the *most* devoted of his worshippers might erect their altars," he erased the word "most" as conveying an idea derogatory to the Catholic forms of worship.

Also the passage—"I am old enough to remember its language [where you speak of the English press] to Alexander, who was yesterday a Saint and to-day a Debauchee, a patriot or a tyrant, etc." stuck in the throat of the good father. I talked hard to him, however, and he concluded to change merely the word "Debauchee" for "anything else."—The sentence "We have seen his successor within a twelvemonth represented now as a cormorant, now as a butterfly, hero or dastard, as his battalions approached or receded from the Balkan," he thought himself not at liberty to licence. The notes remain to be read. I shall expect your advice with regard to the above passages—in the meanwhile the printing will go on.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours Sincerely,
H. Greenough.

FROM CHARLES WILKES

New York, July 29, 1830

My dear Sir

I hope *The Water Witch* will soon be with us. "Your path is on the mountain wave" and your home on the deep—and I dare say, without meaning anything of the pun kind, that she will be very bewitching. Nautical subjects ought to please on the Atlantic border at least and I think do. I do not know who was the author of the article in the Eding mentd in your former letter—but I

do know, or at least firmly believe, for many reasons, that it was not Jefferey's. He was then, however, I think, the Editor and must of course be the ostensible father of the child.—You know that he is no longer so. When he was unanimously chosen Dean of the Faculty of Advocates by his brethren, he gave up the review. No condition was made on the subject, which he would have spurned at, but he felt, that as the Advocates, as a body, were nearly divided as to Whig and Tory, and had with unprecedented unanimity chosen him as their head, it would be deemed a proper delicacy on his part to withdraw from the direction of a work so decidedly a party work, as the review had always been. You are aware that the place of Dean is one of mere honor without a particle of emolument unless in so far as it may give business, which was no object to Jeffery, who had already as much as he could do. He has always expressed himself to me in strong terms of approbation of your genius and talent—not certainly without some drawbacks (for what professional critic can help finding fault?), but with a great preponderance of praise—particularly of your power to keep alive an intense interest, in which respect he thinks you unrivalled.

Your accounts of European politics are very interesting. I hope you are wrong in almost always putting England in the wrong—which I observe you almost constantly do. I am not inclined to claim for English statesmen any supremacy of virtue, but I do think the nation is decidedly in favor of liberal and honorable conduct, when there is time to instruct and inform them and that there is no other nation in the world, unless ours is an exception, in which politicians must at least make it believed they mean honestly—or where an agreed dis-

honorable act more infallibly damns a public man. The middle class, meaning by that an educated class such as the country gentlemen of England are, I think cannot be matched any where—I will not, however, pretend that I am an unprejudiced judge. All my opinions all my life, from my youth upwards, have been formed by the course of reading a young man of decent connections in England naturally falls into—many of my early and best friends were of that class and I own I have seen nothing in the national history to give the lie to these opinions. No nation that I have ever read of has been oftener led on by generous impulses into war, or has sacrificed more in defense of liberal opinions. I cannot quite agree with you about General Jackson—altho' I am quite ready to believe he is as good as Adams was. His speech deserves the praise you give us—but with some exceptions—but I do not think his conduct since has answered to what was expected from his previous character. It was, I think, believed that he would err in being too obstinate and positive—selfwilled and unbending—he has, I believe, shewn himself as yielding, as vacillating, as popularity-seeking as any common regularly bred politician, and he has certainly pushed the burning-out principle far beyond all defensible grounds and opened a torrent of corruption which I think threatens to overwhelm all chance of anything like a fair and free choice of any great officer of our government. In nine cases out of ten, where no imminent danger threatens the country, all will be a bargain and sale before hand—if I vote for you or exert myself for you, you must give me a place—in case of danger, the danger itself will bring the remedy. I agree very much with you as to Jefferson's letters. They certainly raised my opinion both of his talents and integrity—many pas-

sages of his life, since the revolution, had made me consider him as a complete demagogue, with the common sordid views of demagogues, altho' an able man; but I found by his early letters, when any hyprocrisy was out of the question, so many of the same views of politics, that one cannot doubt that he was, in the main, sincere, and he certainly seems, with the feeling of a true lover of his country, always to be thinking of rendering her any service or of introducing any new means of prosperity and comfort. I am also quite of your opinion as to Moore's life of Byron, as far as it respects the action of Moore, considered as a friend to Byron. He is one of those "*damned good natured friends*" whom Sir Fretful Plagiary speaks of in *The Critic*—yet I am not sorry at any view of human nature and am rather glad to see the obliquities (to use no harsher term) of men of distinguished parts, shewn in broad daylight, when it is done without any fault of my own or of those I love. Lady Byron's vindication is perfect, as far as she is concerned—but I hope some officious friend will yet tell us what the conduct was on his part, which barred all forgiveness. I have, hitherto, had no doubt that there was a lurking insanity which poisoned his whole life. My old friend Mr Adams has distinguished himself, but he is not entitled to all the glory you give him, for he is not more than 73 years old. Has Rogers ever thanked you for Cole's picture or given any opinion about the merit of it? I cannot find that he has taken any pains to patronize him, which I am very sorry for.

Pray remember me affectionately
to Mrs Cooper, and believe me,
Dr Sir, truly Yrs
C Wilkes

TO MRS. COOPER, DRESDEN

Sunday, 9 o'clock in the evening, Aug. 15, 1830
Francfort.

My dearest Sue,

We got here, at four. We did very well both nights, and I do not remember to have ever travelled in the night with less fatigue. The roads are excellent, and without pavés, and the carriages. I advise you to come by Leipsic—next day to Weimar, which will make you laugh—you can easily breakfast at Gotha, which is a very pretty little town, though I caution you not to see sights, as they charge by the head, and enormously. If you felt fatigued and wished to see the castle where Luther was confined you will have to spend the third night at Eisenach. The castle is a little way out of town and is anything but beautiful, seen at a distance. We left Weimar at 8 o'clock and reached Eisenach before six, having stopped an hour at Gotha, and another at Erfurth. From Eisenach you could come to Fulda easily in a day, and from Fulda to Francfort it is about forty miles of beautiful road. The country is very German the whole way, though between Gotha and Eisenach it is quite pretty. I have been in Saxony, Prussia, Saxe Weimar, Prussia, Saxe Gotha, Saxe Eisenach, Hesse Cassel, Bavaria, Hesse Cassel, and Francfort. No one has said anything about our baggage, or passeports. Being in a Government conveyance, we have some privileges. I think they will at least ask for your passeports at Erfurt and at Hainau, both of which are frontier fortresses. You will see Royal residences enough. Even at Fulda the Electress of Hel— has two, being separated for many years, from her husband; and most effectually yesterday when he died.

All is quiet in France, and promises to remain so. La Fayette has yielded to necessity, and the Bourbonites have done the same thing. Charles X is nearly forgotten, and Philip Ist seems to be moderate and wise. Poor Neuville has sent in his resignation, which is more than most of Charles' men have done, by far the greater part taking the oath to Philip. The new Charta, as they call a constitution, is partly republican, and if they destroy the descent of the peers, which they talk of, it will be still more so.

As yet I can tell you nothing of Francfort except that it is both a lively and a pretty town. The Hotels are magnificent. Whether it will do for a residence is another question. To-morrow I shall inquire and let you know in this letter.

Monday noon.

The town promises well, but I can get no intelligence. The valet has deserted me, and no one seems to care a button about my questions or my wishes. In short, I have never been in a place where the people evidently cared so little about a stranger. I shall go on to Mayence this evening, and get to Paris as soon as possible, and come back upon the Rhine, without delay. Perhaps I shall go no farther than the frontier, for there is little to be seen now in the capital. I may write to Willie to send me letters and to forward my packages without delay, all of which he will now certainly do. In this case I can prepare everything for you comfortably, and if I choose go to Paris afterwards. But I shall be governed by circumstances. I am at the White Swan here, which is well enough, and less dear than most of the other inns. Avoid the great inns here, which are as dear as those of London.

I am very well and miss you all.—Adieu, yours very sincerely,

J. Fenimore Cooper.

TO MRS. COOPER, FRANKFORT

Paris, Aug. 21st, 1830

My dearest Sue,

I reached here yesterday at four o'clock in the morning. All is perfectly quiet. I went to bed (Hotel d'Incri) and rose at ten. In the streets I met in the first two hours—Wheaton—Clarke—Merrigault—Pringle—Hunter and his wife—Brimmer and other Americans. They all rush here to see the movement. Hunter came for his children and they go back to-day.

My packages had all arrived and had been transmitted to their directions—I fancy there has been some little delay on the part of Welles. At all events I have already got things in order—so that matter is safe.

I have not yet seen the General, who is all in all here. He is universally admitted to be the most powerful man in France. That he might have made himself chief of the Government appears to be acknowledged all around. He is courted, flattered, feared, and respected. I have written to him, but thought it more delicate not to intrude.

Poor Levasseur has been at death's door. He was leading a body of men through St. Honoré, when a grenadier of the guards stepped from behind a column of the Palais Royal and levelled a musket. Levasseur had a double barrelled fowling piece with percussion locks. He fired quick as lightning and both balls went through the body of the grenadier, but in falling his gun was fired and the ball went through the foot of Levasseur. There was so much danger of lock-jaw, that they reduced him too low,

and for a few days he was in extreme peril. He is now doing well.

Cruger has just this moment left me. He came over from London to be present and returns on Monday. We dine together to-day.

They say lodgings are very cheap. If this be true, I shall at once take them, for I am persuaded this is the place for me at present. I shall go and see Mademoiselle Kautz this morning, and ascertain the condition of the schools, after which I shall make up my mind definitely. I write you now merely to let you know of my arrival, and that I am perfectly well.

There is no news from home, though they continue to grumble in Carolina about the Tariff. It will, however, end in trouble. I shall write you to-morrow at length, after hearing more. No American killed, and only one Englishman, at his window.

Ever yours,
J. Fenimore Cooper

Love to our babes, not forgetting the one that weighs 220 pounds!

Henry Nicholas Cruger was a son of Nicholas Cruger. He was born at St. Croix in 1800, graduated at Columbia College, and died in 1867. In 1833 he married Miss Harriet Douglas, whose father had a home and large holdings of land near Jordanville, Herkimer County, about twenty-four miles north of Cooperstown. Here was built a country house, still standing, and known as Henderson House. For a time it was called "Cruger's." It was the summer home of the late Douglas Robinson. Cruger changed his name to Henry Douglas Cruger. His father also was born in St. Croix, but lived in Charleston, South Carolina, where he died in 1826. His uncle, Henry Nicholas Cruger, died in New York in 1844. It was in the countinghouse of his grandfather,

Nicholas Cruger, that Alexander Hamilton was employed as a clerk. The lawsuit so frequently referred to in the later correspondence was Cruger vs. Cruger, brought for the construction of the marriage settlement entered into by H. N. Cruger and Harriet Douglas. It was for years the leading case on this subject.

FROM H. N. CRUGER

Liverpool, 24 September, 1830

Dear Sir,

I have just arrived here to embark for home. I regret exceedingly that the hurry of arrangement, and a contemplated previous toure in Wales, prevent my giving more than a hasty answer to your Letter. For the information it conveys of the state of things on the Continent I render you my cordial thanks. The views it takes of the agitating political topics at home are frank, and forcible, but they satisfy me that as yet you have not read, or heard justly, the other side of the question. Permit me to request you to suspend your opinion until we have had a fair hearing. So soon as I return home it shall be my business to forward to you the materials for a candid and mature judgement. My esteem for you personally, and sense of the great influence you possess over the public mind of America, make me anxious and earnest in this request. Your own desire of information, and generous sentiments, will I doubt not induce you to pause until you have an opportunity of retrieving what your absence from the Country has alone occasioned. For the present I will content myself with a few cursory remarks. Let me in the first place beg of you to disabuse yourself of the idea that Dr. Cooper has a jot more of influence among us than the reason and truth of his writings carry with them. He has no personal influence, and is neither leader nor colleague to any party. Altho' Dr. Johnson asked of Junius

"what must the Divinity be, when the Priest is a monkey?" that Divinity, being the spirit of liberty, justice, and sound sense which breathed and burned in his writings, is still, and ever will be, worshipped. The statement to which you allude in a New York Paper has met my eye. It is a silly device, unworthy of the occasion, and emanating alone from personal malevolence. Many of its facts are just as true as that McCord has returned to the U. S., which it states, and its fishing interrogatories and foul insinuations are all of a piece with its veracity. They treat the subject differently in Carolina—with gravity, frankness, and Gentlemanly regard for the feelings of their opponents, and if they do resort to extreme measures now, it is not before they have passed thro' all the intermediate steps slowly, painfully, and with great forbearance, as I hope, my dear Sir, you will yet allow. You say you will go with us if we will confine ourselves to Constitutional remedies. What else do we propose? Your great error lies in not considering the States as sovereign, and independent, and coördinate parties to a compact, to which the Federal Gov'm[t] was no party because it existed but as a consequence. Consolidation is your fallacy. A State cannot be guilty of treason. To nullify an act of Congress is not a war measure, it is the exercise of a right reserved to the States from necessity; they have not nor could not part with it in the Constitution. All power in the U. S. is derivative,—none inherent. With the States it is just the reverse. These created, the other is the creature. They have no common umpire. The Supreme Court is but an emanation from the thing created. It cannot judge over its superiors. It may protect the Federal head, but it cannot protect the individual states from encroachment upon their reserved rights. It was proposed in Con-

vention to constitute the Senate a Tribunal for deciding upon controversies between a single State and the General Government, but this was abandoned, and the matter remains for the arbitrament of the same high contracting powers that framed the Constitution itself. If the doctrine of South Carolina is "antinational in its character, and breathes of disunion," believe me, Sir, it is the good old Republican doctrine of '98, and is vital to State Rights. Indeed it is as old as the Constitution itself, as I could show you by chapter and verse.

You will find it in the Virginia Resolutions of '98, and in those of the Legislature of Kentucky of the same year penned by the author of the Declaration of Independence, and in Madison's Report of '99. All of these agree that "the several States who formed the Constitution, being sovereign, and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of its infraction, and that a *nullification* by these Sovereignties, of all unauthorized acts done by the General Government under colour of that instrument, is the *rightful remedy*." And that "in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the States who are Parties thereto, have a *right*, and are in *duty* bound to arrest the evil." We propose that the State of South Carolina accordingly shall declare the Tariff of Protection null and void within its limits, and to invest its Courts and officers with power to enforce such declaratory Law. What follows? Will the other States declare War against us? Will they seal usurpation with the blood of the oppressed? Believe me, no—or if they will, the remedy will *not* be *constitutional*. Fear is an ill Counsellor for an individual, much worse for a sovereign State. It is not with threats and scoffing that the South is to be

dealt with. It is easy to speak of 20, or 30, or 100,000 men on our frontiers. With our hands on the Constitution we can but die behind our palmetto logs and cotton bags, if we are to be sacrificed for the sake of an *experiment*. This however will not ensue,—neither rebellion, revolution, nor war. The U. S. will appeal to a Tribunal we cannot convoke, but are willing to appear before, the authority that framed the Constitution, a Convention of the States, two thirds of whom are competent to decide. With Alexander we say "where Princes are our competitors we will enter the lists." We will be judged by our *Peers*. In the mean time be assured we seek no foreign allies; the idea is libellous and absurd.

Nor can we after 13 years of baffled efforts hope for any change in the opinions of an interested majority. Great Britain taxed us *without* representation. Congress does it *against*,—which is most bearable? "Attachment to the *Union*" is not I conceive "the loyalty of an American," but attachment to the *Constitution*, is. I know that there are those who go for the Union "right, or wrong," it is their interest to do so, this is transatlantic *legitimacy*. We go for the Constitution, and therefore can never go wrong, and we look upon the preservation of State rights, and among the rest of the right of nullifying, the highest, and most vital, and the *only* check upon the encroachments of the General Government, as the best safeguard to that Constitution and security for the Union itself. I have spoken openly, Mr. Cooper, and fearlessly, trusting to your candid consideration. With best wishes for yourself and family, I remain very truly yrs., etc.,

H. N. Cruger, of So. Car.

À Mons. J. Fenimore Cooper.
Rue d'Aguesseau, No. 22, à Paris.

FROM A LETTER OF MRS. COOPER TO HER SISTER

September 29th, Paris, 1830

We left Paris the 8th of September, and returned the 27th, and in that time we saw a great deal to interest and please us. The Rhine, like most things that are much talked of, did not realize the expectations we had formed of it—we found it much inferior to the fine scenery of Switzerland and Italy—we rode on its banks from Cologne to Mayence, a distance of about a hundred miles, which is the most beautiful part of it, the hills are dotted with ruins, and every nook has its legend—all this gives it an interest—you are constantly pleased, but never amazed and delighted, as when the magnificent views of the former countries burst upon you. Cologne is an old town with a Cathedral commenced and about a third completed, in which state it has rested the last five hundred years—as far as it is finished, it is one of the finest things we have seen, but there is something melancholy in seeing so beautiful a building, falling to ruins, uncompleted—the name of the architect who designed it is even unknown—Cologne is the birthplace of Rubens, and they boast here of having his finest picture in their possession—I have seen many others of his, however, that I liked much more—but perhaps there is something in the subject, which is too painful. It is the martyrdom of St. Peter, who you know it is said requested to be crucified with his head down, as unworthy to die, as his Master had done—and the moment of the picture, is when they are just elevating the cross.—But the wonder of wonders at Cologne, is the reliques of the three kings, alias, Magi—who came to worship the new born Infant at Jerusalem—well, these good people conceive themselves to have their skulls, and pride themselves very much in

the possession. They were formerly crowned with jewels of immense value—but at the time of the revolution the invading French army carried these off, and they are replaced with false stones—formerly the remains of these three kings, were very highly venerated, and people used to come from an immense distance to worship before their shrine without ever asking themselves, who these personages were, or how they came here. I think among all the absurdities of catholicism, this is one of the most absurd—that an obscure town in Germany should contain the remains, of "the wise men of the east," who came to Jerusalem to worship, and who returned instantly home to their own country by "another way"—I suppose the old Monks say that Cologne was this "other way."—We saw *two* places where Charlemagne was born, and one where he was buried,—the latter, Aix la Chapelle, has several remains of his time.—He held his court here, and we saw the marble seat, on which, once covered with gold, he was, in his imperial robes, placed in his tomb—it was afterwards used as the coronation seat of the Emperors—of whom the Guide told us, thirty-four had been crowned in it.—The Town hall is a fine old building with an immense Hall, hung with pictures of Emperors, and of Ambassadors, who were sent to the famous councils that have been held here—among the former is an original of Charlemagne by *Titian*, who you know lived some five or six hundred years after.—They have here celebrated mineral waters, and I almost killed myself by taking a bath in one of them too warm—poor Fan, and I, looked as if we had been almost boiled, when we came out.—Well, after quitting Cologne and Aix la Chapelle, we went along the banks of the Rhine, a charming ride to Coblence, and the day after one still more charming, still

just on the banks, to Mayence—we were quite among the antiquities of French history, saw, as I told you, a second birthplace of Charlemagne—a Château built by Roland his famous Nephew, in face of a beautiful little island, where stood a Nunnery, containing the lady of his love, who from a false report of his death had taken the veil.—The ruins of a Palace belonging to the Kings of the race, who had preceded that of Charlemagne, and many others of the feudal lords, of the ages that succeeded him.—At Mayence we quitted the Rhine, and went to Francfort, where we found what gave us as much pleasure and interested us more than all we had seen, letters, and good news from our dear little flock at Paris.—From thence we went on to the ruins of Heidelberg, which are very beautiful, and deserve all their fame—walked up on the great *ton* by a very commodious pair of steps, and after admiring the german idea, of a great Lord showing his state by the size of his wine barrel—we "marched down again"—at Mannheim we crossed the Rhine into Bavaria, and went to Durcheim, a pretty little place in a beautiful valley, with ruined Cloisters, and Châteaus on the fine hills that surround it, altogether, which so pleased the fancy of Mr. Cooper, that he means to make it the scene of his next book, but this is a secret, and you must say nothing about it.—From here we went to the French frontier, where they refused us admittance, without a five days' quarantine in consequence of our having been at Francfort, which is in the direction of the cholera morbus—we therefore turned round, to try and make an entrance in another place, and in so doing followed a beautiful little river, the Saar, which flows through fertile valleys, and sometimes passes among wooded hills, forming some lovely scenery, until

we arrived at Trèves, which claims to be the most ancient City of Europe, and looks down upon Rome as quite of modern date.—on one of the houses in the great square, it is inscribed in large letters, that Trèves is more ancient than Rome thirteen hundred years.—We here saw some beautiful ruins of the *real antiques*, and some *modern* remains of the Romans—such as baths of Constantine, ruins of an Amphitheatre—from here we rode through a desolate country and over bad roads to Luxembourg, where through fear of the French, they close the gates before seven in the evening—we had all to get out of the carriage, and I made a most eloquent petition to the officer commanding, in high dutch, through the gate, which touched his heart and he finally admitted us, through half a dozen different barriers surrounded with bayonets and Soldiers, into the faubourg.—The next morning, we went on as fast as possible towards the french frontier, which we finally passed, and after sleeping at Rheims, where we saw the celebrated Cathedral where the French Kings are crowned, we traveled day and night till we arrived happily to our dear Children, and found them thank God quite well. Be assured of the tenderest love of your affectionate

S. A. F. C.

FROM LAFAYETTE TO AMBASSADOR RIVES

Paris, October 24, 1830

My dear Sir

Your visit to the king this evening will Be as welcome as it is, on every account, in my opinion, particularly proper. I send to Him, in a confidential way Your letter Because, altho' a private one, it exposes feelings and

expectations which, I think, ought to Be expressed at every opportunity. I will call upon You at a quarter before eight so as to Be at eight o'clock at the palais Royal.

Most truly and affectionately
Your friend
Lafayette

My letter was going when I receive yours of this morning; as I will dine, By myself, rue d'anjou, I may take [illegible] Mr. Cooper and bring Him to You.
Mr. Rives

FROM CHARLES WILKES

New York, 9th Nov., 1830

My dear Sir

The Water Witch is not yet out, but Walsh in his paper has spoken of it in the highest terms. Nothing can be more complete than your defense of yourself, for writing for money—but it is fighting with windmills, for I declare to you, most sincerely, I never heard you, I will not say accused of it, but even alluded to, as a mercenary author. Certainly every man has a perfect right, with the restrictions you mention as to a due respect to religion and morals, to exert his talents in the way he likes best. If he chooses to employ more of the *labor time*, to polish his works to the utmost, he may have the pleasure of thinking his fame will be more lasting, but even this advantage over more hasty productions is by no means certain, and strength is often sacrificed to polish. The one I fancy is generally an irksome task—the other often a delightful one—to embody fleeting visions which pass thro' the mind.

I am much obliged by your very entertaining accounts of the wonderful events which have passed and are still passing under your view. I remember nothing in history which can be compared to the first week in Paris, but where is it all to end? France, peaceful as she is at home as well as abroad, may laugh to scorn any attempts to interfere with her, in matters of mere domestic arrangement—even she may mistake the progress of human intellect and believe herself fitter than she may prove to be, for a republican government—but can Belgium, even if united, defend herself, or can it be supposed that France will be quietly permitted to annex the Netherlands—so long the object of alarm, and justly too, I think, of all Europe—to her own already immense power?—I cannot believe it and I much fear that if the difficulties and dangers of it are overlooked or not resisted at the moment, the period cannot be very distant when it must produce a general war. I think no person can doubt that Belgium as an independent state, will to all intents and purposes be a French province. I trust France will settle down into a liberal government, with as much freedom as she can bear—now, she has but a phantom of monarchy and is really a republic in disguise; who can doubt that the Citizen-king must yield to the Chamber of Deputies, and that he can receive no support from a house of Lords constituted as France's is to be? The great question is whether France is prepared to be a republic as yet. I own—and think that it would have been safer to have proceeded *pas à pas*, obtaining and well settling popular rights and privileges, understood and endeared by the very struggles made to obtain them, rather than to strike out, at one heat, a new government depending upon logical doctrines and discarding experience.

I beg my kindest regards to Mrs Cooper, and remain, my dear Sir, very sincerely

Yrs

Chas Wilkes.

P.S. Miss Wright went to Europe with her sister in June and must have arrived sometime in July—I have no doubt she will have had every inclination to be in Paris during such a period. Do you know whether she is there or whether General LaFayette has heard from her?

FROM H. N. CRUGER

Charleston, 22 Nov., 1830.

Dear Sir,

Previous to embarking from Liverpool on the second of last month I answered your Letter of 28th Sept., and promised to write again on my arrival at home, and to forward some publications from this part of the Country upon the subject of your remarks. Accompanying this Letter you will receive a parcel addressed to the care of Messrs. Welles & Co., containing two numbers of the *Southern Review*, and several pamphlets. They will give you an idea of the feelings and opinions of the South, and I commend them to your perusal in the hope that, if they do not satisfy you that we are in the right, they will at least show you that we act from conscientious and not sinister motives, and that our complaints have some foundation, and our arguments some show of reason. We are put to the ban; and I would not have such as *you* of the majority who oppress us, and revile our resistance.

I arrived in New York, after a passage of 30 days, in the midst of their Elections. As usual the Politics of the State were a piece of mosaic, and no one could tell me

the plan. There were *eight* Parties in the City, and the excitement little short of revolutionary heat, altho' no constitutional questions or great principles were involved in the contest. It resulted in a large majority in favor of the present general Administration, and the cry now is "Jackson, and State Rights." Of the President's reëlection there can be no doubt. Clay will be his only opponent, and his race will be a forlorn one. J. Q. Adams has gone into the House of Representatives again from Massachusetts, no one can divine for what, but the step meets with general reprobation. Calhoun, having served eight years as Vice President, will not be a candidate again.

Altho' opposed upon principle to our Chief Magistrate's serving more than one Term, I am yet glad that Gen[l] Jackson will be continued in office as things now are. Our political elements are undergoing a ferment at present that renders the popularity and energy of such a person highly desirable, and an escape from presidential contest and change will give full scope to the important questions now abroach. These are many and momentous, all terminating in the fundamental and primeval opposition of Federal power and State Rights. This is the last struggle between them, and the issue from present appearances will probably be the annihilation of State sovereignties and the consolidation of all political power in a great *national* Government. This was the scheme for a long time adopted in the Convention that framed the Constitution, and to get rid of it then cost a severe contest. It is now coming upon us more surely, for the encroachments of the General Government are gradual and noiseless, and carry with them all the sympathies of our People in behalf of the Union, while the resistance of

the States must be concentrated and violent, and are of necessity obnoxious to the worst imputations.

The system of Internal improvements, and of protecting domestic manufactures, the rechartering of the Bank, the disposition of the public Lands, and of the surplus Revenue, the extinguishment of Indian Titles, the power of the Supreme Court to annul a State Law, and to entertain appeals from decisions of State Courts, the right of a State to nullify an unconstitutional act of Congress, or to secede from the Union, and in short the safeguard of a minority of the States against a majority of the States, or of Congress, are respectively subjects of vast moment now afloat on the public mind, perhaps fully for the first time, but those who advocate the reserved rights of the States have to make way against indifference on the one hand, and a series of usurpations on the other, that have become sanctified into precedents almost. Our Legislature meets to-day. South Carolina is the last stronghold of State Rights. A rally will be made at Columbia once more, and for the last time. Intimidation from abroad, and pusillanimity at home have paralyzed our energies. A vote sufficient for the call of a Convention, two thirds, will not be polled in the House, altho' the Senate are almost unanimous. Many are waiting until the River glides by. The vital interests of the South are at stake, and I fear lost forever,—they are certainly contrary to those of the North and East, and when legislated upon by an interested and irresponsible majority, the result is of course. Our scheme of a federated Republic has failed. How go on things in France? Do oblige me by a Letter or two. By my absence I have lost the opportunity of taking a part for the present in public affairs, and shall remain for a while "a Looker on in Venice." Apropos,

does *The Bravo* come on bravely? *The Water Witch*, altho' it travelled with me from Paris to London, has not reached this corner of the World yet, but every body is on the lookout for its bewitching spell.

With the most cordial greetings, I remain very truly yrs. etc.,

H. N. Cruger.

J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Paris

FROM LAFAYETTE

Paris, 23 9ber. 1830

I thank you very much my dear friend, for the letter that you have written me. We will talk it over before the sailing of the packet boat. I do not complain of my actual position, because I believe it of use, but it causes me deep regret that I can not see my friends, and have not the time to interest myself in their affairs.

The "Commission on Theatres" has asked me some questions as to the regulations controlling American theatres, which I fear I may answer incorrectly. You must be familiar with the regulations governing the theatre of New York, be they state laws or *city ordinances*.

What is the form of incorporation for theatres? Are there any restrictions to prevent the *difficulties* which might arise through the presentation of certain plays, and are new plays subject to any censorship?

Briefly, what is the government control over the theatres of New York? They ask me the same questions as regards the theatres of Philadelphia, Boston, and other cities in the United States.

I thought that owing to your literary work you would be better able than any other of our Americans in Paris

to answer these questions, in accordance with which they would like to regulate the French theatre.

If you reply in French I shall only have to have it copied; if in English I beg that you will write clearly that it may be easily translated. If you prefer I will send my secretary to write from your dictation.

In the hope of seeing you this evening, my dear friends, I wish you, with all my heart, *le bon jour.*

Lafayette

FROM A LETTER OF MRS. COOPER TO HER SISTERS

Paris, December 29th, 1830

A merry Christmas to you, my dear sisters. Sue and Mr. Cooper and myself are going this evening to a little Party, "*sans cérémonie*," *chez* Mrs. Opie. She has been repeatedly to see us, and the other morning sat here chatting an hour or two.—She is a Quaker, and dresses in their forms, and adheres to their forms of speech and avoids saying Mr. and Mrs. very rigidly, although I observed, in speaking of Lords, and Ladies, she gave them their Titles; on what principle I know not. I will have a little corner in my Letter to say whether or not we have a pleasant Evening. To-morrow we are going to General LaFayette's and this is more of Dissipation than we have had for a long time—for we have been very quiet this Winter.—I began a Letter to Anne the other day which I have not yet finished, to quiet her apprehensions about us, during the Trial of the Ex-Ministers—a great deal of Tumult was anticipated, but thanks to General LaFayette—all is now over without riot—there was a Moment, when all was at Stake, and nothing but his Personal Influence could induce the National Guards to act, after the Sentence, condemning the Ministers to Im-

prisonment only, became known.—As it was, they behaved nobly, and supported the Laws, although the Conviction was very general among them, that the Sentence was far too lenient.—The late events, have certainly added, to the Splendor of the General's Fame. He saw them through the Dangers, which they all dreaded—and then resigned his office, of Commander of the National Guards,—and now they must look out for themselves. The Government have behaved very ungratefully to him, for the Chamber had proposed his dismission from his Office. it was so mean too, immediately after he had been of such Service—and in fact done, what no other Man in France could have done, restrained the Populace, and induced the Citizens to act in defence of the Laws, against their wishes, and under great excitement.—His family feel it very sensibly.—They say America remembered his services after forty Years—and here it is forgotten in five months—the Americans rally round Him, and love him better and feel prouder of him than ever.

We had a nice little Party at *Friend Opie's*—French, English, Americans and Poles, or rather Pole, there being but one. Friend Opie introduced us, as Mr., Mrs., and Miss, so I did her injustice in saying, it was only to Lords and Ladies, she gave their Titles—there was only one Young Lady, and She and Sue, sat on opposite sides of the Room, looking woefully at one another, until at length I contrived to get them together, when they chatted away very gayly. Most truly and tenderly your sister,

S. A. Fenimore Cooper

Amelia Opie, the daughter of James Alderson, M.D., of Norwich, was born in 1769. She married John Opie, the painter, in 1798. She was a Unitarian until about 1825, when she joined

the Society of Friends. She wrote many articles and books, and some poems. She was distinguished for her benevolence, charm, and ability. It was one of her stories which Cooper was reading when he declared that he could write a better one, and to prove it wrote *Precaution;* the story was probably one of either her *New Tales* (1818) or *Tales of the Heart* (1820). Mrs. Opie died in 1853.

FROM CHARLES WILKES

New York, March 9, 1831

My dear Sir

I was much amused and obliged by your kind letter. Every part of Europe seems in rather a combustible state and even France, from what I can judge, is far from being on a bed of roses. It is impossible not to feel a deep sympathy for the Poles and yet mine does not extend so far as to induce me to wish that France should interfere to prevent Russia from suppressing, what Russia will call at any rate, a downright insurrection—which would inevitably bring on, it appears to me, a general war—the results of which who can foresee? Manguin's doctrines and even our excellent LaFayette's, if they are truly reported, would lead to consequences that must plunge Europe in interminable wars. If the assertion of a people of its own sovereignty would justify France in interfering, then whenever O'Connell's doctrines shall have produced resistance in Ireland, France would have a perfect right to send over men and arms to assist them. Surely this is going too far and is rather too like the propagandiste doctrines of the convention. I think, in old times, the right to assist depended upon its being shewn previously that the resisting power had the ability to maintain its independence. I heartily wish that the Poles may shew this ability, but I much doubt it—nor can I bring myself

to hope that a general war will be hazarded for the object, when the result must necessarily be so uncertain and may only serve to retard, if not to defeat, the amelioration of the condition of mankind, which is gradually, but I think certainly, advancing. You, who are on the spot and who have excellent opportunities of making up just opinions, may have no apprehensions from France becoming a republic in fact as well as in name, but my old prejudices, as very likely they are prejudices, make me believe that she never can be so with safety to herself or to her neighbors. She seems to be even now, always debating on a barrel of gunpowder and with so many anxiously hoping for and promoting an explosion, I fear it cannot long be delayed. By our latest accounts, I have little doubt that Belgium, in some form or other, will become a French province, which can hardly be submitted to by the rest of Europe for any long period. At the same time I cannot deny that it seems unreasonable that Belgium should not be allowed to choose its own master.

I feel great anxiety about England—I do not see how the Whig administration can long stand its ground. From every principle, they must, and I am quite persuaded will, with the greatest sincerity, make strong efforts for reform and retrenchment—they will attempt so much as will inevitably disgust and indispose their new tory allies, while it will not satisfy the extravagant and perhaps unreasonable expectations of the great body of the people. They will have to encounter an opposition formed of all the tories, joined by all the discontented parties who lose their pensions or their places, in the progress of retrenchment, by all the friends of the East India Company, if its charter is refused, by the adherents of the Bank of England, if that charter is touched, and by the whole

West India interest if any progress is made in the abolition of slavery—when to these formidable members are added the party which always joins the strongest, how can the whig administration hope to stand their ground? They will perhaps venture upon a dissolution of parliament and throw themselves on the nation, but may it not then be found impossible to oppose any limits to the overwhelming torrent, which would then, but too probably, sweep all landmarks away, in one overwhelming ruin? Certainly I cannot look upon such a course without dread. I do not see where an administration can be formed with any chance of durability from any other materials, which may delay the overturn of the whigs—but the experiment may be tried, the Duke of Wellington may again be placed at the head, and it may be determined [torn] on every thing by the strong arm of the soldier. Such a course must lead to civil war, in a country situated as England now is, and God forbid that the experiment should be made. You will have seen by the paper that Mr Jeffery has been appointed Lord advocate of Scotland, which necessarily connects him with the new administration and throws him into the political vortex—this perhaps has made me view the situation of matters more despondingly than I should otherwise have done—I truly regret that this has happened, altho' I think he could not, honorably, have declined the office—yet he accepts it with a real sacrifice of his personal domestic happiness and considerable pecuniary loss, and flattering as it is to his ambition, it is taking him from the place where he was at the height of popularity and esteem and perfectly at his ease, and throwing him into a new arena, where, to say the least, there will be no predisposition to receive him with indulgence and favor, if there be not a

contrary feeling. But it is high time I should relieve you from my gossiping politics. I beg my kindest regards to Mrs Cooper—

I am always, my dr Sir, very sincerely

Yrs

C. Wilkes

P. S. Pray let me know what you may hear at any time about Miss Wright or her sister—I conclude they are once more under the protection of General LaFayette and I dare say with undiminished influence. In spite of all their aberrations I take a warm interest in their behalf. I do not write to the General, because I feel how much his time is necessarily occupied and that I have nothing to say, but to express my admiration of the constant claims he is adding to the gratitude of his country. I often differ from him in his opinions but never feel the least diminution in my opinion of his perfect integrity and most disinterested patriotism.

FROM H. N. CRUGER

Charleston, 12 May, 1831

Your very obliging, and highly interesting Letter of 17th—27th Feb., my dear Sir, reached me a short time since, and I avail myself of the first vessel direct from here to Havre to render you an answer by way of acknowledgement. The particulars you give of the situation and plans of your Family afforded me much gratification, but I regret to perceive that your return to this Country is involved in uncertainty. Heartily will I concur with you in disabusing our Countrymen of Cant, but I fear the world must ever be governed by that arch impostor, Humbug. The venerable precept "if the People will be

deceived, let them be deceived," opens the surest game to such as have a proper honor of being in a minority.

Slavery to a certain extent is inseparable from the social State; with us the tyrant is the majority, in Europe it is the few. Responsibility to the people is the best check upon tyranny. The individual tyrant is at all events responsible to the dagger, or the guillotine, or to being horned out of his Kingdom. But, with us, the majority in Congress are under no responsibility, they are strong and relentless in aggregation, and intangible because personally they disperse far and wide. The theory undoubtedly is that they are responsible as Representatives to their Constituents thro' the ballot boxes, but what if the constituents also conspire against the minority? How is a voter in South Carolina to operate upon a member in Congress from Rhode Island? It *is* the interest of the northern States to have a tariff,—that of the southern States not to have any Custom Houses at all. The latter say the protective system is unconstitutional. The former blank that question, and carry their measure by majorities. Why need they care for the Constitution? Who is to call them to account? Who can check their career? What tribunal is to rectify their usurpations? It is their *interest*, and man never turns a deaf ear to that monitor. They know little of the Constitution, and care less. Your proposition is to cure all this by resorting to the *amending* power. I agree with you, could this be brought into operation, all evil would end. This was to have been the safety valve, but it is now hermetically sealed—the sanitive principle, but it is now a dead Letter. An amendment can be originated only by *two thirds* of Congress, or of the State Legislatures, and must be ratified by *three fourths*. Even if the *majority* who passed the Tariff were desirous

of procuring an amendment to give Congress the disputed power, they *could* not obtain a vote of two thirds for the purpose. What chance then would the *minority* have? There are now under discussion here six cardinal questions involving the powers of Congress under the Constitution. The majorities in Congress go on exercising those powers notwithstanding the disputes and doubts attached to each, because it would be gratuitous folly to ask for an amendment to enable them to do that which they *can* do without, knowing too by their slender superiority in numbers that they could not even procure a vote of two thirds initiative of their increase of power. All that the South asks is a Convention either to declare the powers of Congress, or give them such as are needed, by way of amendment. Debarred by their numerical inferiority from the regular process of invocation, they propose exercising the sovereign right of a state to place her Veto upon an unconstitutional act of Congress so as to annul its operation within her *own* limits. For this she is reviled in terms little suited to the atmosphere of freedom, or the spirit of a Southerner. What else is she to do? Put the case of a single State so isolated in her interests, and so peculiar, as to make it the game of the rest of the confederacy to oppress her for their own good. Could she even bring the amending clause into play, your recipe might avail—but that is impracticable. She must then resort to argument, and calm and measured language, because there is "neither logic nor tact in a threat." Upon even a clear and indisputable point is it the wont of mankind to forego power, and sacrifice their interests because it is asked of them? How much less likely is it for them to do so where they have a pretext, or indeed may conscientiously believe that they are in the right? Suppose Congress for the

sake of the "General Welfare" should elect a King to reign over us? The minority must reason, and use soft words, however flagrant the breach of the Constitution, or the injustice, and their sectional suffering. *This* the majority would construe into submission. At all events they would augur from it timely conversion. There is no other remedy. The amending power would have been very consolatory to Tantalus, as showing him company in his misery. To go to the Supreme Court, is but at best appealing from Alexander drunk to Alexander sober. There remains that ultimate terrible resort, the right of a State to secede from the Union, high, unquestionable, inappreciable, but desperate. It is *not* true that the South has threatened to secede, or "menaced dissolution." She has been foully misrepresented, sinfully misunderstood. As an intermediate remedy (in the very article proving her devotion to the Union) she has proposed to arrest the Tariff as the only means of bringing about the high arbitrament of a general Convention to decide a question long agitated upon which argument has been exhausted, involving not her partial interests merely but her very existence with the Law of the Constitution, and the rights of man. Her remedy is repudiated as impracticable, and visited with the censure of consequences wholly foreign, as though a physician prescribing an anodyne were to be turned out of doors with the charge of an intent to poison. The impression you have that we are wrong in using warm and energetic language before cool argument and negotiation is like condemning a Tragedy for being too bloody when you happened in at the catastrophe without witnessing any of the previous scenes. Since the year 1816 the South has been petitioning, remonstrating, memorializing, speechifying, pamphleteering, and pro-

testing in terms calm, deprecatory, soothing, conciliating, humble, and even base, and now she has taken to *hoping*, but all in vain. She sometimes uses strong language, and speaks as she ought to act. This too is in vain, and what marvel? As if all this, or aught short of absolute necessity, would induce an interested and irresponsible majority to give up their usurious percentage on a debatable point. We give the proverbially selfish Eastern man credit for prodigious fatuity in supposing he will give up his hold to any thing short of superior interest, and truly, to be candid, that the South would do quite as much, were positions changed, may be drawn into some question. You appear to ridicule the idea that a Country can't buy unless it sells, and you mention our Trade with China as an instance to the contrary, inquiring "what we send thither for sale?" This is a matter of necessity, there is no competition, no choice. If we could obtain Tea from South America, as good and cheap, or even inferior, in exchange for our products, how long do you think the Trade with China would last? Or do you think we would forego the freight and profits upon an outward Cargo of Rice, Cotton, Tobacco, or manufactured articles, and carry Dollars and Eagles to our Sister Continent upon which no increase would accrue in this shape in order to bring back Tea, if it grew there, contented with the single accumulation upon the return Cargo? Money, or gold and silver are "articles of commerce" only by halves—valuable not by what they sell for, but from what they purchase. Intrinsically they are of less value than many other metals—their only value of utility being but partially reproductive; they may be made up into plate, jewelry, and ornaments, but there their consequence terminates. If the English cannot bring their manufactures to this

Country wherewithal to buy our Staples, it is said they will import specie. Most certainly they would not do this unless from dire necessity, because their ships would come in ballast, and they would sink the freight, commissions, and profits upon a cargo of merchandize. The single operation of carrying our Cotton out would not Defray the double voyage. Could we keep, or had we even now the entire monopoly of supplying them with Cotton, Rice, and Tobacco, we might perhaps drive them into a Trade similar to that carried on between this Country and China. Unfortunately for us however there are other Countries to which they can resort for the same commodities, and there are other articles they can substitute in their place, while the world can go nowhere else but to China for Tea, nor use any thing in its stead. And were it possible, would not our merchants and ship owners suffer in common with theirs by being debarred by the freight and sales of the Cargoes to our Ports?

That we shall not be able to *compel* Great Britain, or the rest of the world, to buy our Cotton with *specie*, or go without, we need no other demonstration than the duty lately proposed in Parliament to *protect* India Cotton, and the following advices from Liverpool under date of 26th March last:

"There seems no chance for fine Sea Islands. The low price of *Silk Goods*, the improved quality of *Egyptian* Cottons, and the improved state of our machinery, enabling us to produce a finer article from a raw material of inferior quality, all operate against fine Cottons, and must do so permanently."

By the blessings of the Tariff here is a recipe for our total destruction. We will not take the manufactures of England, and it is therefore her interest to deal with some

one who will, or replace our exports by some other article of consumption. From Brazil, Egypt, and India she can obtain Cotton of the same quality as our coarse staple. To the two first she can send her manufactures to purchase it with, and with regard to the last she can not only do this, but protect its importation by discriminating duties. It may be questioned that the coarse Cottons from those Countries are equal to ours; in the words of the above quotation "the improved state of machinery" will compensate for the difference. There was a time when the Indigo grown in this Country was far superior to that from India, and a large article of Commerce. From the improved mode of cultivation in India, the plant with us is almost extinct. The same will ensue as to short staple Cottons. Then as to the Sea Islands. Their consumption will be superseded from two causes, altho' they possibly can be produced in no other part of the world. As fine goods, from improved mechanism, will be made out of "raw materials of inferior quality,"—or, if not, a vast increase of silks will take place. The productions of this article are illimitable, and no one will wear Cotton who can wear silk. Do you remember at Florence, the curtains of the beds and windows were of silk, rich, and beautiful, the chairs and sophas covered with it, and even the walls of the rooms hung with silk tapestry?

The contemplated duty on Cotton in England, you say, will not diminish our sales. The foreign exports of this article from the U. S. are estimated at three hundred millions of pounds. Subjecting that portion of it which goes to Great Britain to an impost of five eighths of a penny, or one and a half cents, we shall have to pay at their Custom Houses in addition to the present burdens at least three millions of Dollars. At present the highest

sales of upland Cotton may be quoted at nine cents the pound. Deducting a cent and a half from this price, I imagine the Planters will be in a situation to care little whether their sales at seven and a half cents are diminished in quantity or not. Should however the Indian Cotton crowd out ours from the British market by reason of the bounty, and prohibition of this measure, you console us with the idea that the North will take all that is rejected. Even could they, you must remember that it would be at their own prices, as there would then be no other buyers to compete with. In ten years you suppose the Northern States will buy and consume as much Cotton as England does, and that we shall *then* be as glad of her custom as we are now displeased at its creation. Could this result from natural causes, without the unconstitutional intervention of Government, and without our suffering in the interim, certainly there could exist no objection even on our part. But the case is like that of a Farmer who has for many years supplied his neighbor, a rich merchant with a numerous family who consume large quantities of his agriculture products, and in return receives what manufactured articles he needs. A manufacturer settles near them, poor, and without any children. By using some extraneous power he compels the Farmer to give up his trade with the merchant and deal solely with him, altho' he buys less, and at lower rates. To encourage the sufferer he tells him coolly,—"Oh, never mind, in ten years' time I shall have nine children too, and be rich enough to buy all you can raise, and in the meanwhile you can just starve, you know, or go to the Devil, as you like." In reality however the manufacturing States never will be able to use up the Cotton produced by the South.

The words of this part of your Letter are, "all the North asks of the South is a *light* and *temporary* sacrifice until we can organize, and mature our means." The Protective System has operated in full vigor from 1816 now *fifteen* years, and its rates have been constantly on the *increase*. At present those rates are from 40 to 200 per cent on articles chiefly consumed on this side of the Potomac. The sacrifices therefore have been neither "light," nor "temporary." Nor have they resulted in either of the promised benefits. Notwithstanding this great lapse of time and this enormous encouragement, the means of the Domestic manufacturer are not "organized and matured" sufficiently even yet to beat down foreign competition, for the agents from Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow undersell them all round the compass,—and as to a demand being created in the United States equal to that from abroad, this well tested experiment shows a consumption at home of only one hundred and fifty thousand Bales of Cotton, while the exports across the Atlantic are *nine* hundred thousand Bales. If then fifteen years give these results, what will ten more give? The sacrifices all the while too being on the shrine of avarice, and extortion, and at the expense of Liberty and the Constitution.

That England buys of us, and we import her goods as cheap as formerly, is undoubtedly true. But upon the amendment clause your argument is that because the Copartners have reserved to three fourths the right of making alterations without restraint (except as to equality of representation in the Senate) therefore a majority in Congress may do even more than they have already perpetrated against the existing Constitution; in other words, that the power of amendment being under but one

limit, one fourth of the States would be bound to submit to whatever the rest should conspire to engraft upon the original compact. Suppose the peculiar property of the South should be abolished by a vote of three fourths to amend by repealing that clause which guaranties (by recognizing) its existence as an ingredient in the ratio of election? Would this be within the scope of the amending power? If it were, a baneful and unsuspected potency would be given to that part of the Constitution which the South in its best days never scented afar. Even Rawlins Lowndes, the Patrick Henry of South Carolina, when he declared his "sincere belief, that when the Constitution would be adopted, the Sun of the Southern States would set never to rise again," and wished "when he ceased to exist for no other epitaph than to have inscribed on his tomb, 'Here lies the man who opposed the Constitution,'." never comprehended even vaguely such a possibility. At most however the position is, that because the power in dispute might be acquired by amending, therefore it may be taken by violating the Constitution. For if amendment be necessary to its exercise, to exercise it without must assuredly be unconstitutional. Were the power to be taken by *amendment*, the remedy with the minority would *then* be, secession from the Union,—when it is taken by *violation*, the remedy is, by State Veto.

You suggest that we should waive the question of the constitutionality of the Tariff and take up our position upon its expediency, altho' you are yourself in its favor on the latter ground. In a free and republican country we say no government has a right in any way to interfere even beneficially with the industry, enterprize, and avocations of its citizens, altho' *all* were *equally* benefited by

such interference. Much less has our Government of expressly limited, few, and simple functions, the right to interfere by protecting *some* at the expense of *others*. We stand upon higher ground than the Constitution even; and we impugn the policy of legislating over much. It is impossible however to forego our reliance upon the second clause of the tenth section of the Constitution, which according to the cotemporaneous testimony of Luther Martin was purposely introduced to reserve to the States individually the right of protecting their own manufactures. It never has been acted on as yet, and unless such be its object, the singular and absurd anomaly of an unmeaning provision protrudes from our remarkably condensed Constitution. A strong recommendation in favor of this construction is that it is consonant with reason and equity. If Massachusetts or Rhode Island wish to protect their peculiar products, let them do so at the expense of their *own* inhabitants, who have a common interest in the measure, and not at that of the rest of the Union, whose interests are adverse. You rest your Defence of the expediency of the Tariff upon the policy of other nations. As they have restrictive measures in vogue, therefore we must *retaliate*. This argument would have much weight, urged to one of the individual States just named, whose interests are homogeneous and in competition with foreigners. But at the South we have no competitors, and if we had I trust would rather rely proudly and independently upon our own exertions to beat them, than invoke the aid of the General Government, particularly when that aid would be rendered only upon disputable authority, and at the cost of our Sister States. If Congress could retaliate upon the Corn Laws of England at the level expense of the whole U. S., then would

there be some smack of justice in the procedure. But, when this can be done only at the prejudice of a large section of the Country, why should that section be sacrificed under a Government professing for its basis the doctrine of equal benefits and equal burdens? And is this pretence of retaliation *quite* disinterested? How does it work? The manufacturing States have all the profits, and suffer none of the evils, while the process is exactly reversed with the Plantation States. If they wish to *retaliate*, or to protect, let them do so in Heaven's name, *provided* it is at their own, and not other people's expense. We do not ask the aid of Government. All that we want is an open field, and no favor. In the whole of this dispute, it should be recollected that we are perfectly willing to let things take their natural course. We are willing to meet the North on equal terms, without the intervention of Government in our behalf. We ask no Bounties upon the products of our labor, we seek not to retaliate upon our foreign competitors to the injury of our Brethren. But, when a compact made, as we conceive, for specific purposes, is perverted by a bare and interested majority to apocryphal and meddlesome domestic purposes, threatening destruction to our very existence, it is time for us to give the word "as you were!"

England you mention as an instance of the advantages of the restrictive Policy. Would you defend their Corn Laws? Are not the poor of that Country by their operation made to pay to the Aristocracy, the lordly Landholders, as much for one loaf of bread, as with open markets they could purchase one and a half or two loaves with? Break down their Protective System, and could we not supply them with flour cheaper than they could raise it? Is not the Tariff in favor of domestic manufactures

the very ditto of the Corn Laws? Is not all the mystification and humbug about being independent of foreign Countries, and encouraging native industry, just as applicable to the English Nobleman's monopoly of the Corn market, as it is to the Yankee manufacturer's monopoly of the American market; with this difference, that there the Government is consolidated, and here it is a confederacy of diverse, remote, and distinctly marked sectional interests? But, in truth, the power and prosperity of Great Britain, if not in spite, at least was not owing to her restrictive Policy. As well might you say that the flourishing condition of the Celestial Empire was attributable to the monopoly granted by impertinent Law to the Hong merchants at Canton. England owes her ascendancy to higher and better grounds, to the intelligence of her People, and their superiority in the *useful* arts. It is true that she has fewer exchangeable products of the soil than almost any other nation, and she does not *grow* money. But, from her superabundant population and amazing improvements in machinery, she has been enabled to *work up* materials brought from abroad, and from her seafaring site, and by her innumerable shipping and great skill in navigation, she has monopolized the *carrying trade* of all the world. In her swarming Island were the workshops of the rest of mankind,—to her well built and well managed vessels were entrusted their Cargoes. Heretofore they have encountered no competition in these particulars, and hence their prodigious aggrandizement. In the latter however we have already put a spoke in their wheel, and that too without the aid of Government. In the former we should quickly do the same had we her dense and starving population. But so long as man can thrive by agricultural pursuits, he

never will consent to the drudgery and slavery of Factories. Even the strong temptation to do a violence to his nature held out by our Government will not avail, because the cupidity thus excited will find a richer harvest in smuggling.

It is undoubtedly true, as you allege, that England would not buy our Cotton if she could get the article elsewhere as good, and cheap. She is jealous of us, and we are to expect nothing from her liberality. But all People will buy wherever it is their interest to do so, unless their Government pragmatically and overweeningly interfere. Have her means of manufacturing and consuming been *stationary?* Her population has augmented, and her labor saving machinery turns out three fold what it used to, but her demand for our Cotton has not increased in proportion. And why? Because she has been driven to other Countries to seek the commodity, or is fast substituting Silk in its place. If we would receive her manufactures freely, she could afford to take in return larger quantities of our productions for the use even of her own people, whose consumption of Cotton fabrics would consequently extend. Not only has not her demand for Cotton increased in the proportion which it ought to, but the price within the last fifteen years has fallen from eighteen to nine and seven cents per pound.

If we purchase imported goods as cheap as we used to a few years back, do you credit that to the Tariff? If so, then is our "American System" a very philanthropic one, for it has also spread its protection over British manufactures. What do you estimate the difference at, of buying a yard of Cloth outside of our Bar, and inside? The coat I have on cost me last fall in London eighteen dollars, here the price would be from twenty-five to thirty-

six. The correct comparison is, not between what prices are now and what they were formerly, but between their present rate and that which would exist if there were no Duties to be paid at the Custom House. To attach this merit to the Tariff, you must first show that English manufactures have remained stationary in their cost, while ours have cheapened, and then the "Bill of Abominations" need no longer exist, for, hot headed as we are, we know the difference between a ten and a five dollar bill, and would be very apt to buy where we could do so cheapest. Abolish the Tariff to-morrow, and the value of our staples would be enhanced twenty per cent, and on an average we should get imported goods at half their present prices. But that would break up the hot bed manufactories, and therefore we must pay double, and lose the foreign market and competition, not by fair play or from natural causes, but because a majority of six interested men says so. All along even the moderate among us—the sagacious political economists who held that we suffered only as *consumers*—have admitted that the loss of the foreign market would be an unbearable and irremediable evil. It is now fast coming upon us, as common sense foresaw, and as the unbelieving may suspect by token of the English Project to protect their India Cotton. The argument was, that the British manufacturer *must* buy our Cotton, he could not help himself. He knows whence he gets indigo, and he will soon think as did good Queen Bess when she drew on the first pair of silk stockings imported into England, that "they are a marvellous pleasant wear."

As to your proposition that New York suffers under the Tariff as much as Carolina, it is not accurate to the full extent. In their shipping interests, and as *consumers*,

they sustain a common injury, but the South also bleeds as a *producer*. You will recollect that two thirds of all the Exports from this Country are produced in the seven Slave holding States. It is with the proceeds of these exports that the goods are purchased which bear the Duties. That these duties are made to *fall back* upon the original grower, thro' an abatement in the price paid him for his Produce, if not wholly true, is so to a great extent. The Consumer in fact pays but little of the impost, altho' the Tariff men would make us swallow that imposture too. Simplify the matter as much as possible, and your conclusions will be more direct and satisfactory. Dispense with the intervention of merchants and agents altogether. The contest is to supply the home market with manufactured goods, the competitors are the Hong, or Domestic manufacturer, and the Southern Planter unaided by Government. For instance, suppose a Planter to take his hundred Bales of Cotton himself to Liverpool, sell it there, purchase manufactured articles with the proceeds, and carry them to the New York market. Upon landing them he has to pay the tremendous Tariff duties. How will he reimburse himself these expenses? Were there no competition in the market, of course by putting such a price upon his goods as would throw the burden upon the Consumer. But the market is not open. The Domestic manufacturer is in the field already. Upon what terms do they encounter? *Naturally* is there any equality between them? The Planter has just carried his raw material over the Atlantic, paying freight and insurance, incurring risk, and bestowing his time and personal attendance, he has paid the duties on it at the English Custom House, and in its place has purchased articles manufactured under the pressure of English Taxation. These he

brings back over the Ocean again, paying Freight, and Insurance, and devoting risk, time, and attention, all going to enhance their cost. The Domestic manufacturer is exempt from all this. He has the material at his door, or pays but little freight for it, he has not to carry his goods to a distant market, and at home pays but trifling Taxes. One would think with these advantages in his favor he could rout the Planter incontinently. Not so however, for even with Protection from Uncle Sam to the tune of *at least* forty per cent, he is undersold. Yet in consequence of his being there to show competition the Planter must keep down his prices, and cannot charge so much as will indemnify him against the Duties from the Buyer of his imported goods. Who then pays the Piper? The consumer escapes thro' their competition, tho' he pays twice as much as he ought to do. Does the Planter compensate for these Duties by making the English manufacturer sell him the goods cheaper than he otherwise would? Were the Planter the Englishman's only Customer he might perhaps have that control over him, and then we should have the funny state of things which a very wise member of Congress at its last Session said actually existed—of *our* Taxes being paid by his Britannic Majesty's subjects in addition to their own! But no—he can visit the burdens of the Tariff upon neither the Consumer nor the manufacturer of his imported goods, but must reduce his profits to the least point of remuneration. If instead of being his own Shipper and Importer, he sells his Cotton here, the merchants will of course make such an abatement in the price he pays as will enable him to meet the Duties upon the return Cargo. Upon the Planter, who has no competition in his favor and no escape, he must make it fall, for he will

have neither the manufacturer nor the Consumer at the same advantage.

The supposition that some of the evils of which we complain are owing to over production may or not be true. That however is an evil which will cure itself. No Government under the Sun has rightfully any thing to do with these matters. They say we are anxious to get rid of the Custom of the North. Truly this is not so. We shall be very glad of their custom, but we don't want to pay for it. Let it come naturally, without the interference of the Law, or at any body's expense but ours, and it will be welcome purely. You would find that a queer, tho' to *yourself*, a pleasant trade were your Chapelier in the Rue Richlieu at Paris to pay you for buying a Hat of him. If the Northern States can hereafter be as good Customers to us as the English now are, the sooner the better, only we object to paying for it in *advance*. Whether when separated from the other States we should be better or worse off, a few years ago was never a question dreamt of, but this accursed Tariff has put us upon our mettle, and set our wits at work. Very possibly we should have to pay duties upon carrying our Cotton to Northern Ports, but that would be on only one sixth of the whole, while we should introduce the manufactures bought with the other five sixths into Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans at a rate of Duty barely sufficient for Revenue, say ten or fifteen per cent. As a question of interest merely the South assuredly have nothing to lose, nor have they any fears to consult. But they have given their Bond, and however hard the bargain, whatever is *in* the Bond, they will stick to. All they complain of is, being required to render that "which is not nominated in the Bond." The "pound of flesh they'll yield, and cheerfully,

but not a jot of blood,"—"millions for Defence, but not a Cent for Tribute."

So long as the States of the Confederacy were confined to the sea board, were engaged in Commerce, and equally consumed those imported articles which were dutiable, the System of collecting Federal Taxes through Custom Houses was a fair one. At that time too fifteen per Cent was regarded as a heavy impost. But now when the majority of the People are remote from the Atlantic, and need pay no Taxes at all to the General Government if they will avoid the use of commodities brought from abroad, its operation is exceedingly unequal, and onerous. All the products of labor should in a country of just Laws be equally subjected to taxation. Here four fifths of these products contribute nothing at all to the Federal Treasury, the whole assessment falling upon that property which passes through the Custom House. Doubtless in praising our Country, you lead off your eulogium by a statement of the exceedingly low Taxes we pay, to the astonishment of the Foreigner. Undoubtedly taking the money gathered into the Treasury, and dividing it among our twelve millions of Inhabitants, your quotient will be curiously small, but the fact is, the Tax paying part of our Citizens are more heavily taxed than all the occupants of any other Country the world round. As things now stand in the U. S. the only equitable and uniform mode of Taxation would be to abolish Custom Houses altogether, and resort to direct taxes, or, retaining the Custom Houses, to impose upon every thing imported a duty ad valorem indiscriminately, and an excise upon all the other products of labor throughout the Land.

You deprecate the tone in which these matters are discussed at the South, and allude to our sensitiveness on

the subject of slavery to show that it is unwise. The cases by no means run on all fours. Were the manufacturers of the North content, as we are, with natural advantages, were they on equal terms with us, the objection would be forcible. But they stand on a vantage ground. They have, by fraud and by force, enlisted the Government on their side, and when with its assistance they push on to crush and trample us down,—when we the aggrieved party seek as a powerless minority to obtain redress for our grievances, they the aggressors, instead of listening to our arguments and remonstrances, turn upon us with contumely and abuse; instead of making concessions, and offering conciliation to preserve the Union, they denounce us for our resistance as Dis-unionists, and Traitors, and fiendlike strive to paralyze our efforts by threatening to stir up at our hearths "*bellum plusquam civile*."

But believe me, my dear Sir, "you are wrongly informed when you are told that any thing has been said, or done, against the Union in this quarter." The imputation was "a device of the enemy," and was taken up at home for party and electioneering purposes by some who would not reluct at gracing their own petty triumphs with the disgrace of their native State. "The Union must be preserved," and is surely worth more than the Tariff. The measures in agitation here are to preserve, not to destroy it, by vindicating the Constitution. The enemies of the American Union are the Friends of the "American System."

Whatever chances with you in Europe, we are the causes of, but there will be no reaction. Every Revolution or popular movement in that hemisphere has a direct reference, and is a high compliment, to the Institutions in this. I thank you cordially for the interesting details you

have afforded me, and trust you will continue them notwithstanding the retort of so long a Letter. Heartily do I sympathize with you in your glowing recollections and deep interest for Italy. I fear much however that her case is hopeless. The plan of a confederation, and of one nation from the Alps along the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, is a glorious one, but destined in particular to fail. They never will be unanimous. Forsyth has a remark upon this subject perfectly characteristic, "the strongest bond of Union among Italians is only a coincidence of hatred."

Farewell, my dear Sir, present my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Cooper, and believe me very truly your obliged and sincere Friend,

and ob^{t} Servt,
H. N. Cruger.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *New Monthly* [COPY]

Paris, May 21st, 1831

Dear Sir,

Since I wrote acknowledging the receipt of your letter on the subject of the article in the *New Monthly*, I have been able to get a copy from a circulating library, and of reading it.

I never suspected myself of meriting (and you will excuse me if I say I do not even now) the high encomiums you, or some one for you, have passed on my tales. I am greatly afraid the world will think you have a good deal exceeded what the occasion required. But that is an affair I shall leave you to settle with your readers as well as you can. For your good opinion, it is my business to thank you. I shall not do this much however, without raising a point of difference between us. In a note you

call me the "rival of Sir Walter Scott." Now the idea of rivalry with him never crossed my brain. I have always spoken, written and thought of Sir Walter Scott (as a writer) just as I should think and speak of Shakespeare—with high admiration of his talent, but with no silly reserve, as if I thought my own position rendered it necessary that I should use more delicacy than other men. What I like I say I like, and it is most that he has written, and what I do not like I say I do not like. No man would think of saying that *Titus Andronicus* or *Pericles of Tyre* is equal to *Othello* or *Hamlet*, and no man, in his senses, would say that *Redgauntlet* is equal to *The Antiquary* or *The Heart of Midlothian*. If there is a term that gives me more disgust than any other, it is to be called, as some on the continent *advertise me*, the "American Walter Scott." It is offensive to a gentleman to be nicknamed at all, and there is a pretension in the title, which offends me more than all the abusive reviews that ever were written.

You have appreciated my motives in regard to my own country, and it has given me great satisfaction. Her mental independence is my object, and if I can go down to the grave with the reflection that I have done a little towards it, I shall have the consolation of knowing that I have not been useless in my generation. And now I shall pick a quarrel with you about that very country, which you say, and say truly, is my pride and object.

In the article on Capt. Beechy's voyage, page 373, one of your contributors says that the English are much better off than any other people in the obedience of their seamen, and then gives as proofs of his position the facts that some French navigator admits that his crew was entirely demoralized, and that the late American expedition sent out

by government had mutinied, and put its officers "bag and baggage" on shore. Your correspondent is neither right in his fact nor in his inference. The American Government has never sent out any expedition of the sort named, and consequently the crew of no discovery ships of the U. States can have mutinied. The merchants of New York have sent out a brig with the double object of trade and discovery, and there was a report that the seamen thought there was too much work and too little profit, in which they were to share as is usual with sealers, and that they refused to proceed. Even this story, if not entirely false, has been much exaggerated, since the last accounts say that the expedition is going on. I remember of no instance of a mutiny in the American Navy, of any serious result. Formerly the men enlisted for two years, and then occurred one or two cases of dissatisfaction in ships on stations, the men refusing to serve beyond the time of enlistment; but in every case the officers subdued the seamen, although it was directly in face of the law. A statute has made a provision for such cases, at present, and there is an end of the difficulty. Now what will your correspondent say of the mutiny of the *Non*—of the *Hermione*—of the *Bounty*, whose case is alluded to in his own article, and of fifty more that I could name?

There is no seaman so easily governed (lawfully) as the American. This is a fact known to any man who ever served. The reason is obvious. They are more protected, have confidence in that protection, and are generally of a much better origin than the European sailor. The American native is a mild and reasoning creature, and is everywhere governed without bayonets. God knows what they may become, but this is their character at present; now were I to say this in a book, it is ten to one but the article

of your correspondent would be quoted against me, as proof that I was wrong.

[J. F. C.]

TO RICHARD COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Paris, May 25th, 1831.

My dear Dick,

Your aunt has just received a letter from Mrs. Pomeroy, which contains the following sentence. "Richard has an office, etc., etc.; he is very steady and of excellent morals and is greatly beloved by us all." This is so good a character, coming as it does from a very rigid moralist, that I cannot permit the occasion to go by without expressing the gratification it has given me. You live in a country in which any man of your capacity and education can make his way honorably and fairly to distinction, and I sincerely hope, as I believe, that your future career will do no discredit to your early promise.

News from the valley at the foot of Otsego is not so uncommon an occurrence as you may imagine, in your retirement. Mr. Morse brought us direct intelligence from you about a year since, and there was a Mr. Prall in Rome, who appeared to be very conversant with the interests of the younger part of your little circle. It is odd enough that I had a visit, when in Tuscany, from an officer of one of our frigates who told me he was born in Cooperstown. This is probably the first male native who ever found his way into Italy, for you will remember that I am a Jersey-man born, and both William and Paul are New Yorkers.

Our European visit is nearly ended. I should have come home this summer were it not for the educations of your cousins. Susan, who is now a fine young woman of

eighteen, is so near finishing that I did not like to take her away from her masters until she had quite done so. I do not know that the substantial parts of education are obtained as well abroad as at home, but the accomplishments are certainly of a much higher kind. We endeavor to remedy the more serious defects by directing the reading of the girls ourselves.

Your little kinsman Paul is a fine, mischievous, kind-hearted boy of seven. He is clever to a painful degree, for I sometimes fear his precocity may lead to bad results. He speaks four languages, as a child, of course, but pretty well, and he reads three of them with care. When his age is considered, his manner of using the languages is surprising. When at Dresden last summer, and when only six, he was looking at some prints in a shop window, attended by a German nurse with whom he spoke German. An English gentleman was attracted by his remarks, and began to question him. Their discourse was in English, the language he speaks least fluently; he was so delighted with his own performance as to recount the whole affair, on his return. "But who is this person?" his mother asked—"was it a gentleman?" "*Mais, peutêtre, Maman—il en avait l'air—ma non e l'abito che fa il monaco*," giving, as you see, an Italian proverb by way of expressing his doubts. The proverb means, "it is not the cowl that makes the monk."

I have hired a house for a year, which I have just furnished, and we intend, for the reasons I have named, to remain that time at Paris. Your aunt has invited her sisters, the Miss de Lanceys, to join us, so that you see we shall assemble in some form if they come. We have a plan of spending the hot weather on the coast of Normandy, and I am just now projecting a short tour into

England and Scotland, with Mr. Rives, our Minister, whose health requires some relaxation from very indefatigable attention to his public duties. No man can be more devoted to the objects of his mission, though I see some one has been writing against him from this country. You are now of an age to know that an article of this kind, which bears on its face evidence of personal malice, is worthy of no respect.

Mrs. Pomeroy tells me that you are engaged to be married, but she does not say to whom! William got a letter from his mother, acquainting him with the marriage of his sister, without descending to this trifling sort of detail, too; though the individual wedded or to be wedded is after all the most essential part of such intelligence. We come to marriage almost as infallibly as we come to our graves, but the who and the when are interesting points in the former; as the last is in death.

You will oblige me by telling your aunt that I had no need of the counterbalancing attacks of Mrs. Heli, as I know nothing of the eulogisms of which she speaks. Reviews give me little concern, whether favorable or the reverse. What I have written is written, as the Turks say, and it cannot be helped. Neither do I know any thing of her, Mrs. Heli, who is a lady beyond my knowledge. The critiques of those around me are not often read, and as I do not know where to find Mrs. Heli, I must go without the corrective. Is she a poet?—I have been told that certain poets in America have never forgiven my having omitted their names in an enumeration of the Am. Poets I had occasion to make a few years since, and that they feed on my literary carcass whenever it falls in their way. This you see, my dear boy, is the penalty of wielding the quill. I remember, at the commencement of the last war,

to have made a visit of ceremony to General Bloomfield, an old friend both of your Father and your Grandfather, and for a long time Gov. of New Jersey. This gentleman had been appointed to command in New York at that serious moment. Mr. Luther Bradish of Franklin County went with me, and we were kept waiting in an antechamber some time. The good old man pleaded his engagements as an excuse—he had been assorting *visiting cards*, and, as he pathetically added, "it was a penalty that men in his situation were obliged to pay for their plumes." I have not the honor of commanding the port of New York in a war, but it would seem I have the honor of attracting the notice of Mrs. Heli.

Your aunt Pomeroy is afraid we shall become too Europeanized for home. She knows little of our tastes or wishes. There are people who come here, who see us in the possession of advantages that certainly do not fall to all our countrymen; and as most Americans have an exaggerated idea of Europe and especially of England, they fancy we cannot tear ourselves from a society they imagine so agreeable. Now my longing is for a wilderness—Cooperstown is far too populous and artificial for me, and it is my intention to plunge somewhere into the forest, for six months in the year, at my return. I will not quit my own state, but shall seek some unsettled part of that.

I wish you to write me a letter explanatory. I have a right to know the name of the lady in Hudson. I wish to know who was so gallant as to accompany Miss Cooper a thousand miles; your opinion of all your new connexions by these marriages, and in short such a communication as the future head of a family ought to make to the incumbent of the office. I bring up the rear of a large

family, but I am getting on in life. I shall be forty-two in a few months, an age which, if it be not venerable, is respectable. The difference between us, Dick, is not much greater than it was between your father and me—I never properly belonged to his generation, nor will you ever properly belong to mine. We must endeavor to meet half-way.

I wish you to tell Mr. Smith that I retain a friendly recollection of him. For Campbell I have a sincere respect. I would be mentioned also to the Phinneys, who were my old school fellows; to Dr. Russell; to Dr. Fuller—to Mrs. Griffin; and to Mrs. Starr and her husband; to Mrs. Phinney, who has endured more noise of my making than any other woman; to old Deacon Loomis if he be living; to the Davidsons, and to the Clarkes. To Peter Mayher of Cherry Valley, and to Judge White. I would by no means forget Mr. Nash. To Prentiss, to whom I will shortly write a notice on Europe for publication, making his first Paris correspondent. To Morrell, to Seth Cook and Crafts. To Joe Holt, who is a monument of the settlement of Cooperstown. To Oliver Cory, who taught me to read.

Quitting these, you will make my respects, in a suitable manner, to Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Bowers, to Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Russell and Miss Nancy—Is she alive? You will of course include all our family connexion, not forgetting the Morrises.

I know nothing of you young generation, for it is now near fourteen years since I saw Cooperstown. There was an old man of the name of Burrill who used to sell cakes. Is he living? If so, tell him I wish him a comfortable old age.

You will be glad to hear that I am in excellent health,

looking, as they tell me, like a man of five and thirty. I am much fatter than when I left home. A long journey from Rome, through the Tyrol into Germany and through Prussia to Paris last Summer, has quite restored my digestion, since when I have done as well as I could wish. Your aunt is also in perfect health. Your cousins grow and are looking well. Indeed we have all been well but Will, for a long time. I have not paid the Doctors fifty dollars in five years.

Adieu, my dear Dick. Do not forget to write me, with a full detail of answer.

Yours very sincerely
J. Fenimore Cooper

FROM RICHARD COOPER

Cooperstown, August 2nd, 1831

Dear Uncle,

I feel greatly indebted to Aunt Pomeroy for the manner she has spoken of me in her letters, as it has been the means of giving me a place in your recollection and of my receiving a token of your regard. Time has wrought considerable changes in our village since you left it. My memory does not reach back sufficiently far to note them all. I am unable to point out every chasm that death has made in the living circle with which you were acquainted. Some that you desired to be remembered to I never heard of, and some are in their graves. Mr. Ernst died last winter, Seth Cook several years ago. I am more familiar with the alterations in the external aspect of the place. A good many buildings which, within my recollection, have rather discredited the taste and neatness of the place, now shine with a bright and fresh coat of paint, additions have been made to a few, and some entirely new of very

respectable appearance have been erected. Among these last is a bank which was chartered last winter. You are undoubtedly acquainted with the policy of our rulers with respect to the fiscal concerns of the State. Every little village that can boast of its bar room and its store seeks to elevate itself from obscurity into commercial importance by the establishment of a bank, and it is hard to tell whether the importunity of the people in asking, or the liberality of the legislature in granting, is the greater. Our bank, however, is supposed to be warranted by the advantages of its locality. There have been other changes of a less pleasing nature, and which indicate decay as those I have stated shew prosperity. The old mansion still stands, but in a dilapidated state, a sad monument of the fallen fortunes of the family. The spirit of improvement has for some time meditated its utter destruction. Several years ago a project was started of pulling it down and laying out a road over its site, but as the villagers are not distinguished for their diligence in the prosecution of such plans, there is a prospect that the venerable structure will crumble away brick by brick until it becomes a heap of ruins. The bank stands upon part of the grounds; the rest is used as a play ground for boys. Uncle Isaac's dwelling is at present unoccupied. A few years ago it was converted into a seminary for young ladies and has been used for that purpose until a few months back. The practical energy of those who had charge of its interests was not equal to their speculative enterprise. The institution fell to the ground for want of vigorous and disinterested support. The building, though at present in tolerable order, promises before long to meet with the fate of the old mansion, unless it fall into more careful hands. Apple Hill has passed into the possession of a Stranger, and on your

place the stone building has been torn down and a white frame house put up which is now the residence of a Mr. Nelson, one of our Supreme Court judges. I am not intimately acquainted with any of my new relations, and have not seen much of their characters developed. Eliza married a Mr. Vicat, a French gentleman whom I never saw but once. He is the brother of a silk merchant in New York in easy circumstances, but as far as I can learn poor himself. He was in Cooperstown before his marriage, when I heard reports about him of an unfavorable character. Since then I have been told by several, and Aunt Pomeroy among the number, who has seen him pretty often, that his conversation and manners are those of a gentleman, and his conduct during his residence in the city of New York unexceptionable. Georgian and Hannah with their husbands are now in the village. Mr. Woolson seems to be a man of a warm heart, good principles, and considerable intelligence. He is unfortunately very deaf, which incapacitates him from those pursuits, by which the majority of our young men rise to commerce and competency. His present occupation is that of editor of one of the Boston papers. Mr. Keese is a druggist of quite extensive business in the city of New York; a member of the church and to all appearance sincerely pious, a good husband and father, and somewhat devoted to the Muses. He writes occasionally for the city papers, and though his fame may not have reached Europe, his productions are above the common order of newspaper poetry. Elizabeth married a Mr. Beale from the South. He is a lawyer and living with his wife at Green Bay. I should think him enterprising, of honorable feelings, firmness of purpose, and more than ordinarily talented. My engagement has ripened into a marriage; the wedding

was on the 25th of May last, the day before the date of your letter. The lady was a Miss Storrs of Hudson. Perhaps you may think I am rather young to enter into so serious a connexion. Circumstances connected with the parties must necessarily influence our judgement of the propriety of such a step. Possibly I have done wrong. I have myself no fears of the result.

It gives me great pleasure to learn that your own health, and that of my Aunt and Cousins, is so good. However little disease may in truth have visited your family, popular rumor has once or twice brought you to the verge of the grave, and the public prints have as often begun to sing a requiem over their "distinguished countryman." Severity of criticism I find is not the only "penalty of wielding the quill." Authors are objects of notice to others than judges of their literary merits. A prying and excited curiosity is actively at work around them, which distorts what exists and creates what has no existence. Rumor is seldom silent; celebrity is her favorite theme; and with her "hundred tongues" she propagates a hundred stories. She digs graves with a sexton-like dexterity, and heaps the clod on men who are enjoying healthful and vigorous life. To "die and be alive again" ceases to be a marvel, and with her becomes an every-day occurrence.

The name of the gentleman who accompanied Miss Mary Cooper a thousand miles is Hoyt. He started with the avowed purpose of going no farther than Utica, but from some cause or other he continued on to Green Bay. It is believed by some that they are to be married.

I should suppose, from the determination you express to plunge into a wilderness upon your return, that your opinion of mankind has not improved by a more extended

observation of them. I have heard of the corruptions of Europe, and the total departure from natural sentiment and moral rectitude which characterizes the great body of refined society in that quarter of the world, and I could almost persuade myself that a daily association with human nature in this impure condition had a little obscured the remembrance of what it is in your native land, and that your foreign misanthropy will be dissipated when your observation of American character is renewed. At least it seems to me that there is much to love and value in society here. There is a good deal that is false and artificial; but this does not pervade the whole. A part consider the law that is written on their hearts of higher obligation than the observances of custom; and certainly our morals have not yet fallen a prey either to distempered sentiment or wild opinions.

My business at present amounts to little or nothing. I opened my office last Fall; and from that time to this I have had almost uninterrupted leisure to exercise myself in threading the mazes of the law and contemplating its "glorious uncertainties." I certainly should like it better if I could mix a little active exertion with this speculative enjoyment. But I see no immediate prospect of having my wishes realized. Professional business in this country is in a very depressed state, and unless my further pastime meets with some reward, I fear there will be a necessity of my changing the theatre of my efforts. I certainly shall not do this unless ragged poverty threatens to stare me in the face if I remain, for I had much rather try my fortune here than elsewhere. As every nook and corner in this state has its quota of attornies, nay, is filled to overflowing, if I leave this place I shall go to the "far West." I fear I shall not be able to act upon

your recommendation of meeting my namesake in Congress. The pursuit of a political life is an utter abandonment of all professional advantages; and as time must necessarily elapse before I could attain the desired elevation, there is great danger that the salary of my office would have to be used for filling up the gaunt forms of a starving family. In addition to this I have no great relish for politics as they are now. In these days one cannot be a thoroughgoing politician, and such he must be to obtain promotion, without bidding farewell to his honesty and his intellectual freedom. Our parties are not organized upon just principles, and do not pursue proper objects. Unlimited obedience is required, your scruples are laughed at, and your honest doubts stigmatized as folly. To dare to think for yourself is to incur the penalties of heresy, and though the stake and faggot are not allowed at the present day as corrections of contumacy, yet the offended sovereignty of party does all it can by condemning you to the retirement of private life. And then too the contest is for office, emoluments, the mere tinsel and not the substance and virtue of high station. An unreserved connection with any party removes from the view the great and laudable objects of ambition, or at least weakens the love of them and renders the heart indifferent to principles which ought to command its respect. The people themselves are not corrupt. Dishonesty or littleness of purpose is principally confined to those who set up for their leaders. These men find the prosecution of their schemes facilitated by the character of the times. There is no great national question to which public attention is generally directed. There is nothing to test severely the merits of the candidates for popular favor, and to touch the best springs of action in the breasts of the people.

They are at present governed rather by old predilections and individual attachments than by considerations connected with existing national interests. This state of things cannot, I think, continue long. Public opinion begins to rally its force around matters of general concern, and then when the struggle has for its object the ascendancy of truth, and the only bond of union is devotion to a noble end, a man may become a partisan without ceasing to be a friend to his country. I offer you my sincere congratulations on the remarkable promise of Paul, and hope that you may live to see the fulfillment of all you wish concerning him. Be so good as to remember me affectionately to my Aunt and Cousins. If it could be done without interfering with your more important avocations, I should be highly gratified to hear from you again.

Yours with affection,

R. Cooper.

FROM WILLIAM DUNLAP

Burlington, Vt., Sept. 20th, 1831

Dear James:

I received your letter of the thirteenth of June last just before leaving home. We are all very glad to have such a pleasing proof of your friendship and I was the more gratified when I found that it was not in answer to one I addressed to you some time back but a spontaneous effusion of pure good-will such as I feel for you and wish you ever to feel for me.

Both your letter and your Yankee notions are just such as I should expect from my merry writer and critic of former times. The notion expressed of General Jackson is I

fear too favourable. He has proved weaker than could have been anticipated; yet those who hold under him will hold to him and strive to hold him up. Your La Fayette is mine; and your Washington excellent, but I expected something more after the passage beginning "Some" (p. 190), and p. 195, "They who believe, etc." Europeans mistake us in nothing more than in attributing too much of our freedom and prosperity to that great and good man. Their writers have generally supposed that he could have put a crown upon his head and give him credit for forbearance. He knew better. He knew his countrymen. Your comparison of Washington with Bonaparte is excellent. If you have not read Dr. Channing on the character of Napoleon (written long after your notions) read it as soon as you can get it.

Now to answer your enquiries respecting myself. I very much fear that I am five years older than when you left us, and the grenadier erectness you speak of is yielding fast to the bow, the ungraceful bow of the old gentleman, very much the reverse of the *beau ideal*. Old Rogers—bye the bye, I am very much flattered that he is so intimately associated with me in your reminiscences—he—old Rogers—is, I think, as young as ever and as wise.

When you left me I was painting my Calvary; I hope you will soon see it, and acknowledge its superiority to the Transfiguration or any other of the great works you enumerate. I am gratified that you have not forgotten the old lady's testimony as to the likeness of St. Peter, as the truth of the portraiture adds much to the value of works of this kind. I believe the Calvary is very much my best picture, but I have been obliged to paint the portraits of mere every-day folk of the present unholy

race; for my saints, though marvellously well painted, work no miracles, and could not keep my family from starvation. For two summers in succession I have visited Vermont and carried home bank notes enough to greet my Landlord and other hungry personages for the winters that followed. Last winter I painted a great picture, on the subject of the three days of battle in Paris,—but it has not bettered my condition as yet. If I could have painted my picture in three days after the news of the revolution arrived, it might have attracted public attention, but in three months it was an old story and not old enough to be new again.

I have not seen your cherubs—at least no European Cherubs belonging to you. Greenough's boys were, when last I heard of them, boxed up and at your friend P. Jay's. When I have seen them you shall have my opinion of them.

The National Academy of Design have received two very fine specimens of Thorwaldsen's genius, his Venus and Mercury. They have more of the Antique and of course more of nature as well as excellence than any modern work of sculpture that I have seen. Many times I have stood before Canova's Venus, Graces, Boxers, and Hebe and questioned myself for the reason that modern sculptors could not, with the aid of the ancients, approach their excellence. Thorwaldsen has done it.

In respect to the Fine Arts you have shewn great good sense, first, in not writing to me on the subject of "Raphael's Correggios and stuff" and in determining to sit to me for your portrait. I had seen the one in the monthly, and but for the lettering should not have thought of my *young* friend. I sincerely rejoice that you are as young and full of fun as you ever were, and long to

see you home and hear you find fault with my work every day as you used to do.

The Bravo has not yet reached us. If you liked my address to the Students, as I am willing to believe, I shall think the better of it. My notions respecting Aristocracy have long been fixed. We will lift up our voices against the Humbugs who have kept this goodly world in a turmoil since the time of Nimrod and ages before. Every effort in the good cause produces some good. A truism, but some truisms cannot be too often repeated. The effect of an effort may not be perceived at the moment, but it must be felt.

I have received your address in favour of Poland. Heaven help the brave fellows! I can only pray for them. Your effort is not without its effect in this country. Events pass so rapidly that we have hardly time to speculate upon them. Even now perhaps the Poles are triumphant or Warsaw in ruins, and God knows but ere this Louis Philip is no longer a king. Our last news is the change in the french ministry.

This is the third visit I have made to Vermont. In '29 I was invited to Brandon—an Itinerant by special invitation—with the appearance of employment. I went in Sept. and returned home in October. In '30 in the same manner visited Castleton, Rutland and Orwell, passing from June to October in painting portraits, except that in the last place I had a severe fit of sickness. This Sept. I have ventured to Burlington on a more indefinite invitation and fear that I shall be disappointed of profit. I hope to be home in two weeks. Having been sick in July last and confined to Leonard Street all summer, the journey is pleasant and I hope profitable to my health. Having thus given some account of myself, you will per-

ceive that I am the same active, industrious, poor, free-nigger you left me, only older and of course more worthless.

By my former letter you see that I have a project of a periodical work. I think of publishing the first number on the first of January next. I shall be guided in my final determination by the number of subscribers obtained. If you think of any thing that may aid me, communicate. If you can do anything for me, I know you will do it. I see to-day that the Editor of the *Courrier and Enquirer* has denounced me as not being qualified for executing so *very difficult* a work in the *best style*. He may be right. But I do not know of any one better qualified who is willing to undertake it; and such a work is lamentably wanted. I have written a letter to M. M. Noah which he perhaps may publish.

You shall have as many of my pictures for your intended tour in the Mediterranean as you think fit; but it seems like carrying Coal to Newcastle. I fear they would prove too light for ballast and too unvaluable to help "pay charges."

Adieu. Remember me to Mrs. Cooper, whose good opinion I am anxious to obtain, or preserve, and of whose health I wish to hear. The young folks, except the oldest, will hardly remember me, unless it is as the old gentleman who walked up to Hellgate to dine with you. I hope to see them the sources of a large portion of your happiness and that of their Mother. My family cannot join in this assurance of good wishes—but I can answer for them. John's diplomatic scheme had escaped my memory, but he remembered the circumstance. Once more Adieu.

Yours ever faithfully

W. Dunlap

P.S. Plattsburg Oct. 1st.

No opportunity of franking this to New York having offered until now, it has accompanied me to Plattsburg, and Plattsburg reminds me of McDonough and sea fights and naval victories and bids me ask, when is J. F. C.'s History of the Navy of his country to appear? How much is done?—or is it left until we have made the tour of the Mediterranean? If ever man was qualified above all others for such a task, it is you.

I got nothing to do at Burlington, Vt., but I am employed in painting the portraits of sinners, at the same time showing some of my saints.

Once more Adieu.

WD

James Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Paris

William Dunlap was born at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, in 1766 and began painting at seventeen. His first work was a portrait of Washington. In 1834 he published his *History of the Arts of Design in the United States*. He died in New York in 1839.

FROM LAFAYETTE

Paris 9^{ber} 9th 1831.

My dear Sir,

Permit me to enclose and to recommend particularly to you an article of the *Revue Britannique*, a preliminary discussion of the french Budjet, asserting that the american Government is more expensive than that of France. It is of course within my attributions to answer those calculations, and I must require friendly assistance. In opening the book I found an account of the fine *Maison de Campagne* of the President, which I have not had an opportunity to visit.—you did not know that you pay

more taxes in the state of new york than are exacted from the french citizen.—yet, on their part, I find it is presented speciously enough.

Be pleased therefore to favor me with your critical observations.

Most truly and affectionately
your friend
Lafayette

À Monsieur F. Cooper
à Paris

TO R. R. HUNTER, COWES

Rue St. Dominique 59, Nov. 9, 1831.

Dear Hunter,

We have been expecting to see you here for some time, or I should have written you before. Beginning to think you are lost in a fog, I write in despair.

The measles prevented me from quitting *home* until the first of September, and as Mrs. Cooper wanted change of air, after the long attendance on the children, I changed the route to the Rhine. We went by Rouen, Dieppe, Abbeville, Arras, Tourcoing and to Brussells. Thence by Liège, Aix-la-Chapelle to Cologne and up the river (by land) to Mayence. Thence to Francfort, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Turkheim, Kaiserlautern to Forbach in France, where they ordered us into a cage for five days. Not liking confinement, being a free man, I reëntered Germany and skirted France by Trèves and Luxembourg and got in at Longwy, reaching Paris precisely on the fifth day; when, according to quarantine regulations, we should have just been quitting the cage. This is nearly two months since, and happily there is yet no cholera here.

Poor William died three days after our return. He exposed himself last year at Dredor, taking a severe cold which settled on his lungs. He was examined on his arrival here in September, and pronounced to be still sound, but in danger from inflammation. During the Winter he got much better, so much better that I think he would have recovered had he followed the prescriptions of the physician. But this he did not do, exposed himself afresh, and died of a broken abscess. He has left a blank among us and his death has thrown a melancholy thrall over all our European recollections. He was two and twenty at his death.

I do not know whether you have obtained what you desired of the French Government or not, or whether indeed any Consul General has yet been appointed. Our journey, and since then the death of William, has prevented me from inquiring into this affair for you, though I requested Barnet to let you know as soon as the appointment was made. If you have not heard from him, I am inclined to think nothing has been done.

We have little new here, just now. For the moment all is tranquil, though things cannot remain as they are. The mass of the nation must be let into a share of the government, or it must be kept down by the strong hand. Under the present regime, it is neither one nor the other. Juries acquit daily, and the chambers endeavor to defraud the people of their rights. Here is an opposition of a kind that cannot go on quietly for any long period. Either the government must find means to punish or the people will find means to rule. There has been a desperate effort to set up an aristocracy, which has only succeeded in part, but half-way means will not do in the present state of France, and Despotism or Liberty must prevail. Adieu—

Remember me to Madam Letitia and the ladies. You have no doubt heard of poor Thorn's sad business.

J. Fenimore Cooper.

Mr. Hunter was the American Consul at Cowes.

TO CAROLINE DE LANCEY

Paris, December 3d, 1831

My dear Caroline,

As I know this letter will be, in one respect, the bearer of bad news, I caution you to summon your courage, and to show that you are, what I know you to be, a woman of resolution. Not to frighten you unnecessarily, I will tell you at once, we do not come home this year, if we do the next. I am making money so fast, just now, and it is so important for me to be on the spot, that I should be culpable to the last degree, to let the opportunity of providing for the girls go by. In addition to this motive, which you will agree with me in thinking all sufficient, the girls would be losers in their education, and I am much afraid that I might return alone to visit parts of Europe that we have not yet seen, were we to return next summer. The cholera morbus had almost decided us to cross the ocean, but the nearer approach of the disease, and the almost certainty with which it can be avoided, has entirely changed the resolution. Even Sue (daughter), the greatest coward among us, has regained her heart, and is no longer afraid. At the most we shall be driven from Paris for two or three months, though it is less certain that we shall have the disease here at all. Now for you and Martha.

I was grieved to hear the reason you gave for not coming last year. Are you not wrong in not selling some of your real estate? What is done with the Saxon and the

Angevine farm? The proceeds of the two ought to render you comfortable.—But no matter, I can remove this difficulty, and in a manner that Susan thinks you ought to accept.

Since the death of poor William, or indeed since the commencement of his long malady, I have had no regular copyist. The two Susans were obliged to copy most of *Bravo* for me, and with *The Heidenmauer*, I am obliged to blunder on as well as I can. A copyist ought to be in the family, and, in Europe, it is necessary that he should be a strictly confidential person. You write a very pretty plain hand, which will improve with practise, and if you will consent to copy my manuscripts, you shall have the money I must pay to some one. It shall be two hundred dollars a year, if you will, and this will amply dress you. To this I will add the expense of your passage across the ocean, and you shall return with us, as a matter of course. I say nothing of Martha, who is able to dress herself, and who does not write well enough for my work. But she can make herself very useful in so large a family of girls, especially as the latter are all intently occupied with their education. You know, my dear girl, that I only mention these things to remove your scruples, though, as respects yourself, I shall have to give the money to some one else if you refuse it. You need not hesitate, for I tell you *in confidence* that I have the prospect of receiving this year near or quite twenty thousand dollars.

Think well, dear Caroline, of this proposal, and discard any foolish idea of pride on the subject. It is always honorable to earn a livelihood, and what I offer is the least possible disagreeable office. No one can, or ought, to know it (out of the family), but if they should it would be no great matter. Perhaps you may catch the

vein by imitating, and set up for yourself at last. A thousand or two dollars added to your limited income would be a very pretty auxiliary.

Do not show my letter, except to Martha. She is warmly invited as an idler, though if she has scruples we will set her at work, too, in some way or other. It is my intention to visit Spain and Portugal, and to revisit Italy, Switzerland and Germany. You will be our fellow traveller, and, God willing, we will all return to America two or three years hence, when I shall have made a comfortable independence. You shall see hoary mountains, Gothic churches, picturesque peasants and quaint castles in plenty.

I would not advise you to come before February, though I think you had better come in February than in March. Whatever may be your decision, write on the packet preceding that in which you intend to sail. All this sounds formidable to you, though to us the voyage would be a trifle, except as we do not all like the sea. On no account go to England, as the expense is fearful. From Havre to Paris is no more than from New York to Philadelphia, and I would meet you there. I see no absolute necessity of your having an escort, if you are in a well commanded ship. The quality of the passengers may be of some consequence, but you and Martha being together in the same state-room will remove many embarrassments. In Europe it is not at all unusual, or in the least out of place, for ladies of your age to go everywhere without an escort, and it is for them to *go with a male one* as respects appearances. What is done in America would create observation here provided one was known, and what would excite remark in America is done in Europe every day. But all you will have to do, is to go properly

recommended on board a packet, and what between *cascading* and sleeping the affair is soon over.

We have just got a letter from Mrs. Baker, who extols her own happiness, and tells us among other pleasant things that you look as young as ever. This is encouraging, for I have an old friend of ninety three in my eye for Martha. You are a little too venerable for such a youth.—As for Mr. McAdam, they call him, in England, the *colossus of Roads*, but he is rather the Colossus of Husbands. But after you have been in Europe a year or two, you will begin to relish antiquity, whether it be a husband or a cathedral.

Give my love to Martha,
and believe me, dear Caroline,
very sincerely yours
J. Fenimore Cooper

I had almost forgotten to say, that if you should want ready money to come, Mr. Wilkes or Mr. Jay will furnish it to your draft on me, by showing either this postscript.

J. Fenimore Cooper

FROM CHARLES WILKES

New York, 9th Dec., 1831

My dear Sir—

You must have had a very agreeable tour with Mrs Cooper—I went over part of the ground in 1823. I was very much pleased with the scenery on the Rhine—not so much with the river itself, which is much inferior to our Hudson, but from the associations which, every instant, carried one back as well to the events of olden time, as to those of modern warfare. I was upon the whole most

struck with Heidelberg and the magnificence of its ruined castle. How much has been done in Europe, even in the despotic states, for the comfort and convenience of the mass of the population—I mean particularly in the abundance of public fountains, and the variety and beauty very often of public gardens. In Switzerland every town abounds with proofs of an attention to the comfort of the lower orders and no where more than in aristocratic Berne. How little has been yet done for the same object in America.—It is not difficult to perceive the reasons of the difference, yet I always felt a sort of humiliation whenever I saw it. Our latest accounts of Europe show everything unsettled there. The loss of the Reform bill will agitate England to the center. I hope the Whigs will be able to restrain their friends the mob—any violence which shall cause the shedding of blood cannot fail, I should think, to strengthen their adversaries. The necessity of employing soldiers would alienate their radical friends, while it would alarm the timid of their own men of property. I think the bill, with very little diminution, if any, of its efficiency, must pass at last. I have no fear of the consequences—I firmly believe the aristocracy of England, including in that term the landed interest of the gentry, will be quite able to set bounds to the Revolution, and to maintain their own fair share of power. France seems very far from secure in her revolution—but what she is to come to is a very difficult question.—I was astonished at your saying "you thought a restoration highly probable"—I had not the least idea the Carlists could be so strong as to give the least chance of such an event. I was always inclined to the opinion that the wisest course, at the beginning, was to have left the crown to the young duke of Bordeaux, making the Duke

of Orleans regent—whether it was practicable I do not know, but it would have conciliated the friends of legitimacy and would have given full time, during the minority, to have settled popular rights so firmly as to give the best hopes of their being permanent. One privilege after another might have been contended for and obtained. The very struggle would have made the value fully estimated by the people. Whether the Duke of Orleans would have been a fit man for such a purpose, I do not know and am inclined to think he was not. People in general were very glad to hear that Mr Rives had settled our discussions with France—the terms were fully as good, I think, as was to be expected—but opinions vary very much as to whether it gives as much as will be claimed—I am persuaded it will make but a very moderate dividend, unless there is a very firm and intelligent board appointed. Congress being now assembled, the treaty will immediately be laid before them—as yet the terms are only known by the articles mentioned in the newspapers.

George is going on steadily but very slowly in his profession—he has a great deal to do, but it is almost entirely with poor patients, who cannot pay—but he gains experience. He is told by every body that he cannot expect much practice until he marries—but he has not yet made up his mind, altho' he seems convinced that it is true. Whether he overvalues his freedom or requires too many things to determine his choice, I cannot say.

We have been lately so very much engaged with business at the Bank and the distress for money makes so many appeals from individuals, that I have been hurried to death—and I have not yet had time to read *The Bravo*—but it seems to be very universally well spoken

of by all I have heard mention it and is likely to be a favorite. My kindest remembrances to Mrs Cooper.

I am always, my dear Sir, very sincerely

Y^r friend

Chas Wilkes

FROM LADY RUSSELL

Woburn Abbey, Jany. 4, 1832

Dear Mr. Cooper

I hope this letter will be more fortunate than the one I wrote two years ago from Geneva—This is to announce to you my intention of giving a letter of introduction to an Hungarian Gentleman who is *dying* to know you—pray tell me by return of post that I have not incurred your *displeasure*—but this person is really worthy of being introduced to you, he is full of generous sentiments and love of liberty, though an Austrian Subject, and so *smitten* with your writings that I could not forego the vanity of *boasting* of my acquaintance with you—this Gentleman leaves England in a fortnight and will not be more than a week at Paris for the present, but he wishes to *secure* a sight of you—

My next letter will be a mere note of introduction. I am writing in great haste to save the Courrier.

With best compliments to Mrs. Cooper I remain your most sincerely

obliged friend

Elizabeth Anne Russell

Hastings' *warmest* regards to you and hopes you do not quite forget your rides by the Tiber. I heard with regret from my mother of your poor Nephew's sudden death—let me know that you have received this and send your

letter to my mother rue Fbg. St. Honoré next *door to 55* C^se^ de Bourke's House. Though a few days late accept my best wishes for the new year.

Monsieur Fenimore Cooper, Paris

Lady William Russell was the wife of Lord Russell, who was an aide-de-camp of Wellington at Waterloo. Her son Hastings was afterwards Duke of Bedford.

FROM E. MARLAY

Wednesday [probably January or February, 1832]

Dear Mr. Cooper

It has been suggested to me that you might again lend a helping hand to the Poles, were you to ask Mr. Moss [Morse?] to contribute any sketches, or drawings which he would make, or spare, as prizes in the lottery, set on foot at this moment, by the friends of these poor refugees. Many of the French artists, with Gerard at their head, are doing so, giving paintings, more or less finished, as they can afford time,—and I, who am commissioned to sell tickets and have chiefly to deal with those who care little for Poles, or paupers of any kind *here*, know how valuable anything from the pencil of an artist is as an inducement to such persons to try their luck.

Will you try your's on my list if you are not engaged to any other? The tickets are fifty sous each. I am an Employee of M^de^ de Grarz's. The lottery is to be drawn at the end of the month; but I suppose you know all about it.

I wish I could also persuade you, and Miss Cooper, to go to the concert of which I enclose you a Programme (begging to have it again tomorrow, as it is the only one). Monsr Chopin is one of the most delightful performers I

ever heard both as to music and execution, and Mendelssohn one of the most wonderful, besides being descended from the Philosopher of that name, an Amateur only, and as well as I remember him separately from his sounds, a pretty sort of little gentleman to boot. I sell tickets for these worthies also—and covet your custom—and we might go together in the two franc stalls. The grande Polonaise will be worth hearing, as a matter of curiosity, at all events. Mr. Chopin says it is superb.

I beg pardon for this hasty scratch, penned upon the uncertain surface of my pillow, in order to be in time for Yr servant. And I beg you will believe

Very truly Yrs
E. Marlay

My best remembrance attends Mrs. Cooper. I am very glad to receive a continued good account of her.

Elizabeth Marlay was of an ancient Anglo-Irish family. She was the granddaughter of the Rev. George Marlay, Bishop of Dromore. By the marriage of a cousin she was connected with the Ponsonbys, Earls of Bessborough. She died unmarried in 1848.

FROM E. MARLAY

Sunday night [probably January or February, 1832]

Dear Mr. Cooper

I am uneasy under the imputations cast upon me by your little note, and as I want to ask you how many tickets you will have in the Polish lottery, I shall take the opportunity to clear myself, as well as I can, at least from that of heedlessness of the seventh day.

As to early rising, it is perhaps much the same where the idle spend their time—still I am *not* very late. I

breakfast at half past nine, having been called an hour before,—but tho' my head usually parts with its pillow at this hour, I own it much more indulgent to its night cap, which is very apt to preside over my morning employments.

I was suffering from head ache the day I wrote to you, and *preparing* for Court by a second nap. I believe, to say true, that my Creed is too simple to belong to any established church either, but I am very Catholic in my thoughts of Sunday, as to its practise, tho' I am not sure how far the Pope and I agree in our reasons, for dancing, and singing.

I consider Sunday as not of Christian appointment, and it came from the hands of its great Creator surely, a day of rejoicing, in the fullest sense of the word?

As Christians we would naturally dedicate a part of this merciful dispensation of leisure to him, whose first striking act of benevolence towards his creatures, it was—but, that passed, I rather hold myself called upon to see the good set before me with some outward expression of joy, and tho', for subordinate reasons, it may be well to commission our harder worked neighbor to rejoice for us, generally speaking—a concert now, and then, comes to me, you see, in the shape of a permitted thing.

Habit however is stronger than opinion. I *like* a quiet Sunday, very seldom spend any other, and have to thank you and Mrs. Cooper for making it often a sociable day to me also, by admitting me into your little circle.

I shall wish to hear what you think on this subject. I only now know your practise, and also your interpretation of our Saviour's very remarkable conduct, and words, on more than one occasion, when he was accused of breaking the Sabbath day and now, how many tickets shall I

send, or rather *take* you? for I hope to see Mrs. Cooper the next time I call.

I beg my best remembrances to her, etc., and that you will believe

Very truly Yrs
E. Marlay

FROM WILLIAM DUNLAP

New York, Jany 30th, 1832.

Dear Sir

I wrote to you last June. In July I received your very welcome letter, by which it appeared that you had not received mine of June. I wrote in answer to yours, while I was following my trade of itinerant face maker in Vermont and northern New York. I do not know that you received either of my epistles. This is not meant as reproach, but merely, in case this reaches you, that you may know that I feel no disposition to neglect you. You are, I hope, better employed than in writing to me, or any individual; your pen belongs to mankind.

Since my last I have seen your chanting Cherubs. If you have read a resolution of thanks from the Council of the National Academy—I believe I should have said a vote, in consequence of a motion made by me—you will know my opinion of the lovely group. If you can consistently with any previous engagement and with your views of the interest of the artist, lend the group to me, for the Exhibition of the National Academy of May next, I shall be much pleased. I believe the artist would be benefited by it.

I have read your *Aristocracy* and I cry Bravo! bravo! You have done better than ever as *a whole*. Encore, encore!

To Mrs. Cooper, the young Ladies, and Paul, my love—nothing less—and my folks sincerely join me.

Your friend sincerely

Wm Dunlap

James Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Paris

FROM PETER JAY

New York, 21 Feb., 1832

My dear Sir,

Our Supreme court being unable to get thro' its business, a new Court called the Superior court was some years ago established for this city. Sam. Jones is Ch. Justice, and I. O. Hoffman and Th. I. Oakley the other Judges. It sits every month, and tho' very convenient for the merchants, is annoying to the lawyers, who have no vacation. Three years ago we entered into an agreement to try no cases in August, that we might have one month in the year for relaxation. The first year I went to Niagara, returning thro' upper Canada. The next year to Boston thro' the White Mountains. Last summer Mrs. Jay, Sarah, and I visited Quebec. Basil Hall's prejudices never appeared to me more ridiculous than when I passed thro' upper Canada. In lower Canada the people appeared much better off than I expected. There is much faction and discontent in both provinces. I bought a number of their pamphlets to learn, if I could, something of their politics. On reading them I could find nothing to occasion so much excitement. Their Governors are not always wise men, but the policy of the English Gov^{t} has been conciliatory. The Grievances they complain of are petty affairs, and I suspect the truth to be, that their ambitious men have no other way to distinguish themselves than by making a figure in the opposition. This

cause will probably lead them sooner or later to Independence. But they do not love us and at present have no desire to become part of our Union. Another ground of dissatisfaction is that the officers of the army, of whom there are many, entertain a sovereign contempt for the Canadians, and are at no pains to conceal it. In our domestic politics there is nothing remarkable. Genl Jackson's reëlection is considered as nearly certain. It is mooted whether the rejection of Mr. Van Buren's appointment will do him more good or harm. I incline to the former opinion. His partizans are exerting themselves to make him Vice Pres[t]. But there is a bitter hostility to him at the South, which makes his success doubtful. In the congress the only topic very interesting to the public is the tariff. The revenue is more than is wanted, and to levy taxes solely to compel the Southerners to buy dear of the eastern manufacturers what they could buy cheap of Europeans, is revolting. All agree that the duties should be reduced, but they cannot agree in the mode of reducing them. Unfortunately the Southern people are so violent and unreasonable that they drive from their standard very many and very influential people in the middle and eastern States who would gladly rally round it. In Europe a dark cloud is lowering in the horizon. When or where the storm will burst, I cannot foresee, but it would be wonderful if the sky should clear up without a storm. A spirit of discontent seems to pervade that quarter of the world, and it is mingled with so much rancor and malevolence that I look for its effects with as much fear as hope. The present Governments are, I suppose, bad enough, but is there reason to expect that the revolutionary Governments which may succeed them will be better? Is it not strange that from the time of Charle-

magne till now France was never better governed than under Lewis 18 and Charles 10th? They did right to dethrone the latter for breaking the Charter, but if they mean to break it to pieces themselves and put to sea anew, without knowing where they shall land, they may find that they have gained little by the glorious three days. Be assured they are not yet prepared for a republican Gov^{t}; such a one may be set up, but cannot last.

I thank you for your kind offer respecting the wine, and for the specimens you promise me. I will speak to our friends and we shall probably trouble you to send us some. Your health has been often drunk among us, and it will certainly not be forgotten when every glass will remind us of you. At least five bottles of french wine are now drank where one was before you left us. At dinner parties porter and cider are no longer seen. The table drink is claret and water. Tho' the preëminence is still awarded to Madeira, its consumption is greatly diminished, being superseded in part by Château Margeaux, Sauterne, and Hermitage. Much champagne is used. As it is the only wine which disagrees with me, I suspect that we receive little which is not mixed, for I do not believe that pure wine, drank in moderate quantity, will make the head ache, or the stomach sick. Rhenish and Moselle wines are also coming into use, but slowly.

Your *Bravo* is greatly admired among us, as well as in Europe. It contains scenes splendidly painted. Your new novels and travels will all be looked for anxiously, and read with pleasure. Poor Sir Walter Scott! His last book made me sorrowful. I am glad to hear such good news of our friend Morse. I believe he is a worthy man as well as a good artist; remember me to him if you please. I hear that Greenough is to be employed to make a Statue of

Washington. The exhibition of your cherubs has I fear brought him but little money. It is surprising how little people here know or care about Sculpture.

I hear from others as well as yourself the most agreeable accounts of the Miss Coopers. By the by, you misunderstood sadly something I formerly said in relation to them. Of all men in the world you are the last to be suspected of maneuvering to make matches. I never heard any one insinuate any thing like it. What I meant was to induce you to return to America by hinting that if you delayed it too long, you might leave your daughters behind you, not supposing that doing so would be agreeable to you, but the reverse. Nor did I mean any thing uncivil to the Ladies. There must be fine young men at Paris; that such should offer themselves to fine young ladies and be accepted is in the natural course of things. But I must have expressed myself clumsily.

My sisters returned from Charlestown without much change in Mrs. Banyer's health. She is at present as well as usual, but often suffers much. She was gratified, as you may suppose, by your kind expression concerning her in your former letter. She and Nancy often talk of you with great regard. In one of your letters you complained of your countrymen. You have really no reason. Your country is proud of you. Some of your brother authors are jealous and write reviews. But the public read your books and are pleased. You need not trouble yourself about reviews, you are above them. I have not yet rec^{d} your letter on the expenditure of our Gov^{t}—that of our state Gov^{t} is not easily ascertained, and the amount of local taxes is unknown. Our state lays no direct tax. Yet the tax on my house is $80, and on the stone house $100; this is paid to the city Corp^{n}, but certainly the whole

burden p^d by our people is a mere trifle to that borne by the people of Europe. Mr. Herring tells me he has written to you on behalf of the Academy to request your assistance for a projected publication of a Book of portraits, and he has asked me to write to you about it. I am sure you will do what is right and reasonable about it and shall not trouble you with sollicitations. The value of such a work must depend on its execution, and probably the engravings can be done better and cheaper at Paris than elsewhere. I hope that long before this reaches you Mrs. Cooper will be restored to health. Be pleased to remember us all most respectfully to her and the young Ladies.

Yours most sincerely

Peter Augustus Jay.

Your Dresden letter was very interesting, and did honor to your prescience.

James Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Paris.

FROM J. E. DE KAY

New York, April 1, 1832

A very proper day, doubtless, for the epistle I am about to indite, but the opportunity presented by Mr. Lea is too favorable to allow it to escape. I arrived home only four days ago from Constantinople. I left this place in June last and have had a delightful excursion. The papers have no doubt informed you that Mr. Eckford sailed from this place in a Corvette ordered by the Sultan, and I made one of the party. If any of my friends come over me henceforward with their Romes and Venices and Palestines, I shall ask them if they have been tossed upon the Euxine or seen the glories of Stamboul. It was my original intention to have returned home via Italy and France, and I accordingly communicated

this to you in a letter which I did myself the honor to address you from [illegible] on the Bosphorus in August last. I left George in Stamboul, and you will probably see him in Paris by the time you receive this. I am entirely ignorant of all that has passed here but Lea will give you every information. The Cherubs failed here, owing it is said to their name. Our literal folks actually supposed that they were to sing, and when the man turned them round in order to exhibit them in a different position, they exclaimed, "Ah he is going to wind them up: we shall hear them now." I wish the scene of this story lay anywhere but in New York, but it cannot be helped, and I must continue to consider my townsmen as a race of cheating, lying money getting blockheads. I feel getting warm and shall therefore conclude. I must add my wishes that your shadow may never grow less.

Respectfully
J. E. De Kay

FROM LAFAYETTE

Wednesday 11 April [1832]

My dear Sir,

I am perfectly of your opinion respecting the personal expenses incurred by Dr. Howe in the execution of our instructions. His mission has been fulfilled in a manner so gratifying to the Poles, so creditable to the American name, so honorable for himself, that I think a vote of thanks must be past, which it may be agreeable for him to see printed in the American papers.

I have been too much taken up this morning that I hardly have the time to dictate these few words before I go to the house. Yet I want to obtain from you an immediate answer upon the following point.

My friend Made Constant, the Widow of our much lamented colleague, has a sum of money to place in American Stocks. The U. S. funds are in a fair way of speedy reimbursement.

What may be done with the U. S. bank or particular state banks, I do not well know.

The bank of New York seems to me a safe placement. So are no doubt the Canal Stocks. What interest do they fetch? What measures must be taken to deposite the money, get a title and receive the quarterly or annual interest?

Made Constant, who is going to leave town does anxiously expect an answer and has desired me to apply to you confiding in your kindness to write your opinion on the matter, which I shall immediately transmit to her.

In the expectation to call upon you this evening, I am most truly and affectionately

Your friend
Lafayette

À Monsieur Cooper, à Paris.

FROM GENERAL BERNARD

Paris, June 29, 1832

Private
My dear and honored friend,

I should have called on you, to-day, but official business prevented; so I am sending you a few lines in reference to the question that you asked me yesterday.

In the actual situation of affairs in France, and knowing the sense of propriety and the dignity of the American character, I must infer that the official toasts proposed at the dinner will make no allusion to the varying opinions which divide France at this time. As to impromptu toasts,

I know that it is impossible to control them, much though it is to be desired that they make no allusion to party feeling in France.

I recall that for a similar reason Mr. Rives was not present at the fourth of July dinner in 1830. I do not know what he intends to do this year, considering the state of affairs and the conditions imposed upon him by his official position; but if he does not attend the dinner, I, myself, can not go, for reasons which, if not precisely the same, are analogous. If he does go, I see no reason why I should not do the same, in case they do me the honor to invite me.

So, my dear and honored friend, if Mr. Rives attends the dinner and if you think that it will go off without party feeling as regards the affairs of France, I will accept an invitation if it be sent me; if you think otherwise, you will render me a true service by not inviting me.

Decide the question yourself, and whatever you do will be satisfactory and accepted with gratitude by your

most devoted
Bernard—
Lieut. General

The following is the list of toasts; they seem harmless enough:

(Paris, July 4, 1832)

1. The day.
   The 4th July, 1776—Fifty-four persons attest the wisdom of its councils.
2. The constitution—the People and the President of the United States.
3. The king of France and the French nation.
4. The memory of Washington! (standing and in silence).
5. The Statesmen and warriors of the Revolution—models for all Time.

6. The Law—the expression of the public will.
7. The Union—a chain that brightens with time.
8. The Army, Navy, and Militia—Chippewa, Champlain, and New Orleans.
9. The perpetual Independence of our southern neighbors—when the child is of age, nature teaches that it should go alone.
10. Greece! *dum spiro—spero* * *
11. Public Instruction—the basis of Liberty.
12. Home—"at each remove I drag a lengthening chain."
13. Our countrywomen and the Fair of France. Standing.

et decus, et pretium recti

La Fayette. The friend, pupil and co-worker of Washington—We know no higher eulogy. [Written in pencil by Cooper.]

FROM H. C. CAREY

Phil., July 13, 1832

Dear Sir

You will have seen, before receipt of this letter, that the cholera is in New York, and that it has almost depopulated the city. Here, we have had only a single case, but we are in daily expectation of it, and the effect upon business is almost the same as if it were here already. Fortunately, there is no such panic as that which prevailed at N. York, and as every one knows that all possible precautions have been taken, they wait with patience—and if it should come, I hope it will not so utterly destroy business as it has in the other city.

Everything was dull before, but its arrival has tended to aggravate all the ills attendant upon business—or upon a disordered state of it, such as we have had for the last 9 months. To add to all other evils, the president has just vetoed the Bank, and the people of the South swear they will nullify, so that we seem likely to have a glorious

state of things in the course of the next half year. What is to be the result, Heaven only knows, but I fear we are destined to see bad times in every way. Politically and morally they are already bad enough, notwithstanding all your puffs, which do well enough for the people of Europe. The people at the head of affairs, on all sides, Jackson and Van Buren, Clay and his friends, Calhoun and McDuffie, care for nothing but power, and will send the nation to the Devil, provided they can rule *even there*. Jackson vetoes the Bank and the Tariff as far as he can, to secure New York to the South—Clay pushes the Bank, in order to compel Jackson to veto it, hoping by that to secure Pennsylvania—Van Buren's friends want to secure the control of the bank, first getting it to New York, and to attain this object they are willing to derange all the operations of the country for some years to come—so we go. When you return here you will be almost as much shocked as Irving has been—not quite so much, as he was absent 18 years and you only 6. We have, however, made more progress downward in 6 years than we did in the previous 12. The world is out of joint on both sides of the Atlantic and it is difficult to imagine who can set it right.

After this long chapter of grievances, I come back to your book. It is in hands and will be printed next month, and published, should not the cholera extend its ravages, about the first of September. To publish it sooner would be useless, as the people now read only the Cholera Gazette. You say, you will keep it back a month, but I hope it will be two before you try it out, as it would not do to delay it long after the European edition, however bad might be the state of affairs here. Had you brought it out at the time you proposed, it would have been just

in time here, but the cursed cholera which delayed you there has just thrown it into the worst possible time here. If it could only carry off Jackson and a few other of our politicians by trade, I would submit to all the inconvenience of it for a month or two—I could bear with that, as it cannot be avoided, but it grieves me to see such a Nation as this, just when all the world is beginning to see the advantages of our system, torn to pieces and deranged in all its parts, to gratify the cupidity and lust of power of a parcel of dxxxxd scoundrels.

You will see that I write in a remarkable good humor and I can only hope that you will be in a better one when you read it. As we have nothing good here, I hope you will speedily send some goodness from your quarter, though we look for nothing better than another Revolution.

I am DSir
Yr very truly
H. C. Carey

Henry C. Carey, political economist, was born in 1793 in Philadelphia. He was a partner in his father's publishing house, Lea & Carey, until 1835, when he retired. He wrote many books on political economy. He died in 1879.

TO S. F. B. MORSE, PARIS

July 31, 1832

My dear Morse,

Here we are at Spa—the famous hard-drinking, dissipated, gambling, intriguing Spa—where so much folly has been committed, so many fortunes squandered, and so many women ruined! How are the mighty fallen! We have just returned from a ramble in the environs, among

deserted reception-houses, and along silent woods. The country is not unlike Ballston, though less wooded, more cultivated, and perhaps a little more varied. The town is irregular, small, consisting almost entirely of lodging houses (I mean for single families), and infinitely clean. The water is a tonic, and the air (we are at an elevation of twelve hundred feet) so light and bracing that I have determined to stay a week, on account of my wife—perhaps a fortnight.

I have got a comfortable house, with every requisite, consisting of nine bedrooms, four parlors, stable, etc., for fifteen francs a day. The piano is strumming down stairs, and I am writing up, just as if we were in the Rue St. Dominique; and we only arrived last night. Our quarantine will be up to-night at twelve, and yet we are in no hurry to improve it. We lost three days at Liège (always in quarantine) that had much better been passed here.

I have had a great compliment paid me, Master Samuel, and, as it is nearly the only compliment I have received in traveling over Europe, I am the more proud of it. Here are the facts: You must know there is a great painter in Bruxelles of the name of Verboeck-Hoven (which, translated into the vernacular, means a *bull and a book baked in an oven!*), who is another Paul Potter. He outdoes all other men in drawing cattle, etc., with a suitable landscape. In his way, he is truly admirable. Well, sir, this artist did me the favor to call at Bruxelles with the request that I would let him sketch my face. He came after the horses were ordered, and, knowing the difficulty of the task, I thanked him, but was compelled to refuse. On our arrival at Liège we were told that a messenger from the governor had been to inquire for us, and I began to bethink me of my sins. There was no great

cause for fear, however, for it proved Mr. Bull-and-book-baked had placed himself in the diligence, come down to Liège (sixty-three miles), and got the governor to give him notice, by means of my pass-port, when we came. Of course I sat. I cannot say the likeness is good; it has a vastly life-like look, and is like all the other pictures you have seen of my chameleon face. Let that be as it will, the compliment is none the less, and, provided the artist does not mean to serve me up as a specimen of American wild beasts, I shall thank him for it. To be followed twelve posts by a first-rate artist, who is in favor with the king, is so unusual that I was curious to know how far our minds were in unison, and so I probed him a little. I found him well skilled in his art, of course, but ignorant on most subjects. As respects our general views of men and things, there was scarcely a point in common, for he has few salient qualities, though he is liberal; but his gusto for natural subjects is strong, and his favorite among all my books is *The Prairie*, which you know is filled with wild beasts. Here the secret was out. That picture of animal nature had so caught his fancy that he followed me sixty miles to paint a sketch. He sent me a beautiful pencil-sketch of the Belgian Lion, as a memorial of our achievement, which I hope to show you at my return. Wappers is in high repute. Mr. Verboeck-Hoven spoke of him as one would speak of a master, and with sincere respect. Others did the same.

King Leopold was at Liège during our stay, as was his brother, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with his two sons. It is said they all go off together to Compiègne to celebrate the approaching marriage. We had the town illuminated, and a salute that sounded fearfully like minute-guns.

August 1st. We have just made the tour of the springs, for there are four of them, in a circuit of about five miles, each having, it is said, a different property, and all tasting as much alike as if it had been drawn from two ends of the same barrel.

Well, faith is a comfortable ingredient in a traveler's mind. For my part, I believe all I hear, which is much the least troublesome mood. As for the contradictions, I endeavor to forget them.

We have a delicious air, and rather pretty environs, but the place is dull as a desert. There are a few English, who pass you as if they were afraid some tailor had broke loose, and always look the other way until you are past, and then they are always staring after you to see if you are somebody. Our indifferent manner never fails to deceive them, for their quality always give a certain amount of trust and assume a certain genteel hauteur; none escape these two rocks in good breeding but those who are at the top of the ladder, and these are commonly known by means of fame, which never fails to blow a trumpet beforehand.

'Tis a thousand pities that people who have so many really good points, and so much good sense in general, should be such fools, in these points, as to make themselves uncomfortable, and everybody else who will submit to their dictation.

TO RICHARD COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Spa, in Belgium, August 5th, 1832

My dear Richard,

I have long been your debtor for a letter, but many engagements, too much writing in the way of books, and the necessity of bringing up a tardy correspondence, will

satisfy you. Such near relatives are not to be too punctilious with each other.

We know you are married, but we do not, even now, know to whom! You wrote the family name of your wife in so blind a way that nobody can make it out, here, and nobody I have seen has been able to tell me her name. Mrs. Pomeroy has spoken of her in her letters, but she too has not thought it necessary to be more explicit. In your next I hope you will withdraw the veil from this little mystery.

You will see that we are at the celebrated waters of Spa. We left Paris on the 18th July, for the benefit of Mrs. Cooper's health, for your aunt was seriously ill last winter, and during the spring and summer she had three relapses, that had much weakened her. Our intention was (and it is not yet absolutely changed) to pass up the Rhine, into Switzerland, via Brussels and Francfort. We have been at Brussels and Antwerp, and have passed three days at Liège, when we came here. Mrs. Cooper thinks the waters agree with her, and we have now been here nearly a week. On Tuesday next it is our intention to go into Prussia, by Aix-la-Chapelle, which is about fifteen miles from this town, and to touch the Rhine at Cologne. We are in no hurry, for we are tired of cholera and a vitiated atmosphere, and our only object is health and recreation.

Spa is a little, clean, comfortable town, about as large as Saratoga, but not a tenth part as gay. Families take furnished houses, and are comfortable enough—for a price that is sufficiently moderate, when one remembers it is a watering place. The whole family is with us, and two servants, but I left a furnished house in Paris, to which we intend to return in September.

I wish you to enter into a little explanation for me with Mrs. Pomeroy, relative to Stuart's picture of your grand-father. I believe it is not very clear who is the owner of this picture, and as I am getting to be a collector, the question has more than common interest for me. I have several capital pictures, and among them a Rembrandt and a Teniers. The first is the story of Christ telling the Jews to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"—and the latter is a portrait of his own wife. My collection is already getting to be respectable, and is worth several thousand dollars. Now such a portrait of my own father is of some account in the list, and I trust to your eloquence for effecting the transfer of title, while we are all living and present, to understand each other.

Europe is in a very unquiet state. The governments like to crush the spirits of the people, and the people begin to see the means of extricating themselves from the grasp of their task-masters. You in America know nothing of the corruption and abuses of this part of the world, and you cry out against vices of government that would be thought perfection here. They are all struggling to imitate us, and no country is so often quoted as authority, now, as our own. Do not fancy yourselves worse than you are because you are not perfect. Remember human frailty forbids perfection, but thank God for being as well off as you find yourselves. Rely on it, in all the essentials of true civilization you are a century in advance of every other country.

Vevay, in Switzerland, Sept. 21st. Since writing the above we have come on here via Prussia, Francfort, Darmstadt, Wirtemberg, Baden, and the Oberland. I have taken a house for a month, on the lake of Geneva, for the air is delicious, and your aunt is advised to eat

grapes for her nerves. She is much better, and gets up and down a mountain pretty well. Paul sails a boat (a foot long) in the lake, and the rest of us row about and enjoy the magnificent scenery. The next day after to-morrow we go on the great St. Bernard, and about the 15th of next month we return to Paris. In the Spring, or rather Summer, it is my intention to return home. Now for a little *private* business.

I wish you to write to me the exact condition of the Mansion House—if it is to be bought—whether it is capable of being repaired, and the state of the judgment obtained by Bridges, etc., against your Grandfather's heirs. I am not rich, but your aunt and myself possess together what would be an easy property at Cooperstown, and my annual receipts are large. If an arrangement can be made with Mr. Averell amicably, at a moderate price, I may be induced to take the old house, fit it up, and spend six months of each year in it. My habits and pursuits require town for the rest of the year. Show my letter to Mr. Campbell, and get him to act with you in this affair. I cannot go beyond a moderate price, and I will not take less than the old grounds. I trust to your discretion in not being too precipitate, and I shall authorize Mr. Jay to give you a fee in the event of success. I do not know Mr. Averell personally, and cannot judge therefore of the probability of his asking more or less than he would ask another person. If you think he has any liberality, you can use my name; if not, act in your own. But Mr. Campbell will be a good adviser in the transaction. A speedy answer is desirable, as we shall soon have need of a residence. If we can succeed in this purchase, the Jews shall be driven from the Temple, dear

Dick, and your name will occupy its old station in Otsego.

I hope to get an answer at Paris, by December. Give my love to your wife, and receive that of your aunt yourself. The young ladies have too much *retenue* to send such messages to gentlemen. Adieu.

J. Fenimore Cooper

FROM WILLIAM DUNLAP

New York, August 11th, 1832

Dear Sir

By the Havre packet of the 1st instant I sent some sheets of my *History of the Theater*. I now follow them up by more. Having once admitted the hope that the book might through your influence be made to produce something from an European republication, I am flattered by a hope that grows stronger as it grows older—in that respect—perhaps in others—a childlike hope.

As the work will contain accurate information relative to the American Theatre and much not elsewhere to be found, it may be sought for by English dramatists, players and all others connected with the mimic and even the poetical world. It may prove an amusing book, and if so—a popular book. My remuneration here will probably not exceed $500—if you can make it yield me anything in addition, I shall be pleased, and so will you—the more the better.

Can you secure a copy right in your own name? If so—do it. I hereby make James Fenimore Cooper the sole proprietor of a Book entitled *The History of the American Theatre, by Wm Dunlap, V. P. of the National Academy of Design—Author of Memory of G. F.*

Cooke—Biography of C. B. Brown, etc., etc., etc.—value received by

Wm Dunlap

FROM WILLIAM DUNLAP

We have received from Greenough two capital portraits in marble of Morse and Hole. Samuel's is the most perfect thing of the kind I ever saw.

De Kay read me a part of your last letter to him—by the bye, as so many of your novels have been dramatized, as they call it, for the American Theatre, why should I not give a biography of you in my work?

14th I intend to send by the Havre packet of the 20th duplicates of the sheets already sent and two sheets in addition. If the printing is commenced immediately the book may be out in London almost as soon as here.

The cholera appears to be leaving us and we begin to be reconciled to being killed. The city has been very much deserted and a great many are yet absent and hundreds of shops are shut up. I have a gallery of pictures open in Broad Way, and last week in 6 fine clear days received—not a cent. As to portraits even Saint Peter would not think of employing me.

19th I put my packet for you into the hands of Mess[rs] Bolton, Fox & Livingston, who promised to give it to Captain T. B. Pell, in their private letter bag, and as I had left this scrawl at Sixth Avenue, I put a few lines in the office respecting this hopeful baubling of mine.

The Cholera, a theme that occupies our thoughts rather much yet, continues to decrease a little *here*, and having spread over all the Country and treated other Cities pretty much as it treats us, our streets are assuming the usual appearance of dollar hunting.

I do not know that I have mentioned the size of my book. It is to be an octavo of about 430 pages. It brought the history of the American Theatre, players, plays and authors, chronologically down to the arrival of Cooke and then notices subsequent events and personages—as it may be.

If the work takes, another volume may be written bringing the story down to the present time.

We all join in wishes for the prosperity of yourself and family—

Yours truly
Wm Dunlap

TO S. F. B. MORSE, PARIS

Nonnenwerth, August 15, 1832

My dear Morse:

Here we are, on an island of the Rhine, about halfway between Cologne and Coblentz, and in a deserted Convent of Benedictine nuns. I am writing to you, you rogue, in the ancient refectory, which is now the *salle-à-manger* of half a dozen Fenimore Coopers, with the Rhine rippling beneath my windows, the Drachenfels in full view by pale moonlight, a dozen feet sounding distant and hollow in the cloisters, and with a bottle of Liebfrauenmilch at my elbow. The old Convent is degraded to the occupation of a tavern. Our island, if not as important and well defended as that of Barataria, has some hundred acres, and is altogether a willowish, serpentine, wildish place. Our candles are farthing rushlights, and these, in rooms that need fifty bougies, leave a sombre and appropriate gloom, so that, with one exception, I do not remember a more romantic nightfall, in all our pilgrimage, than this.

Your friends the Hawkers told us of the place, though I believe they had never visited it, and we left the carriage on the main road this afternoon, to come over here for the night. We are quite alone, which adds to the pleasure, unless we could choose our companions. Mrs. C., the girls, Master Paul, and myself, each equipped with a candle, have just returned from a pilgrimage to the chapel, where we find most of the necessary ingredients for a funeral or a marriage, even at this hour; indeed, it is only ten years since the last nuns (eight in number) dispersed, so that everything is quite fresh and ecclesiastical. To add to the satisfaction, the Benedictines were not a rigid order, and all is genteel and nice, as they say in London. I have this moment quitted the window, and there was a foot-step beneath it. My sight was a little dimmed by rush-lights, and fancy was left to supply the functions of observation. This might be the soul of the last lady abbess, who no doubt was fat, and had a solid step, or it might have been some truant nun scratching at the convent-walls, in a sort of habitual kicking against the pricks. Alas! it was only an old horse that appeared to range at free commons over the isle. Well for the horse, he is not more than half flesh at the best.

I am summoned to my cell. Mrs. Cooper has sent her maid to say I must quit the refectory, where I have tarried an indecent period already, and I obey. The cloister looks gloomy. A distant door opens, and a man issues into their vaults. It is my Swiss, who looks twice, and takes off his traveling cap with academic air, and the maid skims along with the light. I follow. A door, half open, gives me a glimpse of four men. They may be banditti, though they are in the Prussian uniform. A grinning crone meets us on the flight of heavy steps. And here I am

in a cell converted into a parlor, with a round table under my elbows, and a sofa under my seat. The adjoining room was formerly the parlor of the lady abbess, and indeed there is a suite of very respectable apartments, that show the good woman was well lodged. The voice of Master Paul is sounding through them irreverent and gay. The wind begins to murmur, casements to close, and we may have thunder next. This opinion has proved prophetic, and there has arisen a sudden gust, with lightning. I take a candle and go through the corridors in quest of a sensation. A door communicating with the gallery of the chapel is open, and I enter, shutting myself in. Here was what I wanted,—images of saints, crucifixes, a dim light, rattling windows, and solitude. Everything was so fresh that the stuffed velvet chair of the lady abbess was near the railing and a *prie-dieu* at its side. I took a seat. In few moments the door slowly opened, and a hag thrust her wrinkled face into the gallery. I groaned, whether it was from fear or fun I leave you to guess, and away the old woman went as if the —— was after her. I withdrew like a well-bred ghost that has delivered his message. "But how came you in the convent?" you may be disposed to inquire.

We found that the water of Spa did so much good to Mrs. Cooper that we remained until last Monday; we then came to Aix—next day to Cologne, and to-day here. We are on our way to Switzerland. If you want change of air, jump into the *diligence* and come to Berne, where we will give you rooms for the last of the month. I do not expect to see Paris before this day month.

'Tis near midnight, Mr. Morse, all but Nature is asleep, and I have been walking in the long and empty corridors. Strange thoughts come uppermost in such a

place, and at such a time, Master Samuel, the rustling of the wind seems as the murmuring of uneasy sisters, the pattering of the rain like floods of tears, and the thunder sounds as so many *gémissements* at the sins of man. I seek my pillow.

Thursday morning.—Laus Deo! a peaceable night, and a refreshing morn, birds singing beneath my windows, the Rhine glittering between islands, the arch of Rolandseck tottering on a mountain near, and the tower of the Drachenfels on another. We dress and perambulate.

I have been pacing the dimensions of our abode. The abbey pile extends six hundred feet in one direction, and about three hundred in another. The cloisters are about six hundred feet around. There are offices to a goodly extent, and cow-yard, and granaries; on the whole it is a capital thing, for one night, taking Drachenfels and Rhine into the count. The Liebfrauenmilch is but questionable, though the fruits are excellent for the latitude.

Rudesheim, in the Duchy of Nassau,

Friday, 17th.

Here I am finishing this letter in a tower, actually built by the Goths, at least so says tradition. It is an appendage of the inn, and forms part of our apartment, giving two or three stories of very romantic-looking little round rooms. We left the convent on Tuesday and went to Coblentz, and to-day we came to Bingen, and crossed the Rhine in boats to this tower. We are in the midst of good wine. Johannisberg is in plain view from my window, Steinberg a league or two off, Geisenheim and other notabilities all within call. My landlord has given me a bottle of cordial that he tells me he has from his own vines. In short, this is the country for your lover of the true Rhenish, which you know means me.

There is mention made, in the introduction of *Heidenmauer*, of a castle belonging to a Prince of ———. Well, we passed it to-day, and ascended the mountain. The prince had just gone to Cologne, and we had a clear field. Really the spot is bewitching; he has repaired an old baronial castle, and equipped it completely in baronial style. The buildings are several hundred feet above the river, and as irregular as heart could wish. One high tower has the beacon-light swung off, as in the middle ages, and there are balconies and outside staircases in them to turn the head of even a sailor. The furniture is either many hundred years old, or made to imitate articles of that age—chiefly the former; plenty of old armor, and the knight's hall is really a curiosity. The fireplace is as big as a Paris bedroom, and in one corner is a very ancient vessel to hold water, with a trough of stone to catch the drippings; most of the wood is oak. In short the whole thing is in keeping—stained glass, casements, and other niceties—I wish you had been with us. I have never seen anything in its way to equal it. The prince had been passing several weeks in this aerie. You can look down perpendicularly, from various terraces, balconies, and towers, three or four hundred feet.

Yours truly
J. Fenimore Cooper.

TO S. F. B. MORSE, PARIS

Francfort, August 19th, 1832

Dear Morse,

I write a line merely to say that we are here, on our way to Switzerland. We cannot possibly be in Paris before the middle of September, and you can go on leave to

London, if you please, and come back by that time. There is little probability of my going with you to America this Autumn. I dare not leave my wife, who quite loses her head when I am absent. She is vastly better, but far from being reëstablished. However, we can arrange all that when we meet.

The criticisms of which you speak, give me no concern. Everything is done on calculation in France, and ever since the French revolution. The Dibels has been hinting to me that I had better change my politicks. *The Heidenmauer* is not equal to *The Bravo*, but it is a good book and better than two thirds of Scott's. They may say it is like his if they please; they have said so of every book I have written, even *The Pilot!*

But *The Heidenmauer* is like, and was intended to be like, in order to show how differently a democrat and an aristocrat saw the same thing. As for French criticisms, they have never been able to exalt me in my own opinion, or to stir my bile, for they are written with such evident ignorance (I mean of English books) as to be beneath notice. What the deuce do I care whether my books are on their shelves or not? What did I ever get from France or Continental Europe? neither personal favors or money. But this they cannot understand, for so conceited is a Frenchman that many of them think I came to Paris to be paid. Now I never got the difference in the boiling of the pot, between New York and Paris, in my life. The *Journal des Debats* was snappish with *Water-Witch*, worse, I believe, with *Bravo*, and let it bark at *Heidenmauer* and be hanged. No, no more. The humiliation comes from home. It is biting to find that accident has given me a country which has not manliness and pride to maintain its own opinions, while it is overflowing with conceit.

But never mind all this. See that you do not decamp before my departure, and I'll promise not to throw myself into the Rhine. Why cannot you join us in Switzerland?—a tour of twenty days will set you up.

I see that my old mess-mate George Rodgers is dead, and that Downer has been blowing up the Malays; the latter is right, and the former will at least make honest Lawrence Kearney a Captain. Write to me at Berne.

Mrs. Cooper desires to be kindly remembered, as do all the young people down to Paul. I hope the fourth of July is not breaking out on Heberham's noddle, for I can tell him that was the place most affected during the dinner. Adieu—

Yours as ever
J. Fenimore Cooper

FROM HORATIO GREENOUGH

Florence, August 22nd, 1832

My Dear Sir—

You have of course received my former answer to your proposal. I have only to add that it was not until this morning that I received, through friend Samuel's kindness, the news of the bill's having passed the Senate—without which I could not have thought of leaving Florence and which comes now too late, as you will be sailing, probably, before I could have time to finish my *jobs* and be with you. Had I *known* of this commission 6 months since, I would have prepared myself to return. It would have been the greatest of gratifications to me—but I am now engaged until winter probably—for two months to come certainly— I am mortified that you should go away my creditor for so heavy a sum as 1100

franks. I shall send my brother an order to pay it you or to whom you please in Boston, as I trust I shall, by the time you arrive, have credit through my commission, if not money from my Medora. To have seen you before you sailed would have been a great comfort. I shall soon become a *Vox clamantis in deserto*, for Cole is going home too and Gore is about to leave Florence. I fear I shall not see you again for a long time.—I see your situation in America with different eyes from yours—I'm but a boy, I know, but my *colpo d'occhio* is not bad and I think you must have been bilious when you wrote—not that I don't know that there is working at home the stuff which lies atop here—but I think it's more imbecile and unripe than you seemed to feel. Two months will dissipate all these clouds, I hope and trust. I have leaned very hard on you, my dear Sir—but if you consider what I have attempted and with what means, you will believe that I have borne myself too as much as my knees would stagger under.—Well! I hope all is now clear. Let us see if we can show Jonathan that art is a noble vehicle of national gratitude and glory and that a man may be an *artist* without being ergo a blackguard and a mischievous member of society. Alston and Morse they say are exceptions of a high order—I can tell 'em that Alston and Morse have made the rule.

FROM E. MARLAY

Paris, Sep. 4th, 1832

Dear Mr. Cooper

I hope you may have received my few lines directed to Brussels, as I ought to have much sooner performed my promise of sending a letter to meet you on your way

home, and I should have done so, but that with the heart heavy and the head aching, one is not worth listening to. I was only beginning to recover the shock of poor Gardien's death, and the recollection of his dreadful appearance which haunted me, when my new servant took what proved in the end to be the Cholorine, tho' frightful in its first effects, and I was ill myself afterwards with most alarming cramps. My constitution however resists infection in an extraordinary manner, and we are all well again. I indeed feel better than I have done for months, and mean by the aid of a little St. Germain air, to rival your Ladies in their bloom upon your return.

You will find Paris not as empty as it was, for the Cholera drives people in from the Country, and their carriages look cheerful in the Champs Elysées, amongst a few strangers are the Caldwells, come I am sorry to say on account of their eldest daughter's health, and Ld. and Ly. Ponsonby, on their way to Naples. I am only sorry that in this glimpse of these cousins, which is a great pleasure to me, I have not the opportunity of introducing them more particularly to you. I think you would like the Premier's brother-in-law, perhaps as well as himself, better even, for he is an Irishman. He is very pleasing, and very good company, clever, and agreeable. He speaks most encourageingly of English politics, and does not seem to have a doubt of Ld. Grey's continuing in office. The hard work Ld. Grey has to go through agrees with his health, and full of hope amounting to certainty as to the beneficial result of his measures, he pursues them calmly, and indefatigably. The public mind, commerce, et cetera—all are *en bon train*, according to Lord Ponsonby, and in his *couleur de rose* view, he even includes poor Ireland. I know good works its way for her also, but

it is slow, sadly slow, and misery in the mean while displays itself in the most fearful shapes. Added to their manifold and more accustomed wretchedness, the people are dying by hundreds everywhere of Cholera and terrified by the appearance of this dreadful disease they in many instances abandon all things, parents, children, dead, whole villages are deserted by all who can drag themselves away, and the helpless alone left, a proceeding so foreign to the usual feelings and habits of the Irish, who are devoted in their affections, and superstitious in the extreme about their dead, that it is indeed an appalling homage to the destroyer. I never receive a letter from Ireland that does not contain some heart rending description of this kind.

You are happy who can see a resemblance to your home lake without a drawback on its charm, and look to your country without a regret, and yet—Would I give up the fairy land of my first thoughts, with its dreamy recollections, its wild warm enthusiastic inhabitants, *its poetry in all things*, for your fair World, telling only of the hand which made it, and the future promise of its children? We are each fitted to the niche in which we find ourselves, another secret for your Heaven to reveal in its own good time, or according to Dr. Bowring, for us to discover, when we shall be advanced on, an existence or two farther, in our pursuit after truth. I hear only of Dr. B—that he is quite sure of becoming a Parliament man. Poor Michiewitz is come, agreeable as ever, but out of health, and out of spirits, and I see little of him. He seems to have taken an aversion to Paris, and to see all things in a gloomy point of view, as well he may, tho' latterly the Government appears to treat the Poles better. He and Chodzko are printing another edition of his

Poems, with what object at this inauspicious moment I cannot divine, but I suppose half patriotic, half pecuniary. The first—alas! The second must I trust offer some certainty or they would not have engaged in the undertaking.

Mr. Morse forgot to send me your *Heidenmauer*, and by the time I felt strong enough to seek him in the Louvre, he was gone. I feel sorry not to have seen his picture, and mean that you shall chaperone me in a visit to it *chez lui*, where I think he said he should finish the Gallery, etc. I have found such a Gallery of pictures for you in return, what appears to me really an extraordinary collection, one I am sure you will like to look at, tho' you will not require its description here.

The *on dit* to-day advances the affair of Belgium and Holland, more than the 69 protocols. It announces the visit of King Leopold to Paris in October, when the marriage fêtes are to take place, and adds that he comes immediately after the evacuation of Antwerpe!! This would lengthen the chances of his reign a little? They say also that Prince Talleyrand, who tho' coughing his life away, is much consulted by this court, considers the *juste milieu* as gathering strength from all things, and quite able to encounter the Chambers. The Court certainly appear in high spirits, and their adherents think Mons. Sarsan's book works its own cure, by its establishing without contradiction the Propaganda of the extreme opposition, by the trammels in which the same party held the king for a moment so as to pledge him by implication, but by implication only, to their own war schemes, and by the acknowledgement which it makes in the face of Europe that they acted as they did in electing Philippe, from the positive certainty that France would

not have a republic. I doubt your drawing these conclusions from it. I wish I had any pleasant news to tell you, but this has been a hapless summer in my little world of acquaintances, and it seems as if the harm had not yet spent itself. Poor Mons. de Verupac is I fear dying of a broken blood vessel, and I found the other day after a ten days' absence Mme. Cuvier and her sister sitting together, both in Widow's weeds, Mr. Brach having died of cholera within the week. He was old, and no great loss, but still it is another shock to that afflicted family. Do not let all this frighten you from coming. The complaint is fast receding again, and the cases far less bad than they were. I trust you will all arrive in health to bid defiance to its poor remains, and little Paul with all his legs, and wings escaped safe and sound from the perils of precipices, and Pegasuses, grown tall and strong as a hero of adventure ought to be.

Should this reach you on your way, pray accept my affectionate remembrances for all your party, and believe dear Mr. Cooper

Very truly yrs
E. Marlay.

Monsieur Fenimore Cooper, Geneva

FROM E. MARLAY

Paris, Sep^{t} 6th, 1832

Dear Mr. Cooper

I take all sorts of means of writing to you, because I would *not* appear ungrateful for your letter, and because I would if possible give myself a chance of hearing from you again. Here are therefore half a dozen lines put into Lady Ponsonby's travelling work basket, which she will

give you should she meet you, as I expect, *en route*. If not, she will leave them at her discretion at some place where you may be likely to pass. Of course I must keep as clear of Monsr Persil as I can and confine myself to loves, and good wishes to your party, and an assurance that all goes well with your Paris friends as far as I know. I am however very bad authority, as I have not yet picked up my walking strength, and seldom go beyond the Tuileries. There under my tree, I have endured since we parted, as many changes of climate as you can well have managed in your tour, and none agreeable—all too hot, or too cold, until this moment, when we have delightful autumn weather.

I write to you in the evening by a fire with the window open. Paris would have been long a desert to me, but for the little glimpse which I have had of the Ponsonbys, and the Chabots, who only go to the Country for the first time next Saturday. In October all those who are gay must return to Town, as the Kg & Qn of Belgium come then to pay their August Parents a visit, and the marriages fêtes, etc., are to take place. The little Qn now writes happily, and in good spirits, but her marriage was a most doleful concern. There were tears, more or less the whole time, and they say the King of the French was so overcome with grief at Parting with her, that he lost his head, and did not know what he was about for some days afterwards.

The Court is now at Neuilly, where the crickets are chirping their welcome home so loudly (ominous, we should think in Ireland), that they can neither hear themselves talk, nor Prince Talleyrand cough. Those who do hear him, consider him as gone, but he struggles on manfully against this attack, tho' he acknowledges that he

cannot go yet to England. Comte de Flahaut seems willing to save him any trouble on that account he pleases. Sebastiani also plays the dying hero, keeps his *porte feuille*, and means even to try to speak in the Chambers. Would he break down, they talk of M. de Latour Maubergne, now at Naples, to replace him. These, with Soult President du Conseil, and Dupin Garde des Scéaux, form the Ministry most talked of. I went to see M. Dupin installed à l'Académie Française. He is a rough Academician, but I should suppose might in the Chambers be very efficient, in repelling, and retorting, exaggerated accusations, and unmeasured censure. The one thing needful, unless the assembled Elders have wonderfully changed their style since last session. Lord and Lady James Hay desire to be remembered to you from their northern home, where they are now established. Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell enquire for you here, and Mr. Fox, who seems to keep his legation at Turin waiting, as he did Mrs. Rawdon's party. I saw her young, well and handsome again, the other even^g^ I saying precisely the same thing as in the month of March, of Sr William's uncertainty about coming. In the meanwhile there she is living on, unpacked, and unsettled, in that uncomfortable chimney top where you left her. I met her at Sr Granville's, where the few fine Ladies who are spared to us, were dressed in plain white muslin gowns, with black lace scarfs, like those worn by our Grandmothers; and which are *La grande Mode*. This piece of news may be useful to your Ladies should they pass by Chantilly.

Farewell dear Mr. Cooper. A long letter from me is now for some days on the road to you—nothing worth however, should it ever reach you. I must depend for your answer, upon my affectionate recollection of all your

party. In this I yield to none of your correspondents. I now beg you will all believe

Most truly Yrs
E. Marlay

Monsieur Fenimore Cooper, Vevay

FROM S. F. B. MORSE

Paris, Septr 6th, 1832

My dear Sir,

Your most tempting letter from Berne was received yesterday. Alas! my dear Sir, it is impossible for me to alter my determination to return home this autumn. You, with your happy family gathered round you, know too well the happiness of that circle, not to make allowances for that weakness (if weakness it may be called) in your humble servant when he confesses that he longs most ardently to see around him once more, those dear ones he left behind him, it is now 3 years ago. Many circumstances would induce me to stay longer in Europe; not the least I assure you, is the idea of being near you this winter and of going home with you in the Spring; but my ulterior plans would be so completely deranged by the delay, that, however desirable, I must deny myself the gratification. I shall be entirely *packed up* to-morrow. I have finished all that is necessary at the Louvre, and I will venture to say you will find the last picture on which I painted as highly finished as any of the others; I wish you could see it; its general effect is much changed by the finishing of all the pictures, and when I put in the *gallery* by pinning it on to the large canvas, you cannot conceive what a difference it makes. Well, you will have the better surprise and gratification I hope in the Spring; I shall have to finish the Rembrandt when I get home temporarily from the

print, but when your copy that I made shall arrive it can easily be corrected if I should not have finished it properly. Worn down as I am and unable to touch a pencil at present, I yet can't bear the idea of being so long a time without painting again upon this picture; I have become so interested in it that I believe I should risk my life in finishing it, if I staid longer in Paris.

Towards the end of my labors upon it in the Gallery it attracted much more attention, and (with the exception of some knowing John Bulls broke loose from Cornhill, who having gaped in wonder at it, and asked each other what it could be, and concluding that it was a *fire screen!!*) the picture has certainly pleased. Le Chevalier LeNoir saw it at my room yesterday, and has to-day sent me as a compliment, a large folio work of the Monuments of France exceedingly valuable and containing more than 800 subjects from the Antiquities of France engraved in outline; he has inscribed upon the title page "*offert par l'auteur à l'estimable Mons. F. B. Morse; Le Chev^r Alexandre LeNoir.*" This mark of attention from such a man as Mr. LeNoir has gratified me much. By the by, my dear Sir (*entre nous*), there was something said a while ago in some of our talks, about having some notice of the picture in some of the French Papers; now if such notice is to be taken, the sooner the better, it would certainly be of advantage to its exhibition at home; a temperate *unflummerized* notice I should like. If such notice is made, will you have the goodness to let me have the paper.

My present plan is to go to England on Tuesday next 11th int. by way of Calais, where I shall engage my passage at Havre in the packet of Oct. 1st. I shall stay in England but a few days and return to Havre by the 26

or 27th in time to sail, so that I shall receive any communication from you through Messrs Welles up to that time. Send me all your commands for home.

In great haste but with real respect and esteem

Yr friend and hum Servt

Sam. F. B. Morse.

P.S. Accounts from U. S. to the 8th have reached Liverpool the Cholera is decreasing in N. York city but is yet alarming in the interior of the State Albany, Troy, etc. It has reached Phil. and commenced violently—176 cases in one day. [torn] be gone or nearly so from N. York by the time I [torn] I don't agree with you respecting the effect of weather or [torn] have had every vicissitude within 3 weeks here, and no difference perceptible in the number of cases, or the malignity of its type. It will have its own way and its own time as commissioned by Him who orders all events, and orders all things well.

Sept. 7th.—The Havre Packet has just arrived, but I shall not see the papers in season to give you any information by this letter, but will write you again before I leave Paris if any thing occurs which I think will interest you. Present my best respects and regards to Mrs. Cooper (in whose restoration to health I sincerely rejoice with you) and to all your interesting family. May you all enjoy the greatest happiness, and return unbroken in number to *your friends* at home, among which you must always set me down as one of your sincerest.

By the by, passing through the Palais Royal to-day I saw in the window of a bookshop, a book called the *Mannequin*, it is an opera performed here in March last; will not this interfere with your *title?*

Monsieur J. F. Cooper, Geneva

FROM PETER JAY

New York, 7 Sept., 1832

My dear Sir,

Mrs. Jay has rec[d] and is gratified by your letter to her. She and the family are still at Rye, but intend soon to remove to the city. In consequence of the cholera the courts did no business in July and August, and I spent those months in the country. This disease is subsiding, but still carries off a great many. In this city about 3000 have died of it, and it is scattered all over the country. The remarks you make concerning it are all as accurate here as in France. All the french modes of cure have been tried—ice, opium, camphor, injections into the veins, etc., but nothing seems to diminish the mortality. Our best Physicians admit that it is a most unaccountable and most fatal disease.

I am sorry you have been so much vexed by the review published in the *American;* I do not remember it. I did not think you were so thin skinned. You must write a Dunciad. Why do you expect to escape such annoyances more than Pope or any other great author? While the public buy your books, read your books, and praise your books it appears to me you ought to be content, even tho' the Government writers abuse them. You hate aristocrats and therefore should not complain that they hate you. Your publications are intended to do them harm, and their writers attempt to injure you.

But why complain of your own countrymen? They honor you. Be assured of it.

The late proceedings of the German Diet shew more fight among its members than I had suspected them of. Nothing it seems to me could have been more unwise.

We shall all be happy to see you again.

Your friend and ser^{vt}

Peter Augustus Jay.

James Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Paris.

FROM S. F. B. MORSE

Havre, Oct. 2d, 1832

My dear Sir,

I have but a moment to write you one line as in a few hours I shall be under weigh for dear America. I arrived from England by the way of Southampton a day or two since and have had every moment till now occupied in preparations for embarking. I rec^{d} yours from Vevay yesterday, and thank you for it. Yes, Mr. *Rives* and family, Mr. *Fisher*, Mr. *Rogers*, Mrs. *Palmer* and family, and a full cabin beside accompany me. What shall I do with such an anti-statistical set? I wish you were of the party, to shut their mouths on some points. I shall have good opportunity to talk with Mr. Rives, whom I like notwithstanding; I think he has good American feeling in the main, and means well, although I cannot account for his permitting you to suffer in the Chambers (and the General). I will find out that if I can. My journey to England, change of scene, and air, have restored me wonderfully. I knew they would. I like John's country, it is a garden and appears beautifully in contrast with France, and John's people have excellent qualities, and he has many good people, but I hate his aristocratic system, and am more confirmed in my views than ever of its oppressive and unjust character. I saw a great deal of Leslie, he is the same good fellow that he ever was. Be tender of him, my dear Sir, I could mention some things which

would soften your judgement of his political feelings; one thing only I can now say, remember he has married an English wife, whom he loves, and who has never known America. He keeps entirely aloof from politics and is wholly absorbed in his art. Newton is married to a Miss Sullivan, daughter of Gen. Sullivan of Boston, an accomplished woman and a belle, he is expected in England soon.

I found almost every body out of town in London, I called and left a card at Rogers', but he was in the country, so were most of the artists of my acquaintance. The fine engraver who has executed so many of Leslie's works, *Danforth*, is a staunch American, he would be a man after your heart, he admires you for that very quality. I must close in great haste. I have only time to say present my sincere respects and best wishes to Mrs. Cooper and all your family, and remember me to Horace when you write. Good-bye, my dear Sir.

You shall hear from me when I reach home.

Yrs sincerely and affectionately

Saml F. B. Morse.

J. F. Cooper, Esqr, Paris

FROM S. F. B. MORSE

Havre, Oct. 5th, 1832

My dear Sir,

Here I am yet, wind bound, with a tremendous Southwester directly in our teeth. Yesterday the *Formosa* arrived and brought papers, etc., to the 10th Sept. I have been looking them over. Matters look serious at the south; they are *mad* there; great decision and prudence will be required to restore them to reason again, but they

are so hot-headed and are so far committed I know not what will be the issue. Yet I think our Institutions are equal to any crisis. Look into the *Commercial Advocate* of the 8th Sept. What a bad tone that paper has; every thing is distorted into a political trick, the Editorial article is headed, *Something Strange*, because Mr. Livingston has written to the several Governors of the States to obtain the Statistical information required to solve the question in which you have so ably figured. I threw the paper down in disgust. The account of the 4th July celebration is at full length in the papers, in the *American* and *National Gazette*. The Cholera is diminishing. It has been light in Phil. and Boston.

Oct. 6. 7 o'clock we are getting under { weigh / way . Goodbye.

I have no ink, excuse my haste, I have only time to say give my best respects to Mrs. Cooper and your daughters and Master Paul. Hoping to see you all before many months

I am as ever Yrs. Sincerely

Saml F. B. Morse

À Monsieur J. F. Cooper, Paris

FROM WILLIAM DUNLAP

New York, Octr 6th 1832

Dear Sir

By the Havre packet of the 1st inst. (Captn Lee) I sent in print and manuscript the remainder of my *History of the American Theatre*. A portion of the appendix will be found in addition on the sheets which will accom-

pany this. As I have not heard from you since I communicated my wish to have the book republished, and as I know *your wish* to serve me, I hope that it is printing in London at this time. I shall endeavor to send a complete copy by this opportunity. If it is not announced in the usual manner for publication before you receive this, I pray you lose no time in so doing, or I may lose all chance by some malapropos accident as I did it with my *Memoirs of Cooke*. I am encouraged to think that American works excite so much attention in Engld that I may rely that a publisher will give something for the opportunity of issuing one from the press—either a definite sum, or a portion of the profits arising from the sale.

I shall keep back the publication here for some days to give more time to publish in England. There are two Americans in England who will injure the book if they can. Not hearing from you in answer to my many letters puzzles me, especially as you desired me to write and promised answers. I fear that you may have been absent from Paris—if so all my hopes from Europe vanish unless the present communication succeeds and there is yet time enough to push out an Edition.

My opinion of *The Heidenmauer* is in the *Evg Post*—my opinion is the same *for you*, only I wish that your next may have more of incident and stirring excitement for common readers (I am an uncommon one). Write for the vulgar as well as for us. The grand view you take of the effect of Luther's reformation on Society generally and on individuals of various classes and different educations is great and worthy of yourself. Go on in God's name and prosper. With every good wish.

Yrs Truly
Wm Dunlap

FROM A LETTER OF MRS. COOPER TO HER SISTER

November 26, 1832

My dear Martha

Most certainly you must be flattered, by Mrs. Gilbert Robertson's thinking you look like her—there is a tradition that she was called "handsome Dolly," and I can remember her, in my young days, as a very fine looking woman.—

We had a very pleasant party on the 22nd of this month—the officers of the —— regiment of the artillery of the Militia of New York, had sent a very handsome medal of the gold of Carolina, commemorative of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington, to be presented to General Lafayette—and had requested Mr. Cooper to give it—the General dined with us, and in the evening we had a Party, of individuals of nine different nations, to do honour to the presentation—there were French, Poles, Dutch, Italian, English, Scotch, Irish, Swiss and our nation—Mr. Cooper made a speech, mentioning the object of the offering and by whom it was made and presented it in the name of Col. Stevens, and the officers of the regiment and the General returned his thanks to them in receiving it. The Medal was very much admired, and the scene was very interesting—the General's children and grandchildren were present—and seemed very much gratified, with this fresh proof of American affection to their revered Parent—and we were all glad that the representatives of so many countries should see how dear he is to us—after the ceremony of the presentation was over, the young folks danced—

You say I do not talk enough about myself—and I had forgotten it until this moment—my sight is I think better than it was, though my right eye remains the

same—I am stronger and better than I was—and walk out when it is fine weather in my *new* satin cloak, and velvet hat trimmed with *flowers* and when, as it usually happens, we have no sun, in my *old* cloak and hat.—What else shall I tell you? my beloved husband, and our dear children are all well—and happy in the hope of being with you before this time next year. I could croak, but I will keep that for Caroline, and only beg you to give my best love to Brother Wm and Francis, to Mary and to our dear Sister, from us all—adieu and believe me most truly and affectionately

S. A. F. C.

FROM WILLIAM JAY

New York, 11th Decr 1832

Dear Cooper

The question "to be, or not to be" in reference to our federal union, will soon be decided. On the 1st Feb^{ry} next, the payment of duties on imports into South Carolina is to cease, and *any* attempt on the part of the General Government to enforce their collection is to be the signal for the call of a State Convention to establish a separate government, for the independent nation of South Carolina.

All this will give no pain to the Holy Alliance; and we ourselves are so busy in getting money, votes, and offices, that we seem to have little time to think or grieve about the matter. A wonderful apathy prevails on the subject. People generally are unwilling to believe that the Carolinians are as foolish and as wicked as they profess to be. It is but too true that the union is not regarded with that fond admiration and affection it once was. The South will barter the union for a good market for their

cotton; and the North are ready to sacrifice it to the Tariff.

The politicians of Europe, you well know, understand but little of our true character; and I fear the sequel will prove that the large credit many of them give us for public virtue is not among the least of their blunders. We are growing rich, and begin to feel that influence of wealth, which we are told makes it difficult for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Probably no nation exists in which so large a portion of its population enjoys the comforts and luxuries of wealth, as our own. But this remark applies chiefly to the *free* States, for the others, with some exceptions, are withering under the curse of Slavery. In the South the Slaves are multiplying faster than their masters, and occasion a fearful looking for, of wrath and tribulation. What think you—are these Slaves to be the only portion of the human race that are for ever to be denied the rights of humanity? I think their emancipation approaches; and its consummation will follow, at no very distant period, the dissolution of the union.

The federal Constitution rivets the fetters of the Slave, and protects his Master. But let the Nullifiers destroy this instrument and convert the people of the North from Brethren into enemies, and in the first war that ensues, the Slaves will assert their rights, and who will stand between them and their Masters? The progress of Science and the arts is daily augmenting the superiority of free over slave labour; advancing the prosperity of the North, and subjecting the South to embarrassment and discontent.

On your return you will be surprised, both at the growth of this City, and the elegance and even magnificence of some of its new streets. I say on your *return*, but

when will that be? I know you are, and will be, a good American, but your children will not love their Country as you do, unless they personally know it, and with all its faults no other country is so worthy of being loved.

I have little to communicate about old Westchester. She is far behind her sisters in the race of improvement, but in the violence and fickleness of her politics is exceeded by none. At present Aaron Ward, now *General*, is decidedly the most popular man in the County, and has just been elected to Congress for the third time. The General, although differing from me in politics, has been a good friend to me, and I am under many obligations to him.

The Cholera has left our City, but not our Country. This most eccentric and inexplicable disease has committed sad havoc here. At Sing Sing it was dreadful, about 15 deaths occurred at Somers, Bedford escaped. It has just broken out a second time at Boston, and no one can tell how soon it may pay New York a second visit. You will have seen in the papers an account of its awful ravages in New Orleans, and of its sudden and extraordinary disappearance. Its progress through the Country is governed by no apparent laws. It broke out first in Canada, then appeared in New York, next in Albany, afterward in Rochester, and then in Utica. The city of Hudson escaped. The Doctors do not understand the disease, and very opposite treatments have their strenuous advocates among the faculty.

The last letter I received from you was written on a Sunday, and the day very properly reminded you of your sins, and you therefore commenced with a confession of them towards me. Divines tell us, that in the progress of true repentance confession is followed by reformation.

In full confidence that this will be so in your case, I grant you entire absolution, and remain

Yours truly
William Jay.

J. Fenimore Cooper Esqr, Paris

TO JOHN ALLEN COLLIER

Paris, Dec. 14th, 1832

My dear Collier,

If there is another man in Broome beside yourself who could write the adventure of *The Hon. Mr. Hill* and *The Barber, Mr. Bill*, why, wit is rife among you. We have been laughing over it until the tears came to relieve us. Great joy like great grief will sometimes find vent at the eyes. I know nothing of the Honorable Mr. Hill, who is to be a perfect *terra incognita* in politics as well as in literature, but I very well know what fun is. I have just been giving a little myself to the French, and I take advantage of your franking privileges to send you a copy. The history of my *morceau* is this:—The Doctrinaires—who are gentry that believe in the possibility of having Monarchy, Aristocracy and Democracy all at once—in their jealousy of us, have let loose the curs of abuse upon us for the last twelvemonth. I have personified this theory under the name of The Three Ideas, and have made them the organs of proclaiming their own nonsense as respects us, by giving their facts and arguments a little coloured, and, by George, not much coloured either. You probably do not understand French well enough to feel my drift, and it is absolutely necessary to read the article in the original, to be familiar with all that has passed, and to be *au fait* of French character, in order to feel all I would express. At all events I have been so amused with Mr.

Hill and Mr. Bill that I send my little effort in a foreign language as some slight acknowledgment, as well as with wish to recall myself to your recollection.

Why do you not give us something in this way, of a more personal and lasting character, and in the same vein? I could almost pledge myself to your success. I remember that, when a boy, you wrote rhymes with facility, though I think a narrative in humorous prose would answer better. Tell Tom Waterman I remember him, and hope he has not forgotten me. I am coming home next season with a wife and five children, the latter all born in America and good Americans in heart and character. We will meet somewhere on the great continent, and I trust feel disposed to laugh over this squib and other matters.

Yours very faithfully
J. Fenimore Cooper.

FROM WILLIAM DUNLAP

New York, Dec. 28th 1832

Dr James

I received your letter of October and rest assured that all that man can do will be done for me. I will however hope—but it shall be that whatever is the result of the effort I shall be content. I do not mean that content which kills exertion, my youthful ardor forbids that.

Morse and Cole are with us, much to our satisfaction. Your picture of the Gallery of the Louvre we have not yet seen.

The cloud in our southern horizon engages all our attention at present. May it pass as a summer cloud—but it spits fire at present. Is it not lamentable that at the moment we were holding ourselves up for an example to

the old world, when we supposed that our institutions were becoming more and more stable, when the friends of liberty, peace and good will to man were looking to us with exultation, that the mean and selfish spirit which lurks under the guise of chivalry in the slave-holding aristocracy of the country, should render us a bye word to our enemies and an object for the slow-moving finger of scorn to point at? Can it be that it shall be so? God forbid!

The events which have past and are passing among us are before you. I need not detail them. Those of the old world are only presented to me in pieces and translations, but I know that to an American in Paris all our publications are acceptable and I know that you avail yourself of all accessible sources of information.

We hope in the strength of the Union party of South Carolina. We have confidence imparted by the proclamation of the President. And I feel that the recommendations of his message will have effect. I cannot but hope that actual rebellion will not take place—earnestly do I desire it. But if these high-minded negro drivers do shed blood, I trust there is a power here, even here, on earth, to put them down and restore, and even cement the Union on which not only our prosperity but that of the world depends.

I have not seen as much of Morse as I wished, he has been sick and my first visit found him in bed. We have talked much of you and he read to me parts of your letters from Switzerland. I have seen him twice since, but not long enough to hear all I wish to know of you and yours. We both love you I feel assured, but he is old and so slow and I am young and impetuous—I feel like young Rapid in the play and cannot make him get on fast

enough. He says you are disgusted with some of our conduct on this side the Herring-pond; it is bad enough I grant ye, but instead of giving us up come home and make us better—at least come and add weight to our scale.

Now of myself and mine, your old school fellow "old John" has managed his pecuniary affairs after the example of his father—i.e., bad enough. He is now comfortably employed in the office of the District Attorney. We all live together still, and all enjoy health. I am writing a continuation of Theatrical history and preparing for one of Arts and Artists. The Harpers say they are satisfied with the sale of my last book, and I have received the 500 dollars I expected from it. As far as I can judge it has answered public expectation "as well as could be expected."

Decr 30th The last day of the old year has arrived. May the year 1833 find you and yours in health and so employed as to insure happiness.

We all join in expressions of sincere love

Adieu

Wm Dunlap

FROM HORATIO GREENOUGH

Florence, January 29th, 1833

Dear Mr. Cooper

I have not heard from you since you left Switzerland except indirectly. I learned, however, from Brisbane that you were well some weeks since. Excuse my calling your attention again to the Statue. Mr. Livingston received my letter—he published it. Six months and upward have elapsed, yet I get no answer. Would you do me the favour to learn through some friend what they mean to do about

it. I can't begin without money. Delay will be of no service to them and very distressing to me. I would fain have avoided importuning anybody, but my friends here tell me that those official gentlemen sometimes require the spur. I am somewhat in a quandary whether I ought to fix myself here during the execution of this work—I fear I may become anchored for life. Still I see many obstacles to the study and exercise of my art in the States. The choice of a country in this case amounts to a choice of life. Like the ass between 2 bundles of hay I cast my eye from continent to continent and sigh that I can't plant one foot in the States and the other on the boot—chisel here with one hand and hold up to the christening font there with the other. Hitherto I have trodden on every sprouting inclination which threatened to shade or encumber my profession—shall I change tactics? Pray give me your advice. I ask it seriously because I think I have reached one of those crossroads of life where the choice of path has a great influence on subsequent happiness. I hear Friend Brisbany has a new eye—I think we must call this his metaphysical eye. He told me gravely that he meant to make "that *social tact* for which the French are so remarkable" the subject of *careful study* this winter. *Dii immortales!* The Yankees are at this moment all at court. *O tempora!* Willis they say makes quite a figure. He goes to Rome shortly—whether it be with a thorn in his side I know not, though I fear he has sighed for a *thorn*. The latest tales report friend Samuel with a hard bellyache but nothing serious. What say you of Carolina? I think I see *symptoms*, but don't apprehend anything fatal yet.

I had written thus far when yours of the 19th inst. reached me. I'm in hopes there will be no bloodshed.

What a responsibility those men in Carolina are taking upon themselves! I can't tell you what the Italian Gazettes say—I never look at them. Republic or no Republic, John Bull need never look for anything very consolatory to his vanity on our side the water. *I reckon.* I find my colossus sits heavy on your stomach still. The hall is 76 feet high and 96 feet wide. There's my ground, sir—go into the Louvre, find a room of that dimension, and imagine the statue. It won't be heavy—depend on't. You would be amused to see the effect produced here among the artists by the rumour of commission. I find myself provided with a set of friends and foes in a jiffey. I know not which incommode me most. It is not pleasant to eat with hungry fellows looking through the window at you. I could tell you some droll things.—*Basta.*—My Journey to Heaven groupe is far advanced. I feel confident it will take quite as well at least as the former one. Angels never wear cloathes, you remark. This comes strangely from *you. I* never saw one that was not dressed, and very tastefully too. I make 'em both stark naked. The conversation that passed between me and the gentleman who ordered the groupe was a scene. I fought hard and carried the day—the little fellows are to be provided with alabaster fig leaves which shall fall at a tap! of the hammer when the discerning public shall have *digested* the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil.

Kinlock is living here under the same roof with me. He is the oddest and at the same time the best of fellows in the world. There's no nullify about him, I assure you. He trembles for his *niggers*—I think with reason.

It makes me melancholy to hear you talk of writing your last Romance. You mean to give way? I didn't know there was any body to take it. Still if you would

turn your attention to one or two thorough legitimate national comedies I think you would put the topmost stone on the pyramid. Posterity! There's the cud for you to chew while the curs are barking. On the whole I think you have better reason to be contented with your lot than any American who never entered public—I mean official—life.

FROM S. F. B. MORSE

New-York, Feby. 28th, 1833

My dear Sir,

Mr. Rogers having this moment called on me to say he would take charge of any package or letter I might wish to send to France, I take advantage of the opportunity to send you your diploma from our Academy, and also a copy of a pamphlet which I have been compelled to publish in answer to Col. Trumbull. I wrote you by the last packet.—The So. Carolina business is probably settled by this time by Mr. Clay's compromise bill, so that the legitimates of Europe may stop blowing their twopenny trumpets in triumph at our *disunion;* the same clashing of interests in Europe would have caused 20 years of war, and torrents of bloodshed; with us it has caused 3 or 4 years of wordy war, and some hundreds of gallons of ink, but no necks are broken, nor heads; all will be *in statu ante bellum* in a few days. Now Mr. Cooper don't swear, nor breathe hard words, at what I am going to tell you. What do you think of the nomination by our President, of the sapient *Harris* as *chargé des affairs* to the *château* close by you? 'Tis even so, and it is before the Senate. I wrote immediately on hearing of it to one of our Senators and spoke very plainly on the matter and gave him the history of that gentleman's career in Paris last winter, and moreover I ventured to add

if they wished to wound the feelings of Gen. Lafayette as sensibly as possible and to take sides directly against the liberal party in support of principles adverse to liberty, they could not better accomplish their purpose than by confirming that nomination; Mr. Rives is in the Senate and I cannot believe he will give his assent, or keep the Senate ignorant of the man proposed to them, he frequently spoke with great contempt of Harris, and in a controversy on the financial question at our Club one evening, before he left New-York, and in which your views were controverted by some of the gentlemen, I was surprized to hear him espouse your cause warmly.

Come home in the Spring, do. You shall not stay in Paris, if Harris is the representative of our country; if you do, I shall despair of ever seeing a smile on your face again; I would not answer for myself in such circumstances, I assure you. My dear Sir, you are wanted at home; I want you, to encourage me by your presence. I find the Pioneer business has less of romance in the reality than in the description, and I find some tough stumps to pry up, and heavy stones to roll out of the way, and I get exhausted and desponding, and I should like a little of your sinew to come to my aid at such times, as it was wont to come at the Louvre. The cold weather is going away, and I am more able to paint again, and I shall not now remit till the Louvre is finished.

Could you send me the copy of Rembrandt's *steamboat* that I made for you? I should be glad to retouch the copy of the same in the great picture.

There is nothing new in New-York, every body is driving after money, as usual, and there is an alarm of fire every half hour, as usual, and the pigs have the freedom of the city, as usual, so that in these respects at least, you

will find New-York as you left it, except that they are not the same people that are driving after money, nor the same houses burnt down, nor the same pigs at large in the streets.

Will you let me know if you are alive as soon as possible, and I will be obliged to you. Mr. Rogers the bearer hereof says that he is not an American citizen now, he hails from France. Stewart Newton made himself quite conspicuous, and rather obnoxious I learn, in his visit to Boston; how much of this is scandal for his having captured the belle of Boston, and borne her off to his dear England, I don't know. He was born in Halifax, and has a right to take the inferior name of Englishman if he pleases, *de gustibus*, etc. But Leslie, 'tis not so with Leslie. Believe me as ever,

Truly y^rs.
S. F. B. P. Q. R. Morse

Remember me with my best respects to Mrs. Cooper and your daughters. You will all be welcomed home, but come prepared to find many, very many things in taste and manners, different from your own good taste and manners; good taste and good manners would not be conspicuous if all around possessed the same measure. If Mr. Habersham is in Paris, and the flighty St. Simonian Brisbane, please remember me to them. I should be pleased also to be remembered to the good general's family.

I send a copy of my pamphlet for Horace; if you have an opportunity by private hand be so good as to send it to him. To Miss Marley, if still a visitant at your house, please make my respects.

No more from yure twin frind.

James Fenimore Cooper, Esqr, Paris

FROM PIERRE JEAN DAVID

Paris, 10 March, 1833

I very much hope that this new attempt to portray your features may sometimes recall to your mind a man who has for your great genius and for your noble character the most intense and the deepest admiration.

Your devoted and affectionate

David.

P.S. My wife wishes to be affectionately remembered to Mrs. Cooper; will you also present my respectful compliments.

(Translation.)

This note refers to a bronze relief of Cooper.

TO RICHARD COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Paris, March 12th, 1833

Dear Richard,

Your two letters have reached me. I have delayed answering to the last moment to deliberate, and I am now sorry to say I cannot pay the price you name under the circumstances. The grounds will be much curtailed, and the whole thing will stand me in near $10,000 cash. We are coming home, however, and should Mr. Averell do nothing with the property this summer, I shall be better able to decide on the spot. So much depends on contingencies, and on facts that I do not understand, that I can give no better answer. Of course Mr. Averell is not bound to wait.

I should like to hear from you, if you think the property will be vacant, six months hence, on the following points. Is the old barnyard included in the present grounds? Is the hollow west of the grounds unoccupied,

and to be had reasonably? What is the state of the Academy lot, and of the old Kelly lots and houses on West Street? What is the state of the lot in the rear of Mr. Pomeroy's grounds? My decision may be much influenced by the answers.

I cannot tell you precisely in what month we shall embark, but it will be either in June or in October; I think, however, in the latter. We are all well, and not sorry to turn our faces westward.

You speak of some report as in connexion with Mr. Morse and your eldest cousin. Surely they who speak of such a thing can have no idea of the fitness of things. Mr. Morse is an old friend of *mine*, but neither of my daughters would dream of making a husband of him. Morse is an excellent man, but not just the one to captivate a fine young woman of twenty. I had proposals for Susan, last week, coming from a Frenchman of good fortune, noble family, and very fair looks, but the thing would not do. We mean to continue Americans. These things, however, ought always to be respected as family secrets. You can contradict the silly report about Mr. Morse, with confidence. Give my love to your wife. If you have a boy, you should call him Richard Fenimore.

Yours very truly,

J. Fenimore Cooper.

FROM LADY RUSSELL

Lisbon, March 15, 1833

My dear Mr. Cooper

I don't know on which side of the Atlantic you are, but I wish much to hear of some welfare—warfare—seafare—in short your correspondence is too agreeable a thing to give up lightly, I therefore write to enquire after

you and to put you in mind of me *and the Tiber*—which I have exchanged for the Tagus—I wish you were here to tell me what to think—

I want your advice more than ever. Let me hear from you, and give my best compliments to Mrs. Cooper—believe me,

Yours very truly
Elizabeth Anne
Russell

FROM LAFAYETTE

April 10th [1833]

It is a long while since I had the pleasure to see you, my dear friend. I expected to meet you that evening But you were not there. the S. Carolina storm is over. this is the grand affair. as to minor Concerns I am sorry to hear my old friend Edward Livingston Has declined Coming to france. the speaker of the H. R. Mr. Stevenson will probably go to England. Mr. Leavitt Harris is presented to the Senate as chargé des affaires to france.

I inclose a Confidential letter from our friend *Morse* with a paper accompanying it. the treaty, after a protest for the first payment, Has been laid before the House. the Bureaux are to meet to name a Committee. it ought to Have been done immediately. it is now on to-morrow's order of the day. General Sebastian told me He would Refrain from speaking on the occasion. Victor Broglie will talk in Behalf of the treaty. I Have been told Some Ministerial deputies Mean to attak it. I Have been told also that Many people are Rubbing their Hands in the fond expectation that affair will through some Unpopularity Upon me, and so government people are saying every where That Had it not Been for my overBearing influence they should Have settled the treaty as twelve or

fifteen millions. You know I do not care for these trifling criticisms and dont doubt upon the whole of the passage of the transaction. I shall not accuse myself for this as for the affair of the York.

With the most friendly regards to the family, I am

Your affectionate
friend
Lafayette

FROM PETER JAY

New York, 14 May, 1833.

Dear Sir,

We saw a good deal of the Marquis C. Torrigiani, who brought a letter from you. He is a modest well informed young man, a liberal in his politics, and is much pleased with New York. He has gone South. He seemed astonished at the absence of Beggars and Soldiers, and at the immense business which is doing here. You will yourself be surprized when you return at the latter circumstance. The Cargoes of ten Indiamen loaded with tea have been sold here this spring by auction within one fortnight and without lowering the price of that article. Another Cargo is still kept out of the market in expectation of a rise. This city has become the great place of import for the whole union. It has I believe nearly doubled since you have been in Europe. Its population cannot be less than 220,000 besides Brooklyn, which contains 12,000. If we can but remain united for another Generation this Country will be a power which the Europeans will cease to sneer at, tho' they may not cease to dislike us. The storm from Carolina has passed over with much thunder and little damage. There is however a very bad spirit remaining in that state, and Georgia, N. Carolina, and Virginia are partially infected by it. The agitators are exerting

themselves to create discord and break up the union; this was to be expected, because nothing but agitation can preserve their influence. A Separation might make them little kings or Dictators, concord and content must be fatal to them. The conduct of the President in relation to the Carolina affair was I think firm, temperate, and wise, and ought to atone for many errors. It was unexpected because very different from the Spirit of his proceedings respecting Georgia. Our Governments often play the fool and I suppose are not more honest than those in other parts of the world. Yet with all their faults, we are the freest and most prosperous people on the Globe, and ought to be abundantly more thankful than we are for the blessings we receive from a beneficent providence.

When shall we see the Headsman of Berne?

Believe me my dear Sir with sincere regard

Your friend and servant

Peter Augustus Jay.

James Fenimore Cooper, Esq[r], Paris

FROM LAFAYETTE

Saturday

I have this day received a Card, my dear friend, stamped with the three farewell initials. Shall I see you Before You go?

I am Better, and fit to talk a little and to Hear much, and However affected far Beyond what sickness can produce I would enjoy a great gratification in Your kind visit.

Most affectionately

Yours

Lafayette

À Monsieur Cooper, à paris

FROM MR. AND MRS. JOHN LOUDON McADAM

Office of Roads
Penrith, Cumberland
29 June, 1833

My dear Sir

I found your letter of 21st Instant on my arrival here last night. Mrs. McAdam and I are very sorry that we had departed before your arrival in London, particularly as the periods were so near; we left Hoddesdon on the 18 of June.

My duties will delay me in Scotland, most probably, until late in the Autumn, so that we have no chance of having the satisfaction of seeing you unless we should meet in Edinburgh, where I must be several times, perhaps, in the course of the summer. In Edinburgh I shall be at Simpson's Hotel in Queen Street; if in the neighborhood they will be able to inform you where I am, and a letter addressed to me as above will always find me wherever I may be. Mrs. McAdam asks leave to add a line. I am

My dear Sir yours faithfully
Jn. Loudon McAdam

James Fenimore Cooper Esqr, London

My dear Mr. Cooper,

I cannot allow my husband's letter to depart without expressing my hope that we may meet in Edinburgh, as that appears now to be our only chance of seeing you, as Mr. McAdam's business in Scotland renders our visiting Havre impossible. How much I regret that Susan should leave Europe without our seeing each other, it is impossible to say; it is indeed a most grievous disappointment, and I hate either to think or write about it. You

must not be *very* angry if I own I have ever *hoped* that she would find some attraction to induce her to remain in Europe that something belonging to my sister might be near me. I plead guilty to its having been a selfish feeling, and I am punished as I dare say I deserve, and as selfishness ought always to be by the disappointment of its unreasonable wishes. However, I am most desirous to hear *all* the gossip about *all* your family, so pray think Edinburgh worth seeing. I will venture to assure you will find it worth your journey. Give my kindest love to your Wife when you write, and believe me always, my dear Mr. Cooper,

Yours most truly
A. C. Mc—

FROM S. F. B. MORSE

New York, Augst 9th, 1833

My Dear Sir,

I am just packing up for a jaunt to Boston, Portsmouth, etc., and have just time to enclose a few paragraphs from the papers relating to the *controversy*, which may now be considered as at an end. The attempt to make the impression on the public mind that you were mortified at the literary criticism of your works has entirely failed; this was undoubtedly the first impression, but the tide has turned against the Editors. New York is too absorbed in commerce for you to reside here with any comfort; in Boston or Philadelphia you are more appreciated, but in the latter you will probably find more sympathies than in the former place. You will see that our *friend Mr. Rives* has had a personal *rencontre* with a *friend* in Virginia in which were the usual ingredients of hard words, nose pulling, horse whipping, and public explanations. I know

not which of the parties were to blame. I saw Niles the other day; I did not ask him how he and his master happened to make so bungling a treaty, or at least one so badly kept, so wretchedly evaded. There is some mystery thereabouts which you may possibly unravel. I shall send this by the *Delaware* 74, which sails next week with Mr. Livingston for Havre. Mr. L. will perhaps put matters to rights, at the court of Louis Philippe in regard to U. S.

My Picture, *c'est fini;* I shall be glad to show it to you: perhaps I may sell it to the Bostonians; may I not for 2500 dollars?

Our country is prospering beyond all precedent, every thing is thriving, commerce, manufactures, agriculture; in the latter the crops, rich, are promising a most copious harvest. There is no country on earth like our own. If we did but properly appreciate the blessings we enjoy, we should be the happiest.—But Good bye. I hope to see you in the autumn. Remember me with sincere respect and regards to your good lady and daughters and believe me

as ever faithfully yours
S. F. B. Morse

James F. Cooper, Esqr, Paris

TO CAROLINE DE LANCEY, NEW YORK

London, Sept. 16th, 1833

My dear Caroline,

This letter goes by the *Philadelphia*, the ship which will sail from here to-morrow, and from Portsmouth the 20th. We have taken our passages in the *Samson*, the ship which will sail on the 28th from London, and on the 1st October from Portsmouth. We shall be ten days behind the ship that will bring this letter, as respects

sailing, and probably about that time after her in arriving. Of this, however, you can judge by inquiring as to the length of the *Philadelphia's* passage, and the way she had the wind for the first ten days. Mr. Leslie the celebrated painter goes in the *Philadelphia*, and as Mr. Morse knows him intimately, he can easily make the inquiry for you.

I hope you will have got possession of the house before you receive this letter. As soon after as possible write me a note with the address, and send it to the bar of the City Hotel. When we arrive I will call there, and then we will go directly to the house. We hope to sleep in our own house *the first night*. I bring four servants with me, and of course we shall be ready to commence immediately. Susan thinks it would have been better to buy carpets with small, confused Turkish figures, as they are more the fashion, but I am afraid it is now too late.

The arrival of the *Samson* at the Hook will probably be known some hours before we can get up to town. Should you hear of it, it will be well to have the fires lighted, and preparations made for the next meal, let it be which it may. An easterly wind for two or three days, any time after the 25th October, may bring us in. We hope to arrive before the 5th November, but favorable winds might bring us in several days sooner. Of all this you will judge by the passages of the ships that precede us, and by the direction of the winds after the *Philadelphia* gets in.

When we crossed from Paris to London, I wrote to have lodgings taken, and directed a servant to be in waiting at Hyde Park Corner with the address, and that experiment succeeded so well that I have great hopes of the success of this. The *Samson* seems a good ship, and I think her officers and crew promise well. I believe Mr.

Rutherford is to be our fellow passenger. The Warrens and Jim Ogden go home in the *Caledonia*. We shall go on board the ship in the docks here, in order to escape the expense and fatigue of a journey by land.

Your sister will write by the *Caledonia*, and as she will sail the same day as ourselves you may look for us soon after you get it. She will probably get in before us, but not more than a day or two, I trust. If you and Martha could take possession of the house at once it would be all the better.

I beg you will say nothing of all this, but let us step in as quietly as possible.

The cholera has left London, but we have got so accustomed to it that we feel little uneasiness at its presence. It has been worse here this year than it was the last, but little was said about it. We are all well, the ladies making faces at what is to come. We shall have three state-rooms *en suite*, built expressly for us, and near the centre of the ship, so that I hope the *maladie de mer* will not be killing.

Adieu, dear Caroline

à vous

J. Fenimore Cooper

FROM LORD LANSDOWNE

Lansdowne House
Saturday

My dear Sir

I have sent a card to-day to ask the favor of your company to dine with us on Monday sennight; permit me to add that should you be engaged on that day, or should it be more agreeable to you, we should be equally happy in the pleasure of your company on Thursday in the same week.

It would be a real mortification to me if I had not the pleasure of receiving you in this house previous to your departure, tho' I trust it is not yet very near.

believe me
your very faithful Servt
Lansdowne.

F. Cooper, Esq., St. James Place.

FROM W. B. SHUBRICK

Baltimore, 25th Oct., 1833

My dear Cooper

If I have not been the first nor among the first of your friends to bid you welcome to your native land, you will I am sure do me the justice to believe that I am not the least sincere—I rejoice that we are once more on the same side of the "big pond" and I long to learn what are your arrangements, that I may form some estimate of the time when and the place where we are to meet. Mrs. Shubrick in anticipation of your arrival wrote some weeks since to Mrs Cooper; if she has not received the letter you will find it in the office in New York. The time that you have been abroad has made great changes, in everything that meets the eye; to us they have been gradual and almost unperceived, but will strike you with great force; even in your own New York, you will scarcely recognize some of the places with which you were most familiar, and, traveller as you are, it will take you some time to feel quite at home, but whatever physical changes you may perceive around you, there has been no moral change in the hearts of your friends, at least I can answer for some of them that no day has passed, without your being remembered and the time of your return has been looked forward to with constant longing.

I have just finished *The Headsman*, and I only echo the common opinion among the reading world here when I say that it has added greatly to your already enviable reputation; after the first half of the first volume I read it with breathless anxiety, and you know I am not very excitable.

I have ten thousand things to say to you about things public and private, but am a bad writer and cannot put them on paper.—What chance is there of your heading your steps this way? if nothing else brings you you must pay your respects to King Andrew—I have a bed and plate always ready for you.

The newspapers in announcing your arrival said nothing about your family; we take it for granted however that they are with you, and all unite in most affectionate greetings to them, to which Mrs Shubrick and Mary add their love to you.

I am as ever, dear Cooper,

Your sincere friend
W. B. Shubrick

Commodore Shubrick, U. S. N., was a life-long and intimate friend of Cooper's.

PART THIRD

Covering the time between October, 1833, and July 1, 1842, which includes the period of Cooper's libel suits; a short residence in New York City and the first years of his residence at Otsego Hall, Cooperstown; ending with the arbitration of the question of the accuracy of his Naval History.

During these years were written The Monikins; Homeward Bound; Home as Found; History of the Navy of the United States; The Pathfinder; Mercedes of Castile; The Deerslayer; The Two Admirals; *and numerous books of travel, biographies, and minor articles.*

1833-1842

FROM VARIOUS FRIENDS

New York, Nov. 1833

Sir

A number of your former friends, pleased with your return among them, are desirous of testifying to you the continuance of their friendship, of the respect in which they hold your talents, and of their approbation of your manly defence, while abroad, of the Institutions of our Country.

They therefore beg your acceptance of a Dinner at such time as shall be agreeable to you.

Gideon Lee	Robt. Emmett
P. A. Jay	Dudley Selden
Thomas Morris	J. Morton
Henry Ogden	Wm. T. McCoun
C. A. Davis	Samuel Swarthout
M. M. Noah	J. Aug. Smith
George P. Morris	J. Van Rensselaer
J. E. De Kay	C. C. Cambreleng
C. P. Clinch	Wm. C. Bryant
D. E. Ludlow	Jacob Harvey
J. Delafield	F. G. Halleck
J. Anderson	Wm. Sampson
Robt. W. Weir	James G. King
W. Gracie	W. B. Lawrence
James Campbell	Wm. J. MacNevin
John W. Francis	

TO WILLIAM SKINNER, BALTIMORE

New York, 15th Nov., 1833

Dear Sir,

I am very sensible of your friendly attention in remembering us so early after our arrival. My daughter will take an early occasion to thank Mrs. Skinner, whose invitation she will not however be able to accept, as a large connexion, all of which appear glad to see us, will keep the whole family (myself excepted) in New York this winter. I shall probably have some curiosity to see Washington this winter, and shall have the pleasure of seeing you, of course.

I never expected, my dear Sir, to be thanked for upholding American principles in face of the enemy. The truth will be understood some day, I make no doubt, but short as has been my residence here since our return, I have seen enough to be satisfied that, with the majority of those who affect to have opinions, anti-American sentiments are in more favor than American. The heart of the nation, however, is sound, or else God knows what would become of us. If I were anxious for popularity I should cut my throat in despair, but thinking, acting and reasoning for myself I endeavor to make the best of it. I have been but once in what may be called society since my return, and then I was attacked by a man young enough to be my son and who was never out of sight of the smoke of his father's chimney, for thinking like an American; I am no longer surprised that such books are written about us.—But I sicken of this ungrateful subject.

My old friend Capt. Shubrick is in Baltimore and I hope to find you, him and others of my friends in Balti-

more glad to see me on my way south. Until then I wish you and Mrs. Skinner adieu.

Very truly yours,
J. Fenimore Cooper

TO MRS. COOPER, NEW YORK

Washington, 10th Dec., 1833

Dearest Sue,

Shubrick and myself got here last night. The town is much improved, and, if it were compact, would be a pleasant residence. Ogden is with me. I am getting on in the affair, and after looking about me a little, shall be ready to return to you. To-morrow I see the President, at twelve. Harris is here, and I have just heard that he lives at the ordinary on account of his love of the people!

The taverns are good, the living excellent. It is not true that I do not like the Mansion House. I had a bad room at first, but afterwards an excellent one. It is a good house. The rail-roads are delightful; the steam-boats magnificent, the tables groaning, and the people respectable in an eminent degree.

Shubrick is impatient, and I have only time to say good bye. Write to his wife. Embrace all of the children, and beg them to think of me as of theirs and yours most tenderly. Adieu. I shall write again in three days, and give you my impressions. Very affectionately yours,

J. F. C.

TO MRS. COOPER, NEW YORK

Philadelphia, Dec. 11th, 1833

My dearest Sue,

I have not seen many people. Mather has called to see me, and a Dr. Harris—*voilà tout*. On the other hand I

have been to see Mrs. Banyer and Miss Jay twice, Mr. Brown, who is much better—and a few old friends.

I see by to-day's *American* that Mr. King and Mr. Gould have renewed their attack. I have sent a card to Walsh stating my determination to answer, as soon as I am at home. It has become necessary, and it is a duty to myself I can no longer neglect. A plain dignified statement of the facts is all that is required.

I dine with Carey to-day, where I believe I am to meet Walsh and your brother, with a few others. Every body is full of the message and the Bank and a variety of other questions of which you and I, my love, know nothing.

N. B. I sup to-night with Dr. and Mrs. De Lancey.

Your brother has just left me, it is two o'clock, and I must dress for dinner! I am getting a regular three o'clock stomach.

Give my love to the girls and Paul, and receive every kind assurance for yourself.

J. Fenimore Cooper.

TO THE REV. DR. DE LANCEY, PHILADELPHIA

New York, Dec. 20th, 1833

Dear Sir,

I found the railroad perfectly good, and I have no doubt this sort of travelling, head for head, is safer than the old way. There is great care taken, and men are stationed along the whole line to give notice of any impediment. The gale was very severe, but I reached home to dinner, or before six.

We understand that Mrs. Munro is in town, and Mrs. Cooper intends to go and see her to-morrow. Mrs. De Lancey and your sisters are quite well, though Caroline has been getting teeth pulled, an unpleasant affair at the

best, and at her time of life a little premature. We have no news here. Every body is talking of money, or rather of no money, but that is to be expected in a place like this, where the first effort of every body is to make money, and the second to spend it. Your big bank makes but an indifferent figure in the report of the Government directors, and I begin to believe that hickory [General Jackson] will prove to be stronger than gold [the United States Bank].

Mrs. Cooper and the girls desire to be remembered to Mrs. De Lancey, and Paul sends a hundred incoherent messages to the boys.

I am, dear sir,
Yours very truly,
J. Fenimore Cooper.

FROM LAFAYETTE

Paris, Feb. 6, 1834

I may seem to have treated you badly, my dear Cooper, though such has been far from my thought, for we often speak of you and of your charming family; but through wishing to do too well what you requested, I have done nothing worth the while. It must be too late to write you now on this subject. Chodzko has left France, persecuted by the government. I have not yet been able to collect the fifteen hundred francs due our Committee from the French Committee. General Dwernické assures me from time to time that within a fortnight he will have your money. I will see to all that as soon as I leave my bed, where a slight illness, due to fatigue resulting from the funeral of our poor colleague and friend Dulong, has kept me for several days, which is the reason that I am dictating instead of writing.

Our American treaty has been presented, and is now in the hands of a committee who will, I hope, without delay report it favorably. These are troublous times for Europe and for France. For some time changes in the Ministry have been looked for, but behold! a reconciliation. The Chamber, and above all the opposition, have been much disturbed by an unfortunate event, the details of which you will see in the papers. The *Paris Journal* and *Debats* have made themselves Court advocates. This has become an *affaire du Château*. I would speak of the unfortunate duel in which our excellent colleague and friend Dulong, adopted son of Dupont (General) has been killed by General Bugeaud, who applied to himself the epithet *gaoler*, uttered by Dulong from his bench. My son who was one of his seconds, had the unhappiness to see him fall, with a ball in his head at thirty-five paces. I shall not enter into details and imprecations that you will find in various papers—the funeral of poor Dulong was one of the greatest popular demonstrations that I have seen in Paris. I will send you two numbers of the *National* in which the facts are correctly given. The accounts with which I have been deluged by this immense population have touched me all the more, from their being a manner of saying to me, "you have been deceived but this misfortune has not shaken our confidence in you." You see that the three great Northern Powers cement their friendship, their strength, their schemes as regards the East and the West, and above all their war on liberty and patriotism—some Polish and Italian refugees, driven by despair, have made an attempt, the failure of which is announced in the *Moniteur*. We await further news.

The Cabinets of London, of the Tuileries highly approve the despotic proclamation of Queen Isabella, and

the consequent government of Mr. Zéa. The Spanish patriots have not so much as thought, they have arrived at the Martinez de la Rosa point, and may well go much further.

All my family join me in kindest regards for you and yours.

Lafayette

TO MRS. GEORGE POMEROY

New York, March 28th, 1834

My dear Sister,

Mr. Phinney gave me your letter last evening. He found me suffering with a tooth-ache, the penalty of not using the proper nut-crackers, and an unusual complaint for me. It has compelled me to keep house to-day, but to-morrow I hope to get out in order to see him.

Richard first gave me some insight into the situation of Mrs. S. Cooper. Until then I supposed she had a small income of some five or six hundred a year, and, though greatly reduced, by no means in distress. Still he did not represent the case as bad, by any means, as it appears to be by your statement. I sent her a small sum immediately, and, while in my power, I shall certainly continue to assist her. My own means are very limited, the little property of Mrs. Cooper being entirely her own, and quite out of my power, and, as you know, our habits and situation require a considerable expenditure. My income, as a writer, *has been* considerable, nor have my expenses been any thing like what vulgar report, a notorious liar, has probably made them. Still I have had large sums to pay, for which I never received any benefit, and a great portion of my earnings has been swallowed up by the

defalcations of other people. These have left me but a very small disposable capital, which I am endeavoring to turn to as good an account as possible. The result is uncertain, though the prospects are not bad. I think my income this year will warrant me in saying that I will carry Mrs. Cooper through until next spring, before which time we can enter into some definitive arrangement. I would have her, therefore, remain where she is, if agreeable to herself, and should there arise any sudden demand for money, I will pay her draft for a hundred dollars, any time after the 1st July. I do not like to bind myself legally to any annuity, but I should hope it will be in my power to continue, as much as you have mentioned, two hundred a year to her, as long as we both live, but this will depend altogether on my own earnings. As a writer I have now done, and in the event of my death, my own daughters, who, though educated with proper notion of economy, have the habits of their class, would require all that both I and their mother could leave them, for a mere maintenance. Thank God, I am still young, and in the full vigor of both mind and body, and I do not see but some gentlemanly and suitable competence may yet offer to take the place of that from which I am driven by my own country. In the last event, I can return to Europe, and continue to write, for in that quarter of the world I am at least treated with common decency. It is not improbable that such will be the *dénouement*.

I beg you will communicate to Mrs. Cooper her authority to draw as mentioned. It is probable, however, that I shall hand her the money myself, in the course of the summer. This affair should not be spoken of, for it may prevent some of her other friends from aiding her, and surely two hundred dollars is a miserable pittance

for such a family. I would gladly double it, if in my power.

I pray you to spare the pastry and all other eatables. Dick and I have much business together, and I have promised to stay with him, but I now think I shall beg a room of Mrs. S. Cooper, as it may be a good pretext for giving her assistance. We must quit our present residence the 1st of May, the house being sold, and, should the weather be good, we shall go up the Hudson, I think, immediately. The young ladies vote for Lake George, and Mrs. Cooper for the banks of the river, but we are quite uncertain as to our movements for the summer. I think it must be somewhere within the range of steamboats or railroad. Let the family go where it may, I shall be in Cooperstown in the course of all May, until when I kiss your fair hands.

Yours very affectionately
J. Fenimore Cooper

Mrs. Pomeroy was Anna Cooper, daughter of Judge William Cooper and elder sister of James Fenimore Cooper. (Cooper's other sister, Hannah, was killed in her twenty-second year by a fall from a horse.) Anna married George Pomeroy of Cooperstown, in which village she lived to a very advanced age.

Mrs. S. Cooper was the widow of one of Cooper's brothers.

FROM LAFAYETTE

Paris April 14th. 1834

My dear friend

I Have not Had the pleasure to Hear directly from You since Your arrival at New York and am Afraid You will charge me with Remissness altho' we Have

Been, my children and myself, constantly thinking and talking of You and family.

You may Have Heard that, after a solemn and one of the most numerously attended Burials, on account of My colleague and friend *dulong* killed in a political duel By Gen. Bugeaud, a circumstance which was accompanied with the greatest testimonies of popular affection in my Behalf, I Have Been for upwards of two months confined to my Bed and Room; nor Have I Hope to Be Restored to Health under two or three weeks altho' there is no doubt of my total recovery. What I could do in the House, as to the affair of the treaty, Has Been compleatly performed By communications with certain members called By me, By the declaration of which the inclosed is a copy, and By that of my son at the [illegible]. nay, some central jealousies of my influence might Have lost a few votes without gaining one more. I think, and on previous consultation it Has been and is still thought I did for the Best.

My vexation and disappointment, to say no more, you will easily conceive. Many people Have Run away with the parliamentary idea to operate a change in administration, part of whose members, By the way, Have Been far from giving a proper support to duke de Broglie. But upon the past, present, and future of this Unhappy affair, upon which several members now repeal their vote, it Behoves me to wrap myself in the cloak of my discontent and grief.

I would Have writen to You sooner Had I not every day expected to Recover your Hundred dollars. the pole french committee who are penny less Have Not yet Returned that Borrowed Sum, originally appropriated By us to poor Chodzko who Has Been obliged to leave france

and is now languishing in a corner of England, as is said to me for I Have not directly Heard from Him. [Illegible] Has assured me He was from week to week expecting a sum of money from poland. the probability of which appears to me, of late, to Be greater than it Had Been formerly. But until You are actually Repaid I shall not cease to attend your concern.

Another publication Relative to our taxation Contest Has Been issued By my grand son in law. it Has appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes* and copies distributed, namely to the members of the House. No Reply Has Been attempted; our adversaries seem at last to confess themselves Beaten.

I am Happy You took up early this matter and shall ever rejoice to find Americans assuming the existence of a political civilization far superior to European institutions and Civic Habits. Besides the dignity of National character, I really think that the publication of concession on those constitutional points would Render a Bad service to countries where they Happen to Be visitors, as it is fit that what I call the *American Era* the American school, should Be the polar star of nations pretending to freedom. I Have Read the memoirs of a distinguished statesman to whose memory I am Bound By the sense of an early friendship and affectionate gratitude for the great services He Has rendered in the most dangerous times, to my wife and children. Yet I cannot deny that His communications with the Royal family, representing me as an ultra democrat and republican even for the meridian of the United States, were among the numerous causes which encouraged them in their opposition to my advice and the tide of public opinion. for my part I Have, in the course of my long life, ever experienced that

distance, instead of Relaxing does enliven and Brace my sentiment of American pride.

French papers of several opinions will inform you that the liberties and quiet of this country are in an unsettled situation. the Anti Association Bill could not But Have a Bad effect. there Has Been at Lyons a Battle Between the Mechanics and the Regiments of the line which Has lasted four days. The insurrection was it is said vanquished; a Handful of discontented people, Have appeared in arms last night and this morning at paris; they Have Been over powered By an immense superiority of force, not without much blood shed, altho' not equal By far to the Lyonese collision. it appears that illiberal Bills, and measures are now preparing at Court. I am not sure the troubles at Lyons are so entirely settled as government tells us.

Adieu, my dear Sir, Remember us all to Your family and Believe

me for ever Your affectionate friend

Lafayette

J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., New York

FROM PIERRE JEAN DAVID

May 15, 1834

My dear Sir,

I take advantage of this opportunity to recall myself to your memory. I have always availed myself to the utmost of every occasion of hearing of you, and was most pleased to know that you had had a very prosperous voyage. Often, in imagination, I visit your land of Freedom, and while this dream lasts I am happy, but the awakening is very cruel—however, there are noble hearts

still, who are determined to carry on the struggle to their last breath.

I am working hard, trying to finish immediately the pediment of the Panthéon. In a few days I wish to exhibit my statue of a little girl, which is to be placed over the grave of Botzaritz in Greece. It has been accepted by the government. I have added something which I believe will strengthen the symbolism, it is the Phrygian cap, thus she will be the child liberty, who exalts the great name of a hero who has died to defend her.

We shall start on our trip to Germany, after my statue of Corneille has been unveiled at Rouen (in July).

Our brave General Lafayette recovers slowly from his last attack, which was brought on by the emotion which overcame him at the funeral of Dulong. I doubt if it would be possible to witness a more powerful expression of public opinion—there were at least a hundred thousand people in the cemetery, and all the acclamations, all the expressions of enthusiasm were for our worthy general. It is a great lesson, and should cause certain men to reflect.

I seize the welcome opportunity which Mr. Lovering has obtained for me to remind you of your kind promise to write to me occasionally. You are one of the men that it would be cruel to be forgotten by.

I beg that you will give my kind remembrances to Mrs. Cooper and the young ladies.

Your faithful and devoted

David

TO MRS. COOPER, NEW YORK

Canajoharie, Thursday Evening, June 12th [1834]

Dearest Sue,

On returning to the inn I made an arrangement to go

in the same car with Mrs. Perkins and her party to Schenectady, and thence to this place in an extra, which is a sort of posting. We were well served, no delays, not longer, in France, than a hundred miles from Paris, and got here, 56 miles from Albany, at six o'clock. This place is redolent of youth. It is now sixteen years since I was here. Roof's tavern, which I remember from childhood, is still standing, altered to Murray's, and the road winds round it to mount to Cherry Valley as in old times. But the house is no longer solitary. There is a village of some six or eight hundred souls, along the banks of the canal. The bridges and boats and locks give the spot quite a Venetian air. The bridges are pretty and high, and boats are passing almost without ceasing. Twenty certainly went by in the half hour I was on them this evening. I have been up the ravine to the old Frey house. It looks as it used to do in many respects, and in many it is changed for the worse. The mills still stand before the door, the house is, if anything, as comfortable and far finer than formerly, but there is a distillery added, with a hundred or two fat hogs as one would wish to see. I enjoyed the walk exceedingly. It recalled my noble-looking, warm-hearted father, with his deep laugh, sweet voice and fine rich eye, as he used to lighten the way with his anecdote and fun. Old Frey, with his little black peepers, pipe, hearty laugh, broken English, and warm welcome was in the background. I went to the very spot where one of the old man's slaves amused Sam and myself with the imitation of a turkey, some eight and thirty years since; an imitation that no artist has ever yet been able to supplant in my memory. There was an old Dutchman on the road, and I asked him about the Freys. The Colonel?—dead. The Major?—dead. Phil?—dead. Harry

the grandson?—dead. Without children? No, there was young Phil, a youth of two and thirty, and young Harry, the great grandchildren; but they were too modern for me. And there was Squire Harry's widow! Frey Cox?—living and poor. You are a relation probably?—No; only a very old friend. Are you of these parts? No, I am from Otsego—a Cooper from Cooperstown. The old Dutchman bowed, eyed me sharply, and muttered, "Ah—you are a Cooper!" I thought he spoke respectfully as if he remembered the time when the name had influence in this region. I lifted my hat to him, and we parted.

The country looks well. The great abundance of wood gives it a charm that no country possesses that we have yet seen. The road is worse than The Pavé on the whole, though not much worse. I should think canal travelling, in a boat that is not crowded, must be pleasant.

I leave here at eight in the morning for Cherry Valley. How I am to get to Cooperstown I do not yet know, but suppose there can be no difficulty. You shall hear the result very soon.

The valley of the Mohawk is prettyish, but not much more. Here and there the Yankees have got in and wrought a change, but on the whole it is less changed than I anticipated. The canal gives the villages a more finished and European look than they formerly had. I believe I asked a dozen boatmen this evening questions touching their voyages, and in every instance I met with civil, prompt, and intelligent answers. In one instance a man misunderstood my question and answered wrong; then, recollecting himself, he walked the length of his boat to correct himself. Every hour I stay at home convinces me more and more that society has had a summerset, and that the *élite* is at the bottom!

Adieu, my love. Tell Paul Tom Perkins behaved very well. Kiss the girls and the boy, and believe me

as ever your

J. F. C.

TO MRS. COOPER, NEW YORK

Cooperstown, Sunday [June] 15th, [1834]

Dearest Sue,

On Friday morning I clambered up to Cherry Valley by a road of which you have some knowledge, and at 5 o'clock I got into the Cooperstown stage. It was a little after dark when we reached the top of the mountain, but the descent was striking. Mrs. Pomeroy was standing in her door, with her house lighted, and other signs of preparation. I was on the coach-box, but she did not recognize me. I went to Olendorf's and ordered my dinner. Mr. Pomeroy came for me, and I went and visited with them all that evening. The next day I went to Mrs. Pomeroy's and established myself. Richard's house is full of friends of his wife, and I had no means of avoiding it. I believe Mrs. Olendorf was bribed, for she appeared to wish to get rid of me.

The village is greatly improved, and really is a very pretty place. The lake looks larger, the mountains lower than I had expected. The woods have been a good deal lacerated, but want of forest is not yet a defect of the scenery. The mansion house looks a good deal more dilapidated than I expected, and Isaac's house better. There are eight or ten good stone buildings in the village, which will, in time, be entirely built of stone.

Averell is not here, and as yet, I have done nothing. On Tuesday I go to Binghamton. Dick is in his house, and his wife is a pretty, quiet little woman.

The faces of the people are mostly strangers to me, though now and then I meet one that I know. The old inhabitants seem glad to see me.

Write to me *immediately*, and direct to Binghamton. I dine with Phinney to-day, to-morrow here, and where on Thursday, I know not.

The Misses Cooper are well-behaved girls, and rather pretty. Mr. Comstock went off the night I arrived. He seems a respectable young man. Mrs. Cooper is very much broken, and is very much as she used to be, though less pretentious. All the Clarkes are in town, and Mrs. Clarke was at Mrs. Cooper's this morning when I called. I left my cheque, as promised. She is greatly in want of assistance. I am told that she lately received one of the most condoling letters possible from her sister, with a present of a little sugar and rice. They say *The Morris* is about to have another heir. I have paid most of my visits and been well received. I have delayed writing to the last moment and must conclude. My best love to all the children and to your own dear self.

J. F-C.

The air is quite Swissish here and the country is very beautiful in its verdure.

The trouble which Cooper had with certain of the residents of Cooperstown arose from two causes, in both of which he was right and had the sympathy of the better class of the residents. They were as follows:

(1) Otsego Hall, the home of his father, Judge Cooper, stood in the centre of considerable grounds which formed a part of the central and most important village block, a very large one. The house itself was built directly across the line of Fair Street, which but for this fact would have been continued through the block.

On the death of Judge Cooper's widow in 1818 the Hall was

closed and sold, as none of the heirs cared to take it at the valuation placed on it by the will of Judge Cooper. During the fifteen years which elapsed before Cooper bought it back in 1833, the people of the village had been in the habit of making a short cut across the grounds and around the house from one part of Fair Street to the other. Naturally Cooper stopped this when he came to live in the Hall, and was bitterly attacked by the type of resident, found in every community, that recognizes no private right which puts it to inconvenience.

(2) The other dispute was even more unreasonable and was inspired by the same type of resident. In his will Judge Cooper left "Three Mile Point" on Otsego Lake to the youngest William Cooper living in 1850. Fenimore Cooper was administrator with the will annexed of his father; on his return to Cooperstown after some years abroad he found that this point had been used by the residents of Cooperstown as a public picnic ground and that certain of them claimed the legal right so to use it. He had no choice in the matter, but was obliged to protect the title for the devisee under the will, and did so: the Point going in 1850 to a William Cooper, not a resident of the village.

The facts of these two disputes were grossly contorted and seized upon by an unfriendly press for the purpose of attacking Cooper.

FROM MARY SOMERVILLE

Royal Hospital, Chelsea
8th July, 1834

My dear Sir

May I request the kind attentions of Mrs. Cooper and you in behalf of my friend Miss Martineau, with whose fame and works I have no doubt you are acquainted. You will find her a most agreeable companion notwithstanding her unfortunate deafness, and I can assure you no one is more highly esteemed for her excellent qualities. Her principal object in going to America is to study

schools, charities, the state of the poor, and in short every thing connected with the political economy of your country; should it be in your power to aid her in any way, I shall be truly obliged to you.

After all your wanderings you must be delighted to return to your home and to the society of your countrymen, yet I can easily imagine that a feeling of regret may, at times, arise when you think of the many friends you have left, and who so much regretted your departure—and one is gone for ever, the greatest and the best. To all who love whatever is noble, consistent, and good, the death of General Lafayette must be a source of the deepest regret.

My girls offer their kind remembrances to your daughters, and Dr. Somerville unites with me in every good wish to them, to Mrs. Cooper, and to yourself, and be assured, my dear Sir, of the sincerity with which

I am yours
Mary Somerville

Fenimore Cooper, Esq.

FROM SAMUEL COOPER

Cooperstown, Nov. 3rd, 1834

Dear Uncle,

This day commences the election in time too witness which, you will arrive in the city, not to witness, I hope any of those disgraceful riots or ebulition of a *mobbish* spirit in the heat of a contested election, which last Spring disrobed American elections of their peaceful character, With determined purpose to make their Democratic cause *triumphant*.

I hope that the Jacksonians will beat the Wigs or Whigs most unmercifully (as they say here), If however

any thing extra ordinary should happen I would be obliged to you if you would be so good as to send me a letter too apprize me of the fact. Troskolaski continues his school and I think he improves in his studys. He still continues too fret keeping up his "O dear, dear, I do not know what I mak no money no cant do nothing. Damn." I have taken 4 papers from the Post Office and read them.

All are well. No news from Green Bay. My love too all.

Samuel Cooper

J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., New York City

FROM JOSEPH TROSKOLASKI

Cooperstown, 26 9ber 1834

Sir I beg pardon for having troubled you with my letter, I dont know what I shall do or what I shall make. Will you Sir please find me place I want cloak store Mr. Richerdson not like school any more and I dont know what I shall do here, Mr. Lee will not take me in his stores he thinks I had better make tailor or Hatter, Polish man not tailor or Hatter I will study what make me destinguisted when I go back to Poland, will you please find me place in Store, I for that cannot express my gratitude, you have bein very good to me—for that I am very thankful.

Yours Respectfully. in humbly

Joseph Troskolaski.

J. Fenimore Cooper Esquire, New York

FROM REMBRANDT PEALE

New York; January, 1835.

D. Sir

May I request your attention to my little Book—

studiously made little to do much good by general adoption. It is the result of 17 years' occasional study to accomplish a complete and effective analysis.

If you can find it as I have intended it your approbation will not only be very gratifying to me, but advantageous to Education and the improvement of public taste.

I trust you will not forget your promise to call at my Painting Room No. 60 Liberty St. My copy of Raphael's beautiful Madonna will at least revive some pleasant recollections of Florence.

With great respect,
I remain Yours
Rembrandt Peale

This letter follows a Circular advertising *Peale's Graphics, a Manual of Drawing and Writing for the use of Schools and Families.*

FROM A. VAIL

London, 17th Feby., 1835

Dear Sir,

Though my personal acquaintance with you is too slight to authorize my asking a favor for myself, I feel that I may venture on asking one for a person who may be thought to have some claim to your notice. The young Princess Victoria is desirous of adding to her collection of Autographs those of some of our distinguished Countrymen, and has named you as one of those whose handwriting she is anxious to possess. I have promised my agency in endeavoring to procure one, and trust that for the sake of my interesting client you will be disposed to

pardon the liberty I take of making her wish known to you.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect,
Your Obedt Svt
A. Vail.

FROM A. VAIL

London, 22nd May 1835

My dear Sir,

I had the honor of receiving yesterday your very kind letter of the 12th of last month, with a sheet of your MS. of *The Bravo*, as an Autograph from you for the Princess Victoria. There can be no doubt that if anything could add to the value of the gift, it will be the choice you have made of a paper so well calculated to enhance it in her eyes. It will initiate her, as you say, in the mysteries of authorship, and very agreeably carry her mind back to the pages of a book of which she and her mother have spoken in language which show that the labors of its author are no stranger to them. I will take an early opportunity of delivering it; and know that I can beforehand assure you of the gratification it will afford my interesting client, as I do of my very great esteem and respect.

A. Vail.

J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., New York

FROM JOHN JOSEPH STOCKDALE

London, 4 July, 1835

Sir,

As an admirer, of such, of your talented, and highly interesting works, as I have perused, I assume the liberty, to address you; tho' not, from the mere, idle vanity, of writing to one, deservedly, preëminent in the world's temple of literature.

My object is, to propose one, other subject, for your fertile, instructive, and amusing pen.

In my younger days, I was honored, by the intimacy of the first Marquis Townshend, a daily visitor, at my father's, attended by Mr. now, Sir, Frederic B. Watson, who has, long occupied a similar station, about the persons, of our late, and present kings, George IV, and William IV.

Notwithstanding, the Marquis was old enough to be my grand-father, my peculiar zest for his trans-atlantic narratives, delighted him so much that he gratified me, from time to time, by his entire, eventful history; one of, not the least impressive anecdotes of which, was that, of "*Red-cap*"—and, which, I subjoin, as nearly as possible in his lordship's own words.

I cannot remember the name of the fortifications, of which General Townshend was going the rounds, in person, when he was, on a sudden violently seized, by one of his own centinels, who exclaimed, "down," at the same time, forcing him to bend. The general, at first, thought him-self betrayed: but, in another moment, was relieved, by the words, Red Cap,—there is Red Cap!

Our General was a stranger to the term, of which, he desired an explanation. It appeared, that a man, who, from the constant wear, of a red cap, had acquired that cognomen, among the British troops, was an infallible mark's man, and picked-off every one, any part, however small, of whose person, caught his perilous eye.

General Townshend, to verify the assertion, at the request of the centinel, suffered the general's military hat, to be placed, on the bayonet, of the centinel, who moved, gently with it, along the rampart. A ball, in an instant, perforated the unhappy hat.

This ordeal removed all doubts, from the mind, of the General, who was, him-self, a keen sport's man, and, capital shot. He, accordingly, sent for his rifle, and, having ascertained, through an eye-let-hole, with his telescope, "Red-cap," on the look-out for another victim, fired, in his turn, and, confident of the result, sent a flag of truce, to enquire, how "Red-cap" did? The answer was—he had been just killed, by a rifle-ball, which, I think, entered his eye!

To this, I will add another anecdote, though I cannot assert its connection with the former.

General Townshend was a much older officer, and held higher military rank, than the celebrated Wolfe, who, notwithstanding, was appointed to the chief command, and which induced considerable heart-burnings in the British service. Townshend was, not only very satirical, but possessed considerable talents, as a caricaturist, and sought every opportunity, to ridicule his commander-in-chief. After a mess-dinner immediately preceeding the battle of the heights of Abraham, wherein Wolfe fell, while quaffing their wine, Townshend, who sate, directly opposite to Wolfe, caricatured him, by a portrait, which admitted of no mistake, as drawing lines, of circumvallation, round a privy. This caricature, Townshend gave, to the officer, on his left, and he passed it round, till half the table was in a roar, and it reached, the hands, of Wolfe, him-self. Wolfe's cool, and characteristic speech was—we must first, beat the enemy: it will, then, be time, enough, to settle these matters.—(glancing a severe look, at general Townshend).

If you think my spare materials worthy your notice, I shall derive equal pride, and pleasure, in, hereafter, perusing a novel, from you, under the title, of "*Red-cap.*"

I have the honor, to be, Sir, your respectful servant,
John Joseph Stockdale.
author, printer, and publisher.

J. F. Cooper Esq.
the Novelist, of the new world, etc., etc., etc.
New York.

Stockdale, a London bookseller, was the author of several volumes of sketches.

FROM PIERRE JEAN DAVID

Paris, 19 August, 1835

My dear Mr. Cooper,

I take advantage of the opportunity kindly offered me by Captain Robinson to send you a few lines. I have had no news of you for so long, except from the Americans who visit Paris. You must not thus forget your friends in France. A few words from you occasionally would assure them that they are not quite gone from your memory.

I very much want to know what impression has been made by my statue of Jefferson, which they tell me has been set up in New York. While I was doing it, Mr. Levy made me give him my word of honor that I would not discuss it with any American. It is this promise which prevented my having the benefit of your good advice.

You doubtless know all that is going on in politics in our France. We are rushing towards the restoration, which rejoices us other patriots, because it brings nearer the great events which must free us from the detestable bonds which have enchained us for many years. This will be the last scene in our great revolutionary drama. Many times our thoughts, Emily's and mine, turn towards your

land of liberty. We recall the happy hours passed in your agreeable society, we wish you every happiness, and hope that you have not quite forgotten us.

Emily is very sorry that Captain Robinson's speedy departure leaves us so little time that she can not write to the Mesdames Cooper. She sends them affectionate remembrances.

A thousand kind and tender remembrances from your affectionate

David

Please remember me to the ladies.

(Translation.)

FROM HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

Copenhagen, September 23, 1835

Dear Sir,

During my residence in this city, I have become acquainted with a Mr. Rüse, a "worthy Dane," who has translated many of your Romances into his mother-tongue. He has expressed to me a wish to forward a copy of some of them to you; and I have taken charge of the package. It will be sent in a box of books for Harvard University, and I shall request the Librarian, Dr. Harris, to send you the package by the earliest opportunity.

I cannot forbear expressing to you the pride I have felt as an American in finding your honorable fame so wide-spread through the North, in Denmark, Norway and Sweden. You have struck a chord, which thrills rapturously in the hearts of these descendants of the ancient Sea-Kings; and Rüse tells me that in Denmark your writings are more read than those of Scott; and not only read in the city, but among the peasantry of the

land. This is true, substantial fame. God grant that you may long enjoy it!

Pray excuse the liberty, which a stranger takes in thus addressing you. I should not intrude upon you, were it not for the very natural wish, which Mr. Rüse has expressed, and which I have promised him to execute.

I have the honor to be
Very respectfully yours
Henry W. Longfellow.

J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., New York.

FROM SAMUEL ROGERS

London, Decr 25, 1835
St. James's Place

My dear Sir

Pray accept my grateful acknowledgements for your kindness in every shape. The sugar-cake was most welcome to old and young; and I need not say how highly I shall value the fragment of the farming journal. I wish I had any thing of equal value to send you in return.

Pray tell Mrs. Cooper and the younger ones, who, I hope, are now christmassing merrily under your roof, that their message was not lost upon me, short as it was. Words, as you must have known full well, when you were four thousand miles from home, travel better than any thing, and come to the ear, and the heart too, loud and vast as the waves are that roll between us.

You say you are not reckoned a first-rate writer in America. Pray let us know who your rivals are.

We are dying to know.

I was delighted with Dr. De Lancey and only lament that I saw so little of him. Pray, when you see him, re-

member me to him and his fellow-traveller. I hope he has found what he came so far in search of. It is indeed worth any labour.

We have our tempests here and you have yours; but I hope we shall all weather them.

My Sister desires to be particularly remembered to Mrs. Cooper and yourself. I have a larger acquaintance in your house than she has, and pray say every thing from me to every one of them, not forgetting the least.

Ever most truly Yours,

Sam[l] Rogers.

I inclose a letter from Lady Grey, who is now at Howick.

FROM S. F. B. MORSE

New York, May 27th, 1836

My Dear Sir,

I send you for your perusal the second edition of Maria Monk's disclosures; I think the additional matter is very important and conclusive of the truth of her story. The fact that she has accompanied her volume with a plan of all the rooms in the Convent is very strong in favor of her sincerity and integrity. Were she an impostor I cannot believe she would have dared to put forth a document of this kind, which, if materially incorrect, cannot fail in the course of a few days from its publication of exposing the whole cheat. You will see in the papers an announcement of her abduction. From a variety of secret and very suspicious manœuvres there was every reason to believe that a plot was ripened for the purpose of getting possession of her. She had had interviews with various persons from Canada, against whom she was

warned by her friends, and on Wednesday evening she was missing. Her guardian Mr. Slocum was in much trouble about it, applied to the police and could get no assistance; the only method left was to advise the public of the state of the case, and get the public eye directed to the matter. The next day she returned, and her absence was satisfactorily explained. Would you not write a short notice of the second edition (even two or three lines would answer) for one of the Cooperstown papers, sufficient to draw attention to the subject of her book?

I send you a little work for Master Paul which if you approve please present him in my name; I find it has interested my own boys very much, and I think it will him also.

I also ask your acceptance of a work of one of Dr. Beecher's daughters. It strikes me as possessing great originality and enlargement of thought, and she combats infidelity in a masterly manner. But there is a vindication of New England character in it at page 14 and onward which is so just that your candid mind I am sure will give it its just weight in removing some of your *Anti puritanic* feelings.

I want to come up and see you, but I don't know that I can force myself away from New York. Our Exhibition is yet doing bravely. We have had a few wet days, and yet the *average* daily receipt is not greatly lessened; we made a calculation that if we received 17.50 p^{r} day for the remaining days of Exhibition (36 in number), our receipts would be 3000 in all, but yesterday with unfavorable weather our receipts were 79 dollars. Nothing yet from Horace.

I am reading your *Switzerland*. I like it much, but this is doubtless to be set down by the American *et omne*

id genus as prejudice. Please present my best respects to Mrs. Cooper and the young ladies. In haste

but with real respect and esteem

Yr friend and servt

Sam. F. B. Morse.

James Fenimore Cooper, Esqr., Cooperstown,

Catherine Esther Beecher, the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in 1800. She was head of a seminary at Hartford, Connecticut, and wrote a number of books on and for the education of women.

FROM EDGAR ALLAN POE

Richmond, June 7, 1836

Dr Sir

At the request of Mr. T. W. White, I take the liberty of addressing you and of soliciting some little contribution to our *Southern Literary Messenger*. I am aware that you are continually pestered with such applications, and am ready to believe that I have very little chance of success in this attempt to engage you in our interest, yet I owe it to the magazine to make the effort.

One reason will, I think, have its influence with you. Our publication is the first literary attempt of Virginia, and has been for eighteen months forcing its way, unaided and against a host of difficulties, into the public attention. We wish, if possible to strike a bold stroke which may establish us on a surer footing than we now possess, and design to issue, as soon as possible, a number of the Journal consisting altogether of articles from distinguished Americans, whose *names* may give weight and character to this work. To aid us in this attempt would cost you no effort, as any spare scrap in your port folio would answer our main purpose and to us your aid would be invaluable.

With the highest respect,

Yr Ob St
Edgar A. Poe

FROM S. F. B. MORSE

New York, June 13th, 1836

Dr Sir,

Well, our friend Horace [Greenough] has come, and he looks in fine health and spirits. He goes to Washington to-day and must see his mother in Boston before he can come to Cooperstown. I have told him that whenever he is ready I will go to the Hall with him.

I send you by Mr. Pratt a small parcel of books. I am inclined to think you will be pleased with Miss Beecher's book, there is such a fairness and truly liberal spirit (and unaffected) throughout; at the same time there is such a masculine character of reasoning, freed from masculine asperity of manner, as I think will commend itself to you. I confess myself so far *sectarian* as she is, and no farther; her last chapter contains my own sentiments in regard to other denominations perfectly.

In great haste but with real
esteem, Yr friend and servt
Saml F. B. Morse.

TO HORATIO GREENOUGH

The Hall, Cooperstown, June 14th, 1836

Dear Greenough,

I congratulate you on your return to your native land, if———.

I should have been happy to see you in St. Mark's Place, but we have been here these six weeks. You do not speak of Morse, and I fear he, too, was out of town. He

has promised me a visit soon, but I now hope that it may be deferred until you can come with him.

I go to Philadelphia in about a fortnight, but shall be at home all August, and I wish you and Morse would reserve yourselves for ten days or a fortnight in that month. September would do, especially the early part of it, but August is the best month for our mountains.

We have good air, good water, fine woods, a lake, a *friend*, and tolerable mutton. I am very much afraid Morse is about to marry a certain Miss Monk, and when you see him I beg you will speak to him on the subject. I am afraid the issue of such a celibate as himself and a regular Monk, who, by the way, has also been a *nun*, might prove to be a progeny fit only for the choir of the Sistine Chapel. What do you think of Morse for a Mayor? the fellow actually got 1800 votes for that grave and masticating office, a short time since, and would have been elected could he have got 18,000 more.

As respects your statue, talk not, touch not, think not. You are in a country in which every man swaggers and talks, knowledge or no knowledge; brains or no brains; taste or no taste. They are all *ex nato* connoisseurs, politicians, religionists, and every man's equal, and all men's betters. In short, you are to expect your own matured and classical thoughts will be estimated by the same rules as they estimate pork, and rum, and cotton. Luckily you get a pretty good sum, and the statue that has cost *them* $20,000 may stand some chance. Alas! my good Greenough, this is no region for poets, so sell them your wares and shut your ears. The foreigners have got to be so strong among us that they no longer creep but walk erect. They throng the prisons, control one or two of the larger cities, and materially influence public opinion all over the

Union. By foreigners, I do not mean the lower class of Irish voters, who do so much at the polls, but the merchants and others a degree below them, who are almost to a man hostile in feeling to the country, and to all her interests, except as they may happen to be their interests. These are truths, though they who live in the vortex are too much occupied with their own affairs, or are too little observant, too much accustomed to them, to notice them.

Adieu. I shall be in New York and Philadelphia about the 1st July.

J. Fenimore Cooper

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Astor House, Thursday evening, June 30 [1836]

Dearest,

We reached town last night. I have seen Ogden, who seems in good spirits, but who was sadly frightened by the Liverpool affair.

I shall not print, but send my manuscript, and draw against that. By this arrangement, I shall get on for a month or six weeks, and receive back the sheets from England.—Carey declines publishing, but I think will take the book when it returns. This will allow of my returning home next week, unless I should be detained a little in Westchester, whither I mean to go before I return home.

I shall write to Shubrick from this place. I shall purchase most of your personal effects, but not *much* in the grocery way. Still something, and shall take care that they are at the Hall in time for the guests.

When I see the fruits here, I almost regret that we have gone to the Hall, knowing your partiality for them. But one of these days we shall go to Italy again.

We have not had a good idea of the state of things here. Many houses that have not failed in form, have

failed in fact, and notes are renewed daily. Ogden gives a deplorable account of it, and thinks the mushroom growth of the town destroyed for years. Money is getting to be valuable, and one may now live at a reasonable rate—still the markets are high.

They say *Sir Thomas* gets as fuddled as a fiddler, and is altogether a *rum* fellow. De Kay came down with me, and went home to-day like a good husband.

I wish you to send any letter of moment that may have arrived here by return of mail, care of Ogden. After Tuesday of next week, it will hardly be worth while to send any, and I shall probably be home in the course of the week.

Abraham Schermerhorn's eldest daughter is to marry a son of Judge Irving. They are at Florence. De K'ham is ruined; Ogden will have something left. We had three broken New York merchants with us in the stage, on leaving Cooperstown. They gave us terrible histories, and, among other things, prognosticated sad acts of dishonesty. The idol is at length broken.

De Kay is so much in love with the Hall, that I expect he will marry all our girls, in succession, when he becomes a widower. At all events he shall not have you, for you are plyghted to me for life. Adieu, dearest—tell Paul to be diligent and not impatient, and the girls that I tenderly love them, if no one else does.

Ever yours

J. Fenimore Cooper

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Astor House, July 1st, 1836

My dearest Sue,

I have determined to go to Philadelphia, and print

vol. 1st and then leave the manuscript, and print Vol. 2d, through the mail. Without this arrangement, I shall be all summer annoyed with the book [*Sketches of Switzerland*].

Part 1st, I fancy, has done pretty well—at least Bryant says that all but the extreme aristocrats like it. They complain of its democracy.

Bradish is here, and I dined with him yesterday. He is the same Bradish, and as we dined *à la carte* the dinner was served rather slowly.

Joseph Bonaparte and Walsh both sail for Europe today. I fancy that the former will not be fool enough to return if he can help it.

A foolish paragraph is going the rounds that I want to be Secretary of the Navy. I have caused it to be contradicted, though I fear some of the officers are making a little influence to that effect, else it is not easy to see whence the report should have come.

The Boruls have gone to Europe, but not *l'Eloise*. Thorn is here quite tranquilly and sensibly, they say, and ferocious enough about the $3000. He authorized a young man to take a house, limiting him to that sum, and as the young man named his limit Cowan asked it, pretty much as a matter of course. Thorn came with only eleven in all, and the bargain was for twenty-two, so he has eleven friends every day at dinner. This is all hearsay, however, for I have not seen him.

The furniture here is black walnut, and it really puts the oak quite in the shade. I had no idea of its beauty. It is almost equal to rosewood, and then there is no veneer.

Adieu, my best Sue, and call all the babes together and kiss them one by one. Tell Paul not to be *gamanish*,

but to look after the grounds. One of the engines of the house is blowing off steam, and it roars like a waterfall. The *style* of this place is supereminent, like American eloquence, in which the thought is too big for the words.

Adieu once more.

J. Fenimore Cooper.

I saw Cruger to-day and he will not dine at Henderson on the 4th. By the way, I paid poor Dunlap his $100 to-day, and he lost it in the street. I have just given him another $50, making $150 in all. I hope he may recover his loss. Morse is here, and Monkish as ever.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Head's, Philadelphia, July 5th, 1836

Dearest Sue,

I only got here yesterday and the printers are at work. I hope to finish at least a volume and a half, and still be at home by the 20th, but we shall see.

I was at Burlington yesterday, where I passed three hours delightfully. I went over the whole place, which is neat, quiet, genteel and as free from Yankee strut as one could wish, besides having many excellent houses. In my wanderings I asked an old man, who was blind, eighty years old, and who was seated on the stoop of an old-fashioned brick house, if he had ever known William Cooper? "Intimately. He lived next door there." It was the last house he inhabited in Burlington. The tavern below was the first, the house where Ridgway lived the second, and this was the last. Of course the last was the house where I was born. The house that is now a tavern is not large, but was a pretty good house sixty years ago. The Ridgway house you may have heard me speak of, for Mrs. Thomas, Capt. Elton's aunt, lived in it, and

my house is a very decent abode. It is beautifully rough-cast, has a large back-building, and a single front. The room looked quite respectable, though evidently falling off.

The old man was a Mr. How, and the son of a man of some importance formerly. He appears to be decayed now. He told me Cooperstown here is only three miles from Burlington. It has a meeting-house, tavern, two stores and twelve dwellings, not having increased much since my father left it, which he did about fifty-eight years since.

The high sheriff is a Fenimore, and my third cousin. I know his father, who was received by my mother as her second cousin. He has one or two brothers.

While looking for the house in which I once lived, I questioned a respectable-looking old Quaker. By way of apology, I explained that I had been born in Burlington. "Thy name?" he asked, looking hard at me. "Cooper." "Of what branch of the Coopers? thy family is numerous." "My father was named William." "Not of Otsego?" "The same." "Why, we are related—thy mother was a Fenimore—the sister or daughter of Richard Fenimore." "The daughter." "Then thy great-aunt, the sister of Richard, married my father's brother," etc., etc. In a short time, I could have mustered all the men of Burlington as cousins, I believe.

It is a delightful place—far handsomer and better built than I had fancied. It is about thrice as large as Cooperstown.

Now, my best love, you must not fidget—I am quite well—working away, and, after all, it is just what I have anticipated all summer. Bathe, and get ready to see your friends in August and September.

Kiss them all round, and let me hear from you.

Ever most affectionately
Yours
J. Fenimore Cooper.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Head's, Philadelphia, Sunday, 10th July, 1836

My dearest wife:

I have not heard a word from you, since leaving Cooperstown. Unluckily I cannot bolt, as you are wont to do, but must stay and brunt it out.

Vol. 1st is about half done, and by the end of the week I hope to be quit of the book. Perhaps I may be detained until the 20th. Write to me once here, and once to New York. I shall stay but a day in the latter, and leave it in a night boat.

Shubrick has just gone through this place. His wife is very feeble, much too feeble to travel, and you will not see her this summer. Shubrick himself talks of coming, but it is doubtful. You will see few besides your own family, for the Lederers cannot well leave New York. The Baron says he will come to Cooperstown if he goes anywhere, but adds that he shall go nowhere.

The sketches have not sold very well, but stand very fair. About twice as many have sold as of Stedell's book, but they are puffing away at him, might and main. There is another work on Switzerland by a Mr. Orville Dewey, that has just appeared, and he writes of fine scenery like a Yankee meeting his mother after an absence of forty years. Why! mother—is it you?

Col. Perkins has just arrived here. He reports Mrs. Perkins in better health than she has been for years, without any increase to her family.

The heat has been nearly insupportable for the last day or two, though it is now cloudy and cool. Philadelphia is an oven, and I have evaporated at least ten pounds.

Your nephews John and Peter both look ill, and as for the first, I should think he cannot be long lived. The other has a puny look, but is much stronger.

Helen Watts is married, and I believe gone to France. Robert Watts is also married. John Jay has just been here. He says that his aunts are delighted with their visit and talk of going again. Suppose we go along? A steamship for Europe is building, and the passage is to be made in ten days. What do you say to this?

Well, embrace everybody for me but John and Ellen. I cannot be with you, but I think of you all, and love you very dearly, yourself the most of any, contrary as it is to the law of nature.

Adieu

J. Fenimore Cooper

No news of Greenough. By the way I asked Morse about Miss Sarah Bowers, and he said he put it only on account of his disgust for her character. He told me he had just heard of his engagement to Sue—which he laughed at, of course. Do you remember a German student of whom he used to speak? He was consulting me about this unfortunate young man, at the very moment he shot himself on the battery.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Philadelphia, July 18th, 1836

Dearest Sue,

Carey promises me that I can get away to-morrow. Should I find Ogden in town, I shall probably leave New York Wednesday evening, and get home on Friday. I may be detained, however, as late as Saturday.

The whole work will be printed and done with, to my great joy, for I am sick of it.

I shall bring with me about 200 volumes of books, good, bad and indifferent. One cannot live in the country without them.

I do not believe you will want the library as a bed room, and therefore say nothing. Bishop White died yesterday, and your brother will probably leave here, in a few days, for Mamaroneck and Cooperstown. They will be with us in August, most probably.

Greenough and Morse must sleep at the tavern, should they come *à* proper, though I question if they come at all.

I have ransacked Philadelphia, without success, for paper to finish the library, and am thrown on my invention for the remedy.

I meant Harvey to finish off Paul's room, that it might be occupied. He ought not to be with us any longer. Jim has entered college and has gone to join his mother. I shall offer to bring Ned with me, but I doubt whether he has entered yet.

July 19th—Noon.

I have just seen the last proof, and shall leave here tomorrow, New York Thursday, and be home Friday or Saturday. I hope the first, but should Ogden be out of town, at his place, not till the last.

Most tenderly yours,

J. F. C.

FROM HORATIO GREENOUGH

Boston, July 30th, 1836

My Dear Mr. Cooper

When I arrived here from Washington I found my father in a feeble state of health; he had long been sink-

ing gradually and he kept his place among the family three days only after I met him. He suffered no pain but lay on his bed from weakness. He conversed cheerfully and made his toilette until within 24 hours of his death. He breathed his last the 27th inst. without a groan, and his last words were of joy to see his children around him. "My trust is in an unknown God!" These were the words that conveyed the creed and the hopes beyond the grave, of an honest and benevolent man who had heard the Gospel preached during a long life in silence. I know not what your faith may be, but I offer you an example of a happy death, without any other security for the future than natural religion gives to an upright and benevolent mind.

When I compare the simplicity and kindness of his last words to us with the murmured jargon of the priest whose duty it was made to console this family, his helter skelter quotations from the old and new testament to prove that we should rejoice in the event, and his clap trap and stage effect to rip open the soothed wounds of bereavement, I cannot but think that christianity is in the heart and in the heart only; any admixture of head-work spoils all, and in those of the trade all is spoiled. I write this in confidence. I would not willingly throw my father's character or my own to the blood-hounds of charity and brotherly love.

I may be kept here longer than I had feared by the arrangements that it now becomes my duty to assist in making for the family. I trust I shall at least hear from you. I was ill at Washington but am recovered. I read your letter to your countrymen with pleasure. I fear you were mistaken in the origin of the obnoxious article of the *American*, and I believe that the *country* is as warm

an admirer of your works as ever it was. More of this if we meet. Pray present my respectful regards to Mrs. Cooper and the family, and believe me

Yours

Hor. Greenough

J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Cooperstown

Horatio Greenough was born in Boston in 1805. He went to Rome in 1825 and lived in Florence for some years. In 1843 he made a colossal statue of Washington for the National Capitol. He died in 1852. He seems to have been a man of wide culture, who, in addition to his art of sculpture, wrote well both prose and verse.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

New York, Jan. 20th, 1837

Dearest Sue,

We reached the road about fifteen minutes before the cars arrived, and left precisely at four. Dick arrived next day at about the same hour. On Wednesday at five I got into the stage, and went by Canaan, N. Y., Sheffield and Great Barrington, Mass., Canaan, Conn., Litchfield, Watertown, Waterbury to New Haven, which place we reached at six next morning. At seven we proceeded in the steam boat, and got here at two. This is much the best and easiest route, nor is it much the longest. The road was good, but it was pretty cold, especially the day we left Albany. I wore two shirts, and was not at all troubled with cold feet.

I go on to Philadelphia to-morrow. The Turners, Robert Campbell and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Collins, *I am told*, go in the same boat. I have seen the two first, who are in this house. I have seen Mr. Dunlap

and got through my business here, for the moment. Money is much more plenty.

Harry Jones was at Albany; he tells me he has been ten months absent from home during the last year. This, you will perceive, my dear check-mate, is a little worse than I have been.

We had a pleasant party in the stage, particularly in Gen. Swift and a Mr. Sanford, a young lawyer of this place, who is, decidedly, a man of talents.

The *Mediator* is a fine ship, but like a true sailor, Bill pays homage to the *Montreal*. The forecastle is a very good one, infinitely better than that in which I was immured, and Bill has one of the best berths in it. He tells me he felt no uneasiness about himself while ill, and that the sailor who died, did not die until he was nearly well. Five of the seamen and about twenty of the passengers had the disease, which appeared when they were fifteen days out. He himself was taken seventeen days out, and was off duty three weeks. He has been on pay ever since he arrived, doing duty the whole time. No swearing or coarseness is allowed in the ship. Mr. Pashley, the pilot, found him out, and was very attentive to him.

With kindest love to all, I am, dear check-mate,

Yours

J. F. C.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Head's, Wednesday, Jan. 25th, 1837

Dearest,

I got here on Saturday, and we are at work. I shall not remain to finish the book, but long enough to get through with a good deal, and to make my arrangements. I think I shall be home in the course of next week.

They are all well in Pine Street, but the two boys are sad looking objects. Poor McAdam is dead. He died on the 16th November at Moffat, aged 81.

Money is much easier. *France* is not yet published, nor will it be until next month. *Switzerland* does not sell.

Barton is here, with the old set, and we are good natured and well-fed. I wish I could send you a dozen of the young turkeys, with a few pounds of the butter. Everything, however, is frightfully dear, and far beyond our mark.

Jim came and sat with me half an hour on Sunday, being very particular in his inquiries after Paul and the skating. He is much grown, is four in his class, while Master Ned is thrown behind the pole.

I am perfectly well, dear check-mate, and am sitting by a good fire of dry wood, where I wish I had you to play a game or two. As for Mrs. Pomeroy I shall lower her pride as soon as I return.

The weather is honest, but good. The sleighs are in motion, and the winter is thought fine, without being particularly mild.

Give my kindest love to all our children, and tell Paul I shall expect to hear a good account of him at my return. Ned has a new radical and Jim looks like a crane. He stretched one of his legs, yesterday, and I really thought it was going to Europe. Adieu, my dearest wife,

Yours most affectionately,

J. F. C.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Head's, Sunday, [January] 29th, 1837

Dearest Sue,

Directly over my head here is a sick man, who for the last week has annoyed me a little nights by his servant

moving about. I understand he has been a fortnight in this room. To-day I went to the bar and found a letter for Mr. Beatty, when lo! he proved to be my sick neighbor. He is now better, and hopes to be out in three or four days. He has his doubts about going west until the navigation opens, for the exposure of winter travelling is too much for him. His presence is one reason I remain until Tuesday. His spirits are good.

I have been to Camden to-day, where I called on Richard Mallock Cooper. There are three principal proprietors in the family, whose estates all lie within six miles. They are not more nearly related to each other than they are to me.

When I told Mr. Cooper who I was, he was very glad to see me. He said my father had come into a counting house in Philadelphia, when he was a boy, and when he was a clerk, to purchase something, and for which he signed the receipt. Seeing the name he introduced himself to him as a cousin; and that he (Mr. R. M. Cooper) about fifteen years since had met Gold and Dick at Schenectady and, hearing their names, had introduced himself to them.

He has a good double brick house, and appears to live in pretty good style, and I am told he is an efficient man. I also saw Wm. Cooper, the head of another branch, who has also a good brick residence, and a large estate. But his son Ralph Cooper is the possessor of most of the old family property. He lives in a house more than a century old, brick and quaint, and of very good size. I should think his estate very considerable—not less than two or three hundred acres. Isaac however is the rich man of the family, having some fifteen or twenty farms, within a short distance of Philadelphia. A branch has gone into

Burks County within the last forty years. Of about a thousand acres near Philadelphia only one hundred and forty have been sold. This took place some fifteen years since, and the purchase then was $80,000. This sale proved unfortunate, for the branch migrated and became impoverished, and it was quoted to me as a good reason for holding on. Sixty acres were bought back again.

I was pleased with my visit and shall take another occasion to look at them. Did you see the Aurora? Nothing of the sort, half as magnificent, did I ever witness before. You will read accounts of it, but I hope you had it in Otsego.

Carey has given me about twenty volumes, all he has printed lately, some of which are useful books. One is a work of value. *The Cyclopædia of Geography*, neatly bound, in three volumes, of near 600 pp. each. There are four or five novels.

The letters from Washington were on Hammett's business.

I am quite well, and anxious to see you. The travelling is not as unpleasant as you fancy, the worst part being between New Haven and Albany. I may find it necessary to go through West-Chester, to see Tompkins, who has paid no one yet, and then to get on the New Haven road somewhere near Litchfield.

I may do a little business with Beall. *Comstock disappointed him.* He tells me Fan has refused Mr. Ruggles and accepted Mr. Oathwaite! The latter is a young Englishman who has been in America but three years. Beall says he is of good character; *nous verrons.* After all it is as good as our Cooperstown race.

Tell Paul I shall give him the *Cyclopædia of Geography*, if I find he has made good use of his time and Sue

makes a good report of him. As for the girls they are perfect—as girls go, miracles. Slidell, who is here, promises me a cure for Sue's eyes.

Adieu, dearest check-mate, with tenderest love for you all—

J. F. C.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Gadsby's, Washington, March 11th, 1837

Dearest,

I left New-York on Thursday and staid at Head's that night. Next day came to Baltimore. Shubrick was at Norfolk and most probably I shall not see him.

The Eutaw House is a good inn, and we should have been very comfortable at it. I saw the McNally's and am to pass an evening with them on my return. McNally tells me his daughters have already secured about $5,000. At this rate, in ten years, they will be independent—but what a ten years!

I came here yesterday, where everything is tranquil. The better opinion seems to be against the duellists, and the inquiry is going on.

The capitol appears to me, *now*, more magnificent than it did four years ago—and I walked about it, and through it, yesterday, with a pleasure I have not experienced since quitting Europe—a love of grand architecture being a passion with me, you know. Still the building is not half large enough, is mean in many respects, and has a bad style. The grounds are improved and enlarged since 1833, and the effect is positively good. Indeed this was wanted in every sense, for it now ennobles the whole edifice. I think there must now be quite forty acres in the area. I have not yet been as far as the President's House,

but am to dine with Commodore Chauncey, who lives near it.

I have not yet seen Morse, but do not anticipate much by what I can learn.

Gregory has left the explorers, and Aulick will probably be offered the squadron, if it goes at all, which is very doubtful. Shubrick will command the coast squadron, though Jones is recovered, and is applying for it. The secretary is dissatisfied with Shubrick on account of his obtaining a promise from the President, through the Secretary of War, but the probability is that the Secretary of War will become Secretary of the Navy, and then the orders will at once be given. The delay, I am told, proceeds from Mr. Dickerson, of whose imbecility everybody speaks openly.

Messrs. Clay and Calhoun had an intellectual duello yesterday; one of those pitiful personal wranglings, in which a day was lost in humoring the vanity and self-consequence of two men. I heard a part of it and thought it very miserable.

Washington has certainly an air of more magnificence than any other American town. It is mean in detail, but the outline has a certain grandeur about it. The women dress a good deal, and many a village belle, who is not even receivable in her own country, poses here for a prodigy in consequence of political rank. It is amazing how politics colour everything. Vulgarity is made genteel; dullness, clever; and infamy, honest, by means of its magic. Even Mr. Webb has a party in his favor, though it be but an indifferent one.

Kiss all our babes, and bless them too, and rest assured of my tenderest love.

J. F. C.

I have got a delightful pair of spectacles, with which I can read and I suppose write at night.

TO JOHN JAY, NEW YORK

The Hall, Cooperstown, June 16th, 1837

My dear John,

I am much gratified at your invitation, though it is doubtful whether I can accept it or not. I shall be in town in a few days, but the precise day will depend on the movements of a guest or two here. Should it be on the 23rd, you may depend on my seeing you married. I wish you to express my acknowledgements to Mrs. Field, and to state the case as it is. The chances are equal that I may be able to do this in person.

I hope you will have all the happiness you anticipate in this life. Though as no man ever was yet so lucky, I see no good reason for thinking you are to form an exception. A good temper, good principles, and good conduct are a large stock to begin with, and I believe you have all those. I know very little of Miss Field, but hope to know her better as Mrs. Jay.

Business will be very likely to call me into West-Chester this summer, in which case tell your father I shall beat up his quarters. As he will probably remain in town until everybody is eaten out on this joyful occasion, I shall most likely see him.

If you make a bridal excursion in this direction, come and look at us. You will find a beautiful country, and one entirely novel. Our lake may not be equal to Lake George, but the country is much finer. We can lodge you comfortably, though in a house that is not yet finished. At all events, we can treat you better than any tavern

in the country. With my best wishes for yourself and respects to all your friends,

I remain,
Dear John,
Yours very Faithfully,
J. Fenimore Cooper.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Astor house, Saturday Evening.
[probably September 16, 1837]

Dearest Sue,

I have not seen Miss Banyer, though I have called. She is only so so. Col. White of Florida is here, and came home with them. He tells me a great deal of England, and of my book. The latter makes a sensation, but, as a matter of course, is abused, and Charles King is out against it this evening, though in a feeble and silly manner, so much so that Col. White tells me he immediately suspected him of being the person alluded to, as putting private marks to his letters of introduction. He sustains me in all I say, as do most of those who know England.

Morse is in a peck of trouble, a fellow passenger claiming a share in the invention. He has written the man a fair, manly letter, that carries truth on its face, and I hope will shame him out of the pretension.

Sam looks very well, and has a pair of whiskers as big as himself. Poor Gaston died here, three days since, of apoplexy, and Ogden buried him the day I got down.

The latter met me with the intelligence that my last bill was not accepted, but I luckily had a letter from Bentley saying that it was. Since then Ogden has had the same news. All is now *en règle*.

Col. White tells me the little Queen is playing Eliza-

beth already, that even her mother does not always influence her, and that she manifests an astonishing *à plomb*. Her first interview with the Council was really wonderful, as she showed perfect calmness, great dignity and entire self-possession. They say she has a passion for a Lord Elphinstone, a fine young man I saw at Rome. The law forbids the *Princesses* from marrying a subject, but not a *Queen*. Her penchant was so decided that the minister gave the young man the governorship of Madras to get him out of the country, but there is an apprehension that she will have him back, and marry him, in spite of every one.

In the mean time she has four royal suitors, The Prince of Orange junior, a Danish Prince, and her cousin of Albany. Her uncle Leopold affects the Orange match, with a view to settle his own affairs! The mother likes the cousin of Albany. The nation wants the Prince of Cambridge, who went off post haste from Hanover, and the Dane is the best looking. Heaven knows which will succeed.

Mr. White says she is short and rather thick, with a pretty good upper face, projecting teeth and a retreating chin, not handsome, and a little lame, one leg suspected of being shorter than the other, and immensely popular for the moment.

Embrace all our children, with my blessing, and believe in the continued affection and tenderness of your husband

J. F. C.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Head's, Phil., Sept. 19th, 1837

Dearest Sue,

Things are dull but no worse below. My people look

well, but are shy. I shall get along, however, with exertion and care.

Mrs. De Lancey and Charlotte Ellison are expected here, but may not come. The boys are well and little May does not appear to grow.

I have been on board the *Pennsylvania*—and am delighted with the ship. She is, altogether, the best looking three decker I have ever seen and quite a marvel in her way. She will go round to Norfolk in about six weeks.

An officer showed me the *Raritan* frigate, as the vessel Shubrick will get. She is still on the stocks, and I question if he gets to sea before Spring. This will be bad news for Bill, though I think he had better stick to the captain, as the most certain means of preferment. Cooperstown is a bad place for him.

I have got a few books, twenty perhaps, and among other things, Lockhart's Scott.

I may not stay away too long after all, and hope to find you glad to see me on my return. Give my kindest love to the girls and Paul.

Ever most tenderly yours

J. Fenimore Cooper

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Astor-House, Sunday, Jany. 22 [21?], 1838

Dearest,

I left Albany at ten yesterday, and reached town at one this morning. A good deal of ice, and at one time we thought things looked squally, but, on the whole, we did very well. I am not without hopes of being able to get above the highlands by water, on my return, as the weather is again growing milder. It is raw to-day rather than cold.

Lots of scandal as usual—Count Fitzgerald the subject. He has challenged Henry Lynch, and published him, by handbills. A Dr. Carnighan has also published Sam Neall, and James Lynch has come out in a letter, in the public papers. I will endeavor to show you all the letters.

No one here knows whether Shubrick is, or is not, to have the Home Squadron. Kearney has refused the expedition, and it is now said Matthew Berry is to have it, after all.

John R. Murray told me to-day that the Indians who were here lately prognosticated an unusually mild winter, because *the beaver had not made their usual provision for cold weather*. Kindest love to the children, and to yourself.

J. F. C.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Astor House, May 25th, 1838—Friday

My dearest wife:

I was at Philadelphia four days, and did a little work, but I think my connection with Carey draws near a close. I do not expect that he will publish either *Home-As-Found* or the *Naval History*. Your brother is expected here, and goes into West-Chester.

At Philadelphia I saw de Saligny. He hinted at the possibility of a visit from the Prince de Joinville, though I do not think he will come. I told him that we were not in a situation to invite princes, but if he came, we would treat him as well as we could, and should be glad to see him. He may possibly pass one day with us, but I think the road will *se contentere*.

The cabinet is breaking up, and Shubrick will get his

command I think as soon as the changes are made. The *Macedonian* is at Norfolk, and I am trying to persuade him to get a Mediterranean ship.

Homeward Bound is received. It reads pretty well, and is already in Mr. Carey's hands.

Charlotte and Mary Shubrick are sworn friends, and would live together if they could. I hardly see the Chief Justice, who is busy morning, noon and nights.

Mary Lawrence is married, and sails for France to-morrow. She, her mother, and husband are all now in the house. She is very like her father, and good looking.

I have seen Mrs. Banyer, who is as usual. I have not seen the Jays, and have seen the Stuyvesants. I am invited to dine with the last next Tuesday, but dare not accept.

The *Democrat* is getting a name. Paulding told me it was one of the best books that he knew, the best on its subjects, though he objected to some of my opinions. Worth says it ought to be in every young man's hands in the country. Sooner or later, it will make its way, depend on it. I remain a little longer than I should, with a view to dispose of the copies I expect from Cooperstown, and which have not yet arrived. I have paid too little attention to this book.

Our friend Bradish is to run for the Whig Lt. Governor, but his success, or that of his party, is doubtful. Mr. Seward is their candidate as Governor.

I have just come from dinner, where I was seated next to our old visitor, General Wood. He seemed grateful for Paris civilities, and was anxious to show it. He tells me that the north is far from tranquil, that a good deal depends on the management of Lord Durham.

I regret to see by one of the vile publications of the day

that Lord and Lady William Russell have a *mauvais ménage*. The book speaks openly of Miss Rawdon as an *intrigante* notwithstanding. A "beautiful Jewess" is mentioned as one of the causes of the estrangement of the husband. Lady William is called the pretty Bessy, and justice is done her lusts.

By the way, I have been told Scott, while at Naples, declared a person you love had more genius than any living writer. I repeat this because I know it will give you pleasure, although I make great allowance for Master Scott's blarney.

I met Dr. Wainright yesterday, and he and I fell into an argument concerning the opinions of England as to this country. He said that he would call to convince me of my errors on the subject, and to-day he was as good as his word, though unluckily I was out. I shall hunt him up this evening, and give him a chance.

Adieu, my best love. I think of you every day and all day, and I make no doubt of your affection, which has stood too much foul weather to be doubted now. My blessing and my love to our children, who are with you, who are very dear children, as well as those that are here. I see the girls every day, and sometimes twice a day. I am now going to see them. Adieu.

J. Fenimore Cooper.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

New York, July 25th, 1838

Dearest Sue,

I got here this morning, and found that Ogden left here last night for Saratoga Springs. I shall go to Philadelphia to-morrow morning, and return on Sunday. On Tuesday *I hope to return home*, accompanied by G. L.

Worth, and perhaps by Ogden. I may be detained a day or two longer, but I hope not. I think, should Mr. Blake arrive, you may tell him that I shall be at home by Wednesday of next week.

Mrs. Jay is at the Springs, unwell, and Mr. Jay here. Everybody is out of town that can get out—though it is not particularly warm, at present. Yesterday did a great deal for the town, in the way of cooling it.

Democrat sells slowly. I should think that, on the whole, near five hundred copies have gone off, though nothing has been done to help it off. Favorable opinions are given of it, every day.

Italy seems to be better liked than most of the series. This is a proof how completely England has her foot on this country, for there is no comparison between *England* and *Italy*. But we are both of a mind, in this respect.

I shall not buy anything until I come back from Philadelphia. I wish you to write to me here, as soon after you get this as possible. Do not let dear Sue overwork herself; as for the rest of the girls, there is no danger, though Fan is a model of diligence. They are all very dear to me, as are you and Paul, and I am nowhere so happy as under my own roof. Adieu, beloved. Let Dick have what is written on the next page.

J. F. C.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Albany, 10th Nov., 1838

Dearest,

After toiling, with an interval of an hour passed at Springfield, until 7 o'clock we reached the station. Here we encountered awful election news; the Whigs having got their governor in by a majority of from ten to fifteen

thousand. Bradish is elected out of question, too, though his whig friends cut him below, on account of his letter.

I took a nap on a bed until twelve, and at ½ past we got into the cars. At Fonda we met with a slight accident, which happily did no harm. An empty freight car, attached to that we were in, shot off the track, and drew the hind wheels off with it. The shock was slight, and the freight car upset. Happily, we were not going very fast, and the train was stopped almost instantly. We got out, lifted our convenient vehicle back again, and reached this place in season to go to bed.

I am writing at Stevenson's, who kisses all your hands. Barnard tells me the review makes a great sensation, a thing I could have foretold, for the honesty of it is a great novelty in this country. He tells me it has made an impression, and that the better portion of the community is settling down into common sense on the subject. *Tant mieux pour elle.*

You will have heard of the new rising in Canada. It is said to be better planned than that of last winter. Here there is nothing however except the rising, from which it is inferred that the communications are cut. Mr. Ellice, a nephew of Lord Grey's, is taken by the Liberals, and there have been some deaths. Rensselaer Van Rensselaer has gone on, as have most of the old leaders. It is said there are many French officers employed, but I doubt it. At all events, there is civil war, and one more serious than that of last winter. The movement is well-timed, and the British appear to have been, in a measure, surprised. Get the Ruta Baga. With kindest love to all, especially she who is despairing, down and out, I remain, my love, your affectionate husband—

J. Fenimore Cooper.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Gadsby's, Thursday Evening,
15th [November, 1838]

My dearest Sue,

I have just got here, having been detained longer than I expected by the way. I saw your sisters in New-York, and the Bishop in Philadelphia. Everything appeared well at the first place, Mrs. M. all graciousness, and Mr. M. invisible. Pinky says the mania continues, though the young couple *begin* as they mean to end. The family take it as coolly as the lovers.

The Bishop is well satisfied. Dr. Eastburn was his competitor, and I have heard that the first night they stood 21 to 19, the Dr. leading. On the vote, the Dr. got 29 to 10; or something near it. The opposition was earnest as low church, and it happened, oddly enough, that the Mr. Clark who wrote the article in the Philadelphia paper, to which we saw the answer, was deputed to acquaint the Dr. with his election. The consecration cannot take place for some time, and the Dr. will not resign St. Peter's until he is consecrated. The diocese offers, as yet, nothing but the proceeds of the fund. As this fund, however, will be running on for some time *pari passu* with the salary of St. Peter's, it will afford some six or seven hundreds to cover the expense of removal. I think the Bishop will purchase a farm near Geneva, and build, as he may now be deemed settled for life.

Well, I have read the Ballantyne's books, and Mr. Lockhart is flat on his back. They not only show that Scott ruined the Ballantynes, but they show that he knew the entire situation of his affairs, James Ballantyne furnishing a monthly statement to him, and they show that

Mr. Lockhart is a cool, calculating knave. He lies throughout the volumes. In my opinion, they also show, though it is without effort, and incidentally, that Scott was [a] cold hearted, selfish fellow, as well as a jesuit. Take one specimen of their statements. A newspaper called *The Beacon* was established to assail private character, for political purposes—the affair of which McNally spoke—and Sir Alexander Boswell got killed. Now Scott was deeply implicated in this rascally transaction. Lockhart says Scott would not employ James Ballantyne as the editor of this paper, as he wanted a *steadier* man for his purpose. Now his son affirms that he has the proof Scott offered the editorship to his father, with a salary of £500 per annum, and that the latter declined ON PRINCIPLE. In short, we get glorious insights into Scott's real character by this pamphlet, and even King gives Lockhart up!

I am gleaning away, with great success, and have the promise of much more. Barron, Porter and Chauncey are all here, and to-morrow I shall get to work in earnest.

The weather is as mild as September. No letter from you. I shall write again from Philadelphia, when I hope to give you the news of the lodgings. Mrs. O'Neil has four rooms in the main body of her house, including our two and two directly over them. One of the latter is also ours. Now I have offered her $35. a week for the four, and to keep the two girls. At need all four could come at $45. a week. This would be half price as regards a tavern, and might be got along with. I think she will accept, when we shall be comfortable, and I think remain three months. By this arrangement no one will use the upper stairs but our own family and that of Mrs. O'Neil.

Home as Found is published, and will not take, of course, though no one has yet read it.

Adieu—I must get to work.

Yours tenderly,

J. F. C.

Love to babes.

FROM M. C. PERRY

New York, March 13, 1839

My dear Sir

My friend Captain Stephens has informed me some time since, that you had approached in the progress of the work on which you are now engaged, that part of the Naval History of the U. S. that will embrace an account of the Battle of Lake Erie, that you were desirous of obtaining every information in reference to that memorable event; and suggested the propriety of my writing to you, and of transmitting such papers as I possess, in illustration of the circumstances of that battle.

Captain S. was more anxious for this as he was impressed with a belief that you had received false information on the subject, and might possibly be influenced by such representations.

In the latter respect I think differently from my friend: believing as I do that his warm and kind hearted zeal for the memory of my brother had led him to suppose that the machinations and falsehoods of others had diverted your mind from the true merits of the battle.

It appears to me, that I know you well enough to satisfy myself that you never could be influenced by such reports, that you are too intimately acquainted with naval matters to be deceived as to the evolutions of vessels,

their means of getting into action, or of keeping clear of the shot of an enemy; and can judge as well as others, of the influence of the same wind upon all alike, and can estimate the preponderating evidence undeniably standing against the *Niagara* until Commodore Perry assumed command of her, and to this fact all, excepting those belonging to that vessel, bear ample testimony; and that their opinions are corroborated by the British officers, who could have been influenced by no personal views.

I have sent to Captain Stephens all the papers of any importance within my possession, in reference to the subject. The principal mass of documents are in the hands of Mr. Hazard of New Port, who was many years ago appointed by the Legislature of The State of Rhode Island, to write the Biography of my brother, and who under the plea of still being engaged in the work, insists on retaining them.

I am, Dear Sir,
Very Respectfully
and Truly Yours,
M. C. Perry

TO PAUL FENIMORE COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Philadelphia, March 30th, 1839

My dear Boy

I have taken the duty of writing this letter on myself, and in order that you may learn how to communicate news, I shall at once tell all mine, without circumlocution. We have moved to Union Street, No. 79, remaining, however, with our old landlady, who was obliged to quit her house. We are better lodged and much genteeler than before, though other matters are not essentially im-

proved. We wear a better face to the world, which is something with the majority. My history is nearly printed, and I have often thought that you will have pleasure in reading it. We shall come home about the end of April, or soon after I get through here. Charlotte is now with us, Caroline having taken her place at your uncle's. Your aunts, I suppose you know, sail for England on the 20th of April. Your uncle will break up here, on the 3rd or 4th of May, and he is to be consecrated on the 9th. Peter is to pass the summer at Mamaroneck, and Ned and Jack go to Geneva. I think Jim will be at the consecration, and perhaps at Cooperstown.

I dined with the Comte de Survilliers a day or two since, and I saw a picture of your old friend Josef. He looks like a little Italian, and his grandfather says that he is a fine youth. When I told the Comte that you were his old play fellow, he expressed a desire to see you, and sent you some bonbons. Lucien, the third child, who was an infant in the arms of his nurse when we left Rome, has been to London to see his grandfather. *Au reste* we had a capital dinner, and I had one of the Imperial plates—it was of gold, and had the eagle embossed on it. The comte has grown old, and totters when he walks. He converses a great deal, and it is curious to hear him say "When I was King of Naples, etc."; "that happened when I was King of Spain." He told me no man had finer palaces or gardens than himself, as witness Careste, the Escurial, etc., but he prefers his park at Bordentown to them all.

Now, my dear boy, I expect something of your taste in the way of gardens. If Joe wants work, as soon as the frost is out of the ground let him fill up the place by the gate with hemlocks, with *bushy* tops. Then let him set out as many trees as are necessary to fill up the space left in

John's old garden. He may go as low as the corner of the fence, or even lower, and as far out N. E. as the old barn, or the place where it stood. He may set out 20 or 30 between Mrs. Tracey's and the Hall, near the former's. He may fill in with small trees, under the fence, near Mrs. Tracey's, and place some on the other side of the paths, but not in straight lines. He may set out as many as he can, small, along the Pomeroy fence beginning at the little gate, and running to the low cross fence. These trees may extend as far as fifteen feet from the fence, but must have a gentle curvature suited to a path. On the north side also he may set out as many more, and he may set out as many shrubs, such as lilacs, along the low fence, to hide the garden, as he can find. If that is not work enough, he may clean the paths. I wish him, however, to plant some early potatoes, on the end of the garden next to the rectory. He must keep Seraphina out until I get home, by all means.

I wish you to look at him once and a while, and perhaps Mr. Duff will have the goodness to accompany you, and suggest an improvement or two. A few large trees scattered about the Pomeroy field would be an improvement. If anyone has roses to give away, accept them and stick them in, wherever you can, but do not invade sister's beds. I wish a few to be put around Mrs. Tracey's house. A few small trees to fill in the shrubbery along the road, by the brick store, would be an improvement, and I should be pleased to see them there on my return. I attach a great deal of importance to this planting, and as I shall not be home in time, I confide in your taste. But Joe can hardly go amiss in filling in where I have already planted and in the same manner. The hemlocks, in particular, I hope to find in their places, the largest behind and the

smallest in front. In short, I give you as *mots d'ordre* "plant away, and keep the cow out."

I shall expect to find you "fat, straight and learned." I am sorry to learn the backsliding of your namesake, and hope it is not irretrievable. Deceit in a boy is a bad thing, but I believe you have as little of the vice as most young gentlemen. Mr. Duff must be lenient, notwithstanding, for hypocrisy and deceit are failings that abound in this good nation of ours. Neither is a gentlemanly sin.

I wish I could get a few scholars for Mr. Duff, as they would be apt to be of the right stamp. But it is far to send a boy from Philadelphia, though I do not absolutely despair. I have given away the pamphlets, and thrown in a word here and there.

Your dear mother has passed a very comfortable Winter, so far as her asthma is concerned, and so has Charlotte, though the last is just now suffering under a slight attack, for the first time. None of the party has gone much into company, declining invitations. Still they have been among their friends a little.

And now for the most important theme! Ned has brought a sealed packet to your mother, which bears your address. It is understood to contain coins and shells. One of the former is of the reign of Constantine and another is of the Dukes of Savoy. The others are believed to be worthy of the giver and the receiver. As it is not usual for one antiquary to manifest this liberality to another, the occurrence has excited much remark, and a good deal of surprise. Had it been less true and more vulgar, the newspaper would undoubtedly have commemorated the event. Ned has been a little dejected since the separation, but as he has a duplicate of the Constantine, it is hoped change of scene and a proper application of modern coins will

restore his spirits. It would be well for you to express your gratitude. It ought to be done in latin, but would be exceedingly piquant could each line be in a different language, and quite unique were it only in rhyme. Let us see; you could write one line in german, another in Italian, a third in French, a fourth in English, a fifth in latin, and a sixth in greek, and an Alexandrine in Yankee—pure Doric. Something must be done, and I leave it to your discretion to decide whether it be in prose or in verse. Whichever is selected, I hope it will be done without any such expression as "*Oh, mon père et ma mère, comme je vous en vaux!*"

As you have now been at school four months, I suppose you begin to think of a profession. All the arts and sciences are before you. But, perhaps, like a true American, you would chuse to attempt them all. This will be the wisest, as by this means you will be certain to discover those in which you cannot succeed.

The trees are beginning to open their leaves here, and I trust, next month, your mother and sisters will have an opportunity to run about the country a little. We intend to visit Burlington, Bristol, Wilmington, and New Castle, etc., etc. As yet, they have seen nothing. I shall have to write a third volume to the history, but shall publish at first with two.

You must caution Mr. Duff about venturing on the lake with horses too late, especially near the brooks and runs. The danger is nearest the shores. I think you will get rid of the ice this spring by the 20th of April, and wish you much joy of its disappearance. Here, the month of March has been so fine that I distrust April.

Matters look unsettled in Europe, and I begin to expect another revolution in France—Louis Philippe will,

sooner or later, be dethroned if he live, though his years may take him away before his people perform that office for him. My man of the Thuileries, the night you and I were there to see the *feu d'artifice*, set the year 1840 for the next revolution.

By the way, Joe must cover the cistern as soon as Harvey has prepared the box, and the water must be turned into it, though it must first be cleaned. I believe Ellen wishes to return to Cooperstown with us, but do not know whether your mother will bring her. Wighton is a good girl, and behaves well. We have no news of Sarah.

Your mother and sister send their kindest love, in which I sincerely join, with my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Duff. Our love also to Roy.

Call on your aunt Mary, and say how sorry I am to hear of her accident. There is no remedy but patience. Her father broke his leg when about her age, and he is still walking about.

FROM D. D. BARNARD

Albany, 19th May, 1839

My dear Sir,

But for an announcement which we see in our *Daily Adr*, Mr. Stevenson and myself, with, probably, another friend or two, would be on our way, on *Tuesday morning next*, to meet you at Fonda, to see you fairly through your first essay in the law. For one, I confess I am a little disappointed—perhaps you felt so too, at the proper time, tho' I hope this was the only inconvenience you suffered from our absence.

So much for explanations. And now, I know not what you may think of your verdict ($400, our paper says,

tho' no particulars are given), but for myself, I regard it as a complete triumph for you, and I beg leave heartily to congratulate you upon it. And, to speak of it as I would to another and not to you, I think Mr. Cooper richly deserves not only all the personal benefit which can grow out of it in the shape of a legal vindication of truth, character and right, and of the security it may afford against future malignity; but that he deserves also the thanks of the whole Country for his courage and perseverance in determining to demonstrate what a Libel is, and that, as yet, the press is not above the law, and that it can yet be reached and held to responsibility. There's my confession.

Yours very truly and sincerely

D. D. Barnard

J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq[r], Cooperstown

Daniel D. Barnard was a well-known resident of Albany. He was defeated for Congress in 1834. He was elected in 1838 and 1842. He was a member of the New York State Assembly in 1837. In 1849 he was appointed minister to Berlin, which post he filled for several years.

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Head's, Monday, 27th [May, 1839]

Dearest,

I got here last night, all well. I saw Mrs. Laight, who insists on Charles passing a week with her. As I shall be detained here until next week, and below until about the 10th, this may take place. The book is not yet finished, but will be in all this week. I have sold a few hundred copies, and am moving in the matter as fast as I can.

There is a sad condition of things in this diocese. The

same charges are preferred against this Bishop, that are preferred against ours, and they intend to impeach him. How far faction is at the bottom of this affair, I cannot say, but brandy and women are said to be the common banes. My informant says the proof is conclusive, and is of opinion that great unanimity prevails among the clergy of the diocese on the subject.

John Sargent was in the cars. He had just left the Wises on board the *Constitution* in the harbour. They will probably sail to-day.

Poor Ned Shubrick is dead—he died at sea, on his passage between Rio and Gibraltar. The complaint was an affection of the liver. I shall write to his brother to-day.

We had a good time down the river—each a stateroom, and all for $4.50, passages included. It happened to be a cheap day.

I have no more to say, my love, but to send my kindest regards, and to ask you to look after the garden.

Adieu,

J. F. C.

It is now thought Van Buren will be nominated.

FROM THEODORE SEDGWICK

New York, May 28th, 1839

My Dear Sir,

If peradventure you saw a little notice in the *Evening Post* of y^r^ victory over the Otsego Journalist, I hope you did not think it a Paul Pry-ism or an invasion of y^r^ Private rights, for I must shoulder the responsibility. The truth is I received the particulars from Y^r^ friend the Chief Justice [Judge Nelson], and I could not refrain

from putting them in the shape of a Paragraph. I knew however that there would be sundry of the Press Gentry here who would be particularly nettled by Your success. I never heard the particulars of the Libel, but I took it for granted that it was a case for a jury to interfere and I am very glad they have done so. I have called once or twice at the Astor House to see you under an erroneous impression that you were in Town, but it proved only a false alarm. I hope sincerely that your opponent may not get a new Trial, and I could not refrain from taking up this much of your time to tell you so. Pray excuse the trespass, and Believe me, with great respect very faithfully

Yours,

Theodore Sedgwick Jr

Fenimore Cooper, Esqr., Cooperstown

TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Head's, Monday, July 21st, 1839

Dearest,

I got here Saturday evening, but did not write yesterday, as I had nothing to say. About 2000 copies of the *History* have been sold, and new orders are beginning to come in. On the whole, the sale is good, though Lea does not think a new edition will be required this some time. I am making my present arrangement in a new way, and I shall do something, though what, I cannot yet tell. I expect to leave this place on Wednesday, or on Thursday at the latest.

Col. Grey, Lord Grey's second son, is here with his wife. I dine with them to-day, and may persuade them to come up and see us. If anything is done in that way, I

shall provide the means. I should like to manifest my sense of Lady Grey's kindness to me. I rather think, however, they will not come. If they do, they will be at Cooperstown in about a fortnight. Leave it all to me, and it shall be properly done.

Times are hard, but I hope to effect my business and be home this week. I find the public sentiment very generally with me in regard to the editors, and the respectable portion of the latter ashamed of their *confrères*. Every body appears to wish me success, and I have no doubt of it, myself.

The *History* seems to be liked. Some opinions are strongly in its favor, though a few cavil at it. Stevens thinks Perry has been worked upon, and that he will answer my letters, but if he do, he cannot answer my facts.

They say the Court is divided in Elliott's affairs, though it is thought the finding will not be hard upon him. It got through only on Saturday last.

I haven't seen Mrs. O'Neil, nor Aunty Rush. I have seen the Doctor, however, and shall make it a point to see Mrs. Rush, herself, before I quit town. I think she will come up to see us this summer.

My love to all our dear girls, and for yourself,

J. F. C.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Date Due

25665

LAKE ERIE COLLEGE - LINCOLN LIBRARY
CIRC 813.2 C78x, C
Cooper, James Correspondence of James Fe
3 0356 0001 4096 2

813.2
C78xC
v.1

813.2 Cooper
C78xC Correspondence of James
v. 1 Fenimore-Cooper
25665